~~Miss Smith~~
~~from Mr Aston~~
~~Xmas 1905.~~

Royston W. York.

Given to him by his cousin
Winnie,
(Mrs. L.S. Lott),
Dinas Powis,
S. Wales.

Sept. 5th., 1922.

PIETY AMONG THE PEASANTRY:

BEING

Sketches of Primitive Methodism

ON THE

YORKSHIRE WOLDS.

BY

REV. HENRY WOODCOCK,

AUTHOR OF

'Queen Victoria and the Royal Family; also, the Progress of the British Empire during Her Majesty's Reign;' 'History of the Gipsies;' 'Popery Unmasked;' 'Handbook to Scripture Doctrine;' 'Wonders of Grace;' 'Hero of the Humber,' &c.

'If thou hast news to tell,
I pray thee tell it as a man of this world.'—*Shakespeare.*

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PREFACE.

PRIMITIVE Methodism made its descent on the Yorkshire Wolds seventy years ago. It stirred the people as they had never been stirred before. Hamlets and villages, where life had run the even tenor of its way, from generation to generation, were roused to a lively and passionate interest in things spiritual and divine, as the following pages will show.

A writer who assays to give a true description of Primitive Methodism on the Wolds, as it existed sixty or seventy years ago, must not shrink from recording incidents and stories which appear almost too trivial to deserve mention. The writer has tried to become a youth again, and to record, not only the facts of years long fled, but the feelings which accompanied them.

Many things have been omitted for want of space, notably— SKETCHES OF ALL THE PREACHERS WHO HAVE GONE FROM THE WOLDS, *as well as those* WHO HAVE LABOURED ON THE WOLDS CIRCUITS, *which would have been no less interesting to Primitive Methodists than those which have found a place in the work. These may appear in a separate form.*

The histories of those actors are brimful of interesting facts, could we but induce our friends to put them down on paper. Posterity would thank them for rescuing from oblivion events which deserve to be had in everlasting remembrance. The writer regrets that he did not make a better use of the opportunities he had of recording events now for ever vanished from his memory.

HENRY WOODCOCK.

Huddersfield,
Oct. 16th, 1889.

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SKETCHES OF PRIMITIVE METHODISM ON THE YORKSHIRE WOLDS.

CHAPTER I.

THE WOLDS.

Yorkshire is the epitome of England. Whatever is excellent in the whole land is found there. The men are sturdy, shrewd, and stalwart; hard headed and hard fisted, and have notably done their work in every era of English History. They are also a handsome race, the finest specimens extant of the pure Anglo-Saxon, and they still preserve the imposing stature and the bright blonde characteristics of the race.—*Amelia E. Barr.*

THE Rev. Francis Brokesby, writing in 1697, says:—'By the Wolds is sometimes meant the ridge of hills in the East Riding; sometimes the country adjoining, and some call all the East Riding besides Holderness, and in distinction from it, *The Wolds*.'

By 'the Wolds' we mean that range of hills a few miles from the coast, called by historians, 'that dry region' from the well-known porosity of the chalk of which they are built, with intervening depressions, extending from Flamborough Head towards Pocklington and Market Weighton, and sloping down hence to the Humber, near Welton, and from the North of Beverley to Malton, whence commences the rise of the more elevated hills of Cleveland. No one can stand on these Wolds without being impressed by the grandeur of the scenery around. Eastward there is the German Ocean, and the bold head-land of Flamborough, rich alike in geological value and in historical reminiscences, with its wonderful

revolving lighthouse, together with the Priory Church of Bridlington, one of the largest and finest in the land. Northward there is the vale of York, a lovely scene when robed in its richest summer splendour, thousands of trees rearing their graceful heads as if proud of their rich foliage. Southward there is the low lying lands of Holderness, with its rich pasturage, the majestic Humber, Beverley Minster, and the Churches of Hull and Hedon.

'Wold' is a Saxon word, signifying 'treeless, bleak, unprotected uplands,' and such were the Wolds one hundred years ago.

Many wild animals, once the denizons of the Wolds, have disappeared. The bear has been extinct since the Roman occupation. Wolves used to abound, attack travellers, and frequently tore them to pieces. Aceborne, a charitable Danish or Saxon Thegn, erected at Flixton, a house which served as a refuge to which wayfarers fled when attacked, and in which they were fed and protected. As late as 1304, according to account books at Bolton Priory, wolf-slayers were paid. The wild boar died out about the time of Charles I. The reindeer was common, and so was the beaver; many of the towns and villages, *i.e*, Beverley, Beverstone, being named after the latter. We saw, in 1878, the last that was captured. It was hiding in the roots of an old tree in a plantation near Kirkburn, and was discovered by a passing dog. It was caught and exhibited at a charge of one penny. The great bustard used to flock here, but the last survivor ever heard of was shot in 1810, by Mr. William Wilson, farmer, at Goodmanham. Badgers were plentiful, and only thirty years ago we saw a poacher's dog, which was said to have killed ninety badgers on Sir Tatton Sykes' estate. The extinction of all these creatures was, directly or indirectly, the work of man. Man hunted down the wolf, boar, and bear; domesticated the ox, and destroyed by drainage the curious industry of the beaver. In pre-historic times the elephant, rhinoceros, hippopotamus, bison, wild ox, tiger, hyena, lynx, and other carnivorous animals, infested these parts, all of which the 'Brigantes' (the first inhabitants) had to exterminate before they could live safely. At Skipton, Settle, and Kirkdale, caves have been found containing the bones of the above named extinct animals.

In 1720 'the Wolds were mainly barren mountains without a market town.' The winds which swept over their unbroken surface

were extremely violent and penetrating, while the crops, exposed to the sea-fogs, were small, and the grass thick-skinned and coarse.

These Wolds have, however, long since become rich corn-producing and cattle-feeding farms, principally owing to the skilful management and ungrudging toil bestowed upon them by three large landed proprietors, whose names are household words on the Wolds, namely, Sir Christopher Sykes, Bart., Humphrey Osbaldaston, and Major Topham. One hundred years ago they seemed to have laboured under the proud conviction which Dean Swift put into the mouth of a famous character, that 'whoever can make two ears of corn or two blades of grass to grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before, deserves better of mankind, and does more essential service to his country, than the whole race of politicians put together.' Skill and industry yielded their customary rewards. The story of the vine-dresser who had two daughters and a vineyard was more than realised. When his eldest daughter was married, he gave a third of his vineyard as her dowry, and yet he had the same quantity of fruit as before. When his youngest daughter was married he gave half of what remained, and still the produce of his vineyard was undiminished. The reason was he bestowed as much labour upon the part left, when his daughters had received their portion, as he had been accustomed to give to the whole vineyard. Woods and forests that once only gave back the echoes of cawing rooks or the screams of badgers, beavers, and wolves over their whelps, have been transformed by the hand of industry and the spirit of enterprise into fruitful fields where cattle browse and corn ripens. Neat villages dot the Wolds, filled with a happy and contented peasantry, who till the fields and live on happily from year to year.

Farming on the Wolds.

During recent years these Wold farmers have been unhappily familiar with hard times. One of them said (1880), 'We used to live on faith, now we are living on hope, and if things disn't mend we shall have to live on charity.' Prone to grumble upon slight occasions, many of them have, during the last fifteen years, borne the strain of severe distress, almost to the brink of ruin, with patience and fortitude. Skill and industry have increased, but profits have fallen.

The first inhabitants of the Wolds, hidden in the recordless past, have been fruitful of speculation. At the time of the Roman invasion, the 'Brigantes,' a wandering and predatory tribe of Celts from the north side of the Black Sea (the Crimea), occupied these Wolds. They were called 'Brigands,' because in passing through Spain and Switzerland, on their way to Britain, they committed all sorts of depredations, stealing cattle and whatever else lay in their track. 'Brigands' is the name by which bands of robbers have ever since been distinguished. Agricola says, 'The Brigante bore the aspect of the natives of Spain.' They possessed great physical strength and won the admiration of their conquerors, the Romans. The poor wore tanned skins, and the rich garments of wool. They dwelt in rude huts, were fierce and warlike, and used weapons made of metal. Like the Woldsmen of to-day, they were skilful in the management of horses; in driving a chariot they could stop their horses when going at full speed down a steep hill, run along the beam, rest upon the yoke, and in an instant recover their seats. They lived in the woods and bogs, and subsisted on wild fruits and the bark and roots of trees. They had their kings and princes, but enjoyed a large share of what we call political power. The Druidical priests were the real governors. They issued laws, bestowed favours, granted pardons, inflicted punishments, without the sanction or interference of any higher authority. During forty years these fierce and ill-armed Woldsmen fought the Romans, performing some splendid deeds of valour, and then submitted to the superior prowess of their conquerors and sought for peace. Historians say that they improved physically and intellectually under the Romans, who dominated the Wolds for upwards of 400 years.

Early Inhabitants.

The tramp of Roman legions was heard along these valleys and hills, and here those old world road-makers constructed one of their military roads. Wishing to have the nearest possible route between two points, they made a road from Eboracum (York), the capital, where emperors were born and died, to the seaport of Bridlington, a portion of which may be seen at Sledmere. After the departure of the Romans, 448, the Wolds witnessed many a fierce conflict between the Britons and the Picts, who made continued forays over the Roman wall.

The Saxon freebooters arrived in 451, and spread themselves along the east coast. In 470, Aella, the Saxon, took possession of Sussex, and the year after defeated all the British princes. In 545, Ida, a Saxon, landed at Flamboro' Head, and subdued the country from the Humber to the Forth, and founded the Northumbrian Kingdom. In 685, the Britons, totally subdued by the Saxons, retreated into Wales and Cornwall. In 787, the Danes first landed in Britain. In 832, they again invaded the country, but were expelled, and afterwards returned and ravaged the Kingdom, for a long time, unmolested. Another invasion took place in 867. During these successive invasions many a Norse boat, manned by sea warriors, and controlled by a Viking, landed on Flamboro' Head, whence they spread themselves over the Wolds. The Danes were finally defeated in 880, by Alfred the Great, who allowed them to settle in Northumberland, on their consenting to embrace Christianity. They were finally expelled from Ireland in 902.

The Saxons.

Along the Wolds, mounds or tumuli have been turned up by the plough, or discovered by accident, filled with bones and accoutrements of ancient Britons. One at Sunderlandwick, near Driffield, contained a coffin scooped out of the trunk of a gigantic oak, in the form of a boat, 6 feet long and 4 feet broad, which enclosed three skeletons. The interment had taken place during the British period; the bones were doubtless those of some warrior-chief and his companions-in-arms, who had been undisturbed for 2,000 years.

The earliest inhabitants of these Wolds were idolators; Druids who bowed to the stalk of the oak, and its parasite the mistletoe. In times of great anxiety, when the offering of beasts was not considered sufficient, they sacrificed human victims; they wrapped their children in wicker baskets, and offered them unto devils.

The Druids.

To the cruelties of the Druidical worship succeeded the abominations of the Roman idolatry. At the first invasions of the Romans, 554, false gods were imported by the conquerors. Idols became as plentiful in our land as they are in some heathen countries to-day. In Scotland stood the temple of Mars; in Cornwall, that of Mercury; in Bangor, that of Minerva; at Waldon, that of Victoria; on the

The Roman Period.

site of St. Paul's, London, that of Diana; at Bath, that of Apolo; and at York, where St. Peter's now stands, Bellona, the sanguinary goddess of War, had her temple and her worshippers.

At Goodmanham, (a Saxon word signifying the dwelling-place of the God-Man's religion*)—near Market Weighton, in the Pocklington Circuit, Woden, a Roman deity, had a spacious temple, the remains of which are traceable to-day. The ancient name of Goodmanham was, Delgovine, *i.e.*, the place of the images of the gods. Indeed it was from these gods and goddesses that the days of our week were named by the Anglo-Saxons. From the idol of the Sun comes Sunday; from the idol of the Moon, Monday; from Tusco, Tuesday; from Woden, Wednesday; from Thor, Thursday; from Friga, Friday; and from Satur Saturday. For long ages the Woldsmen practised rites and committed deeds which were a blot upon their rational powers, and which brought indescribable misery to their bodies and souls.

Goodmanham

It is interesting to find that the first introduction of Christianity into our island took place about the year 59, when Paul was a prisoner at Rome. Some of our countrymen visited Rome, and on their return made known the glad tidings they had heard. Thus from intercourse with *Pagan*, not *Papal* Rome, England first received the light of truth.

Introduction of Christianity.

The *formal* introduction of the Gospel into Great Britain was one of the most striking instances in all history of the vast results which may flow from very small beginnings. During the reign of King Ella, 560, Pope Gregory saw three fair Yorkshire boys in the market place at Rome. (Some historians say, that these boys were from Welton, a small village at the extreme point of the Wolds.) The sight of these slave boys attracted the Pope's attention, and moved his compassion. Told that they were 'Angles,' he said, 'rightly so, for they have an Angelic mien, and should be co-heirs with the Angels in heaven.' When further told that they came

* The God-Man's home, or house, was probably the name given to the church built at Goodmanham, in allusion to the Divine and human nature of Christ, a strong presumptive proof of the fact that Christ having assumed our nature in order to suffer and die for our redemption, was that which impressed itself most forcibly on the Saxon mind. It was the same when the savage Greenlanders embraced Christianity.

from the kingdom of Deira, he exclaimed, 'It is well, "*de ira dei*" (snatched from God's wrath) and called to the mercy of Christ.' On being informed that the King of Deira was named 'Ella' he exclaimed, 'Alleluia, the praise of God, the Creator, ought to be in that country.' The Pope never rested until he sent Augustine, or Austin, and other monks to Britain to convert the natives to Christianity. Arrived at Thanet, they were received by Ethelbert, King of Kent, at Canterbury. The king had married a Christian wife, and partly through her influence, he became baptized, and was afterwards admitted into the Church. From Canterbury, the first English city, and from Kent, the first English Christian kingdom, Christianity spread throughout the land.

Augustine Missions England.

Fortunately, the venerable Bede has left an account of the manner in which Christianity was adopted by our forefathers on these Wolds, and the idols they had worshipped destroyed, about the year A.D., 620.

Edwin, King of Northumbria, sought the hand of the daughter of Ethelbert, King of Kent—the beautiful and Christian Bertha, but her brother, Eadberht, then on the throne, said, 'I cannot consent that a Christian princess should be made a Pagan.' Determined to have the princess at any cost, he proposed to let her enjoy her own religion and have priests to celebrate the rites thereof; moreover, he would examine the new religion for himself, and if he found it better than that of Woden, he would renounce the latter and embrace the former.

Introduction of Christianity on the Wolds.

Accordingly, accompanied by Paulinus and four preaching monks, Bertha was conducted to York, and there married to Edwin amid great splendour. The Pope sent her on the occasion a silver mirror and a gilt ivory comb; the latter is said to have been found near Whitby, in 1872. Edwin, though a believer in the old faith, and an observer of the old forms, was anxious to hear of Bertha's bright and lovely religion. Paulinus wished to preach the gospel to the rude Woldsmen, and the king assembled his court, called Wituagmot, at Goodmanham, to decide the point. Many of the Druid priests were half mad at the thought of their temples being overturned and their worship abolished. The chiefs were for the

most part careless, but still they wondered at so simple and bold a faith as they understood Christianity to be. Well, there they sat debating whether Paulinus should or should not be heard; the place in which they met was a rude barn or hut, and was in a very dilapidated state. For a long while they were undecided as to what course they should pursue, when a sparrow flew in through the broken thatch, and after flying about for some time it escaped through a rent in the roof; at this crisis a venerable chieftain rose, and leaning on his staff, said, 'O king. live for ever. While we have sat here I have thought man's life was like that sparrow; we know not whence we come, we know not whither we go. How thankful should we be to anyone who will tell us this; let us hear this old man.' They did hear him, and from that day Christianity has spread along these Wolds.

Edwin was somewhat reluctant to abandon the faith of his fathers, and asked Coiffi, the high priest of Woden, what he thought of this heretical teaching. 'Know, oh king,' said he, 'that I have long been of opinion that our gods are worthless and can do nothing for us, and I now perceive that the God of Paulinus is God alone, the creator of the world, and the true object of worship.' The King and nobles voted that Woden should be deposed, and that Christ should become the God of the Saxons. But who should destroy the temple of Woden? 'I will,' replied Coiffi, 'I have spent my life hitherto in ministering at the altar of a false and impotent God, and it is fitting that I should overturn that altar.' A day was fixed and Coiffi mounted on a war horse and brandishing a spear, in the presence of the king, court, and thousands of people, rushed into the temple, hurled his lance at the idol, whereat the people uttered a wail of terror and flung themselves on the grass, expecting that the earth would open and swallow them up! Fortunately for all present, mother earth had either forgotten her duty, or else she was less idolatrous in her sympathies than many sticklers for the old religion though her to be. The people said, as on Carmel of old, 'The Lord, He is God.' A rude wooden hut, the first Christian Church in the North of England, was hastily erected for the purpose of baptizing in the Christian faith, Edwin and many of his nobles. The king's niece, Lady Hilda, (who in 679 erected a nunnery at Hackness) was also baptized at the same time, April

12th, 627. The consecration service was conducted by Paulinus, the first Archbishop. He next consecrated the river Swale, on which occasion ten thousand Pagans were baptized into the Christian faith. Edwin lived six years after his conversion, during which time he was employed in building York Cathedral. What a difference between the hut of 627, and York Minster rebuilt in its present form, 1472! We can easily imagine the people slowly rearing the stone basalica around the wooden oratory which was deemed too precious to be destroyed. The gospel which lifted Britain out of Druidism, and brought Fiji out of Cannibalism, is destined to turn all nations from dumb idols to the living God.

In process of time Popery began to corrupt the simplicity and dim the light of the gospel; and for ages its corrupt doctrines and practices defiled the sanctuaries of our land and deluded the people. The light of the Reformation at length dawned, and the Holy Scriptures were circulated among the people. But, alas, a spirit of slumber again overspread our land, and the inhabitants of the Wolds sank into spiritual ignorance, and were devoted to pursuits vulgar and vicious. Puritanism checked these immoralities, but after a while they reappeared. Puritans fell fast asleep, and the Church of England was dead. The people followed their peaceful pursuits in the fields and barns during a brief existence, and then died, unpitied and unwept, except by their immediate relatives. 18th Century.

Superstitions lingered long and died hard along these Wolds. The people believed that infernal spirits could raise storms, while their faith in portents was very strong. Ignorant of the occult causes of an eclipse, they looked upon such phenomena as a sure token of Divine anger; and when a comet, with its two tails, stretched itself over the heavens, they were filled with dismay. Nor need we wonder at this; for the late Mr. Ed. Peacock, F.S.A., despite his great erudition, could not divest himself entirely of the superstition of his time. When he was born, May 15th, 1758, a brilliant comet was visible. A few days before his death, May 15th, 1835, he asked a friend if he had heard that a comet had appeared. The friend said he had. 'Then,' said the philosopher, 'I shall die. I was born with it, and Superstition.

shall die with it.' A century ago, more haunted houses could have been found on the Wolds than anywhere in England, within the same space. Ghosts and hob-goblins were nightly visitors, and travellers passing a lonely spot between Fimber and Wetwang, used to see a woman—now without a head, anon on horseback, rushing at a furious rate; many a Woldsman, with pale face and hair erect, has run from that spot as if running for his life. Popish superstition had struck its roots into the minds of the people, and this form of devotion was repeated within the writer's recollection by children before they retired to rest—

Matthew, Mark, Luke and John,
Bless the bed that I lie on;
Four corners round my bed, four angels guard my head,
One to sing, and one to pray, and two to carry my soul away.

Calvinistic theology was, here and there, enclosed in little folds, within cold barriers, from which Sinai thundered a gospel of inexorable wrath to all but a favored few, that only blasted the budding hopes of a few humble and trembling penitents, who, having read 'The whole Duty of Man,' were asking 'What must we do to be saved?' Public-houses were not held in such evil repute sixty years ago as they are now, and intoxicants were considered a sort of panacea for all human ills. To spend the evening in a parlour at one of these places was thought respectable, and members and even officers of Christian churches were often found there. To one of these, 'The Green Dragon,' about half-a-dozen of these men used nightly to repair for years, from seven o'clock to ten. They were all of Hyper-Calvinist creed, and there, amid card-playing, song-singing and laughter, they discoursed of their favorite dogma:—

Hyper-Calvinism.

In thoughts more elevate, and reasoned high
Of Providence, Fore-Knowledge, Fate and Will,
Fixed fate, free-will, fore-knowledge absolute,
And found no end in wandering mazes lost.

One night a youth, who became a minister, was sent to request his father to come home, but he did *not* come; and there the boy heard them talk as if God distributed His blessings, and manifested His presence on some principle of favoritism. Believers were the elect, and were eternally saved, and *they* were amongst them. There was no sin from which Christ could not save; all *their* sins were for-

given—past, present and future—when God wrote *their* names in the 'Lamb's Book of Life, before the foundation of the world.' Yes, they would be saved, do what they might; the non-elect would be damned, do what they would or could. The former were under a Divine influence which they could not resist; the latter were left to the un-covenanted mercy of God and fore-doomed to perdition. They had *the offer* of salvation, but no power to accept it. To dangle a loaf of bread before the eyes of a hungry man, having previously paralysed his arm, so that he could not reach it, seemed to the youthful listener the perfection of kindness compared with offering him the blessings of the gospel, and at the same time withholding from him the power to appropriate them to himself! They talked as though the names of 'the favored few' could be written on the table from which they drank their grog, and seemed to imagine heaven to be about the size of the parlour in which they sat, and of which they held the latch-key! Of course *they* sinned daily; eating or drinking, sleeping or waking, laughing or crying they were always sinning. How could they help it? It couldn't be done! But Christ's spotless robe covered all. (A sheep's skin on a swine's back, as Jay, of Bath, used to say.) But, then, 'God did not see sin in Jacob or iniquity in Israel,' however much there might be of both! Others—wives, children, servants, neighbours saw it, but *God did not.* One of the company, worse for drink, was 'sure God had chosen him to eternal life before he was born,' and the youth who possessed but little sagacity, and less knowledge of religious dogmas, thought there was some truth in what he said, for his violent temper and sharp tongue made him the terror of the neighbourhood; so the youth thought that if God had not chosen him before he was born, He would never have chosen him after! Some of these men were disposed to believe what the Rev. Samuel (commonly called Sammy) Lane, of Hull, was then teaching, 'That an all-wise Creator would consign to perdition infants not a span long.' A story goes that a learned man once showed his friend how to get the most disputatious authors in his library to agree. On the shelves of the library, where two contentious Doctors of Divinity were approaching too near each other, the cunning student had interposed between them a bottle of pure port. At these nightly carousals at 'The Green Dragon,' it would almost appear that whiskey, rum and ale were as provocative of brotherly feeling as

the student's wine. To-day Diogenes, with his lantern, would have difficulty in finding a Hyper-Calvinist along these Wolds.

While Calvinism was the prevailing form of religious faith, the doctrine of necessity, as the Rev. T. Jackson shows, was firmly held and pleaded as an excuse for crime. 'The body of a man who was hanged at York for stealing a cow, was delivered up to his mother, who lived at Sancton; and she exposed it to the view of her neighbours, who might desire to see it. To a company of the spectators I heard her say in a tone of dogged resignation. "Ah! poor man! he could not help it. He was born to it."' Very little religion was to be found either among parsons or people, though there lingered some vestiges of ecclesiastical discipline. Writing of Sancton, Mr. Jackson says—'A farmer's son, the father of an illegitimate child, came into the church at the time of divine service on the Lord's Day, covered with a sheet, having a white wand in his hand; he walked barefoot up the aisle, stood over against the desk where the prayers were read, and there repeated a confession at the dictation of the clergyman, after which he walked out of the church. A young woman who bore, unhusbanded, a mother's name, likewise came into the church barefoot, covered with a sheet, bearing a white wand, and went through the same ceremony. Her long hair so completely covered her face that not a feature could be seen, but she was well known, nor did she escape the censure of busy tongues.' *

The Doctrine of Necessity.

* *Recollections of my own Life and Times*, by Thomas Jackson.—p.p. 17-18.

CHAPTER II.

WESLEYAN METHODISM ON THE WOLDS.

IT was a dark period in our nation's history when Methodism, in 1739, entered upon its great mission. Morality and religion were at the lowest ebb. Political dishonesty was rampant. George III., is is stated, paid £500,000 to get his party into power. Lord Holland's salary was £2,500 a year, and yet he managed to amass a fortune of £500,000. Men occupying high positions in the Church were not ashamed to deal in slaves. The law was extremely cruel, and Howard had not yet crossed the threshold of the prison. The masses were low and brutal. A man could get drunk for a penny, and dead drunk for twopence. Bands of robbers went prowling about the country, rendering both life and property unsafe. Vulgar and brutal sports, in which the aristocracy as well as the very dregs of society joined, were a curse to the rural population. A strange coarseness and hardness of feeling prevailed, and even children were taken to see executions without the least misgiving. Mrs. Hannah Moore visited the town of Kidderminster, and found but one Bible, and that one was used to prop up a flower-pot on a window-sill!

Morals of the People.

The Church was asleep in the dark, and Dissenters were asleep in the light. Philosophers, like Newton and Locke, and poets like Pope, were stirring the reading world. But in the midst of great intellectual light there was great spiritual darkness. Some of the clergy did not know the Catechism. That good old book, 'The Whole Duty of Man,' had an immense sale, and Bishop Ball advised the clergy in his diocese '*who were incapable of preaching in any tolerable manner*,' to read now and then a chapter out of it. *The domestic chaplain* was a mere slave; he stood at the table to ask a blessing on the corned beef and carrots, and then retired while the tarts and cheesecakes, for which his mouth watered, were being eaten by others! He ran errands, helped to spread the manure, courted the cook, and thought himself honoured if he won her hand and heart. *The rural parson was very little better off.* Bishop Burnett states that some hundreds

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of parishes paid not more than ten pounds a year to their pastors, and thousands not more than fifty pounds. 'Like priest, like people,' is a saying as true as it is trite. The father of the great Dr. Johnson was superstitious enough to hold up his infant son in the church that he might see the face of that great clerical demagogue and booby, Dr. Sacheverell. But, generally speaking, ministers were held in contempt. Scepticism was strong and widely extended, despite the writings of Butler and Paley. The Rev. W. Gibson says: 'England at the beginning of the eighteenth century gave its infidelity to France. Voltaire learned his scepticism in our country.'

'What did you mean,' said a man to his friend, 'by telling me that *that* is a dark village? I rode over there to-day and found the streets particularly broad and cheerful, and there is not a tree in the place.' 'The Gospel is not preached there,' was the laconic reply. And such was the condition of most of the Wold villages at the advent of Methodism about the year 1760. Many of the Clergy had their stock of sermons, generally mere moral essays, for what Keble calls, 'The Christian Year,' which they used in rotation, but which did not even moralise the people, for drunkards remained intemperate, thieves dishonest, liars untruthful, and the unchaste impure. The parsons took it for granted that their flocks were converted, and the flocks took it for granted that the parsons were all right, and so things went on year by year. You might have listened for months to their sermons, and not have heard a sentence that would have led you to imagine that any of their hearers were unsaved. They took their babies to be baptized, and went themselves to the sacrament, and what more could they do? Addressed as 'Dearly beloved brethren in the Lord,' they imagined themselves such, or rather thought themselves so moral and upright as not to need what is expressed in Methodist circles by the word 'conversion.' Sunk in ignorance, wrapt in religious indifference, the attitude of the great mass of the people towards divine things, was very much that of the man with the muck-rake in 'Pilgrim's Progress.' He persistently looked down and refused to lift his eyes to the crown offered from above.

The Wolds Clergy.

It was about the year 1760 that the Methodists began to arouse the Woldsmen by their earnest preaching. They entered one parish

after another which had long been regarded as the exclusive preserves of the parsons. 'The old, old story of Jesus and His love,' and the offer of a full, free, and present salvation, accompanied with a clear and immediate witness from on High, of personal acceptance with God, had a charm for the people, and led hundreds to Christ. The Rev. John Wesley made several visits to these parts, as appears from the following extracts from his journal :—

Advent of Methodism.

'1770. June 20th.—I rode to Bridlington and preached on the Quay, to many plain, and many genteel people.' '1772. June 22nd.—I went on to Burlington. The room being far too small, I was desired to preach in the churchyard. On the ringing of the bells, I removed thence to the Market-house, where we had more than double the congregation, the snowball gathering all the way we went.' '1774. July 6th.—I went on to Bridlington Quay, and in the evening preached in the town, to as stupid and ill-mannered a congregation as I have seen for many years.' '1777. May 12th.—I preached at Bridlington.' '1779. June 29th.—I spent agreeably and profitably with my old friends, and on my way to Burlington, took a view of Flamborough Head ; it is a huge rock, rising perpendicularly from the sea to an immense height, which gives shelter to an innumerable multitude of sea-fowl of various kinds. I preached in the evening at Burlington, and afterwards heard a very uncommon instance of paternal affection. A gentleman of the town had a favourite daughter, whom he set up in a milliner's shop. Sometime after, she had a concern for her soul, and believed it her duty to enter into the society. Upon this her *good* father forbad her his house, demanding all the money he had laid out, and required her instantly to sell all her goods, in order to make the payment!' '1784. May 21st.—The rain drove us into the house at Bridlington.' '1786. June 16th.—In the evening I preached at Bridlington Quay to a numerous congregation.' '1788. June 18th.—I designed to preach in the street at Bridlington, but the wind and dust would not suffer it. So as many as could pressed into the house, but near as many were constrained to go away. I preached on Rev. xx., 12, and I believe not in vain.' '1790. June 24th.—The Dissenting minister offering me the use of his chapel in Bridlington, twice as large as our own (the wind being too high for

me to stand abroad), I willingly accepted his offer.' It is said this minister was the Rev. Samuel Lyndall, of Zion Chapel. In 1849 there was a member of the Wesleyan Society at Bridlington who was present at this service. She remembered seeing the aged servant of God assisted through the crowd and up the pulpit steps by Mr. Bradburn, who opened the service with the hymn beginning —'How do Thy mercies close me round?' &c.

In process of time the followers of Mr. Wesley turned the popular heart to the Cross, and the religion of the Wolds took upon itself the characteristic features of early Methodism. The Rev. W. Arthur, M.A., says:—'Methodism erects no monument where she saves no souls.' But the fruits of the early Methodists were seen in chapels erected, souls saved, drunkards reclaimed, profligates reformed, villages improved; in happy families and triumphant death-beds. The seed fell where God guided it, and the fruits remain to this day in a glorious harvest. 'Methodism proved itself to be divine. It aroused the dead—therefore it must have had life. It warmed the cold—therefore it must have possessed fire. The icy temper of Calvinistic doctrine was genialised when the current of Methodist teaching touched it like a gulf stream.'

The most unjust accusations were brought against these pioneers, and threatenings, even to perdition, were literally rained down upon their heads, simply because they proclaimed that 'God loved all men,' and that 'Christ had tasted death for every man.' They were the mark for every shaft of ridicule, hatred and slander that could be drawn from the quiver of a godless squirearchy. But they could no more arrest the progress of Methodism than Canute, by the wave of his hand, could keep back the advancing tide. Amid sacrifices almost unparalleled, and sufferings almost unequalled, they preached the gospel, with rude and homely eloquence, in barns and sheds, and in the open air, and multitudes bowed their souls to God and were converted. Occasionally they met with kindness from the most unexpected quarters. When Methodism was first introduced into Langtoft, in the Bridlington Circuit, the people were so poor as scarcely to be able to afford the preacher a night's accommodation. On every visit, however, an unknown hand used to place at the back door of the house where he lodged a loaf of bread, a quantity of hay, and a small bag of corn. For

some time this singular, but seasonable kindness was continued; until, at length, it was discovered to originate with the clergyman of the parish, the Rev. Thomas Atkinson, whose estimate of this despised people was expressed in a common saying of his—'If God has a people on earth, the Methodists are among them.'

Another interesting incident is told, in this circuit, of the Rev. Daniel Isaacs, who was stationed in Hull more than half-a-century ago. On his way home on one occasion Mr. Isaacs called at a country inn to stay for the night; on entering he inquired if he could be accommodated with a bed, when he was told he could not have one as there was to be a ball there that night and all the beds had been previously engaged. 'What time will the ball break up?' inquired Mr. Isaacs. 'About three o'clock in the morning.' 'Oh, very well,' said he, 'then let me have a bed till then.' After some further conversation the landlady consented, and in due course the Methodist preacher retired to bed. In the early hours of the morning Mr. Isaacs was awoke by a loud knocking at his chamber door. 'How many of you in there?' inquired a voice outside. 'There's me, and Daniel, and Mr. Isaacs, and an old Methodist preacher.' 'Then there are plenty of you' was the reply. And so they quietly passed on, leaving Mr. Isaacs to enjoy his bed till the morning.

These early Methodists went right to the bottom of society, and lifted many whom they found there right up to the top. Many, by industry and a favouring providence, rose from menials to masters. Some amassed fortunes and in old age retired to the neighbouring towns of Bridlington, Scarborough, Driffield, Beverley, Hull, and the city of York. Their children, in many instances, are found in the same towns to-day, and are amongst the best friends of Methodism. A large proportion of the influential men in the city of York are Wesleyans. Again and again they have worn the Lord Mayor's robes. They have also sat on the Magistrates' bench. Their chapels in the city are large, and regularly filled with devout hearers. They have three circuits with 3,402 members. If all Wesleyan Circuits gave as York does, the Wesleyan Missionary income would reach £500,000. 10,000 persons in the City attend Methodist Chapels. 'This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes.'

For seventy years the Wesleyan and Primitive Methodists have worked side by side, and shoulder to shoulder, in dispelling ignorance and saving souls along these Wolds, with but little friction. Early prejudices have expired amid the growing influence of a mutual charity. A few years ago the two denominations united in holding a mission, now in the Wesleyan and now in the Primitive chapels, which, like the Irishman's horse, were crowded inside and out. A speaker said, 'We Wesleyans and Primitives are going to fight the devil side by side with each other. If we villagers can unite in getting the people into our chapels, the towns folk will learn a lesson, and they will become united more and more. ("Yes, bless Him, cried a Primitive brother in the gallery.") Why should not there be a Methodist Federation? What is the use of dreaming of a forced unity instead of a real union. Charles V. was a great Emperor, and in his later life he amused himself by trying to make a lot of watches tick together. But he could not manage it. They would tick their own tick, in spite of an Emperor! He got them all to keep time, they showed the same time of day, but tick together they would not. So it is amongst the saints. We shall never all see together in politics or religion, in Parliament or in Conference, or in a score of other things. We shall tick our own tick; but, my dear friends, we can unite in showing what time of day it is. ("Hallelujah from Primitives and Wesleyans all over the chapel.") We can love one another and point the hour of salvation to dying souls. There used to be a cage of animals on London-bridge called a "happy family." It was about the most melancholy sight of the sort you could look at. There was a cat, and a rabbit, and a fowl, and some rats, and a pigeon, and a dog, and a monkey, and a lot of other creatures, all starved or licked into leaving one another alone. They were united in one cage, but they were not happy. They looked the picture of misery. No, my friends, we don't want to be forced into a Conference cage, or a Church of England cage, or a Popish cage; that was tried for some centuries; but we do want—and may God help us!—to keep the Eleventh Commandment: "A new Commandment I give unto you—that ye love one another."'

CHAPTER III.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE WOLDS DURING THE EIGHTEENTH AND EARLY PART OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

ON these Wolds are to be found strong men as well as strong air. The basal elements of their character are essentially Anglo-Saxon, but the blood of many nations flows in their veins. Teutons, Celts, Germans, Scandinavians, and Gauls, with their precision and culture, to say nothing of the heavier and more sluggish Britons, have combined to make Englishmen what they are to-day, and for which we are largely indebted to William the Norman and his Conquest, 1066. In consequence of the proximity of the Wolds to the lands from which these early invaders came, the Wolds people became more deeply imbued with their characteristics than, perhaps, any other part of the kingdom. It is certain that the more prominent features of some of these invaders, the Anglo-Saxons, for instance, are reproduced in the Wolds life of to-day. They are brave, bold, proud, plucky, practical, economical, sagacious, courageous, industrious, enterprizing, persevering, and might be backed, man for man, for grit and spirit, against the round globe. The People.

Every English county has forms of expression which would almost be a dead language to the people of any other county. Suppose I were to say to a native of Kent, what I heard a Woldswoman say to a lad fifty years ago: 'Ah saay Jack, if thou disn't shut that yat Ah'll gie thee a clip o' the lug; for that aud sue (sow) will get into t'garden, and reat (root) up all them taties, and gobble all the collyflowers.' Would he know what I meant? I think not. Dialect.

Fifty years ago the following words, uttered in the strongest vernacular, the broadest Doric, which is slowly but surely disappearing, were common among the people, and were to a stranger almost as a dead language:—Aboon, above; afore, before; ah, I; aud, old; alahm, alarm; omost, almost; addled, earned; agate, at work; arn, earn; axed, asked; allus, always; as lief, as soon. Beeath, both; broon, brown; baptazed, baptized; bunnel, bundle

blathe, blithe; boon, bound; booan, born; bains, children; boun, going; breet, bright; bowt, bought. Choch, church; comfot, comfort; cruds, curds; chimla, chimney; cubbat, cupboard; coorse, coarse; cayless, careless. Deea, do; dizzn't, does not; doot, doubt; doon, down. Een, eyes; eneaf, enough. Fahn, fine; feyther, father; fahnd, found; fleyed, afraid; fooast, forced; fooaks, folks; frae, from; flear, floor. Gie, give; gan, go; geean, gone. Hes, has; hauf, half; hevnt, have not; hoose, house. Inted, into. Knaws, knows; kahud, kind. Leeaks, looks; lahtle, little. Mony, many; moant, must not; mahn, mine; mun, must; massy, mercy; mesen, myself. Nea, no; niver, never; nayther, neither; neean, none. Prahse, prize. Reyther, rather; reet, right; rist, rest. Seeafe, safe; steead, stood; soart, sort; sud, should; shet, shirt; sike, such; seet, sight; stean, stolen; swillick, swill. Teeak, took, twea, two; ton, turn; toon, town; taam, time; teable, table; teean, taken; thoase, those; teeal, tale. Varry, very; vooat, vote. Whale, while; wesh, wash; wrang, wrong; worrit, worry; wark, work; weastful, wasteful.

Richard (commonly called 'Dicky') Fletcher (1748—1827), Bellman, of Bridlington, was famous for his factious and rhyming announcements, delivered in the unadulterated Doric of his native tongue of which the following is a specimen:

> Tak'n oop this foornoon, opud th' nooarth sans,
> Five keis, which I hev in my hans,
> Who iver has lost em may just cum to me,
> An they sall hev 'em agean, an we can agrea.

Travellers who have visited Norway have discovered distinct traces of Scandinavian descent in the language used on the Wolds. We remember a man for years driving a blind horse at Bridlington by the following jargon, incessantly repeated in low, measured, monotonous periods:—'Haarve' (come near) 'Gee' (go forth from me to the right); 'Gee-op' (up, or forward); 'Whoay' (stand still); all of which is really old Norse brought into Yorkshire by the Scandinavians. 'Whoa' is the old Norse 'Boga' (stop). Fergusson remarks that the great streams of Northern adventurers on the Eastern shore, appear to have made their descents chiefly on the Yorkshire coast. The estuary of the Humber being one of

their favourite landing places, and the adjacent districts were the strongholds of their power. Many traces of them are to be found in the names they gave to places in East Yorkshire.*

Fifty years ago we saw a number of people carrying a man shoulder height, sat astride a ladder, accompanied by shouts and beating of kettles. It was called 'Riding the Stang,' and was done to punish him for ill-treating his wife. 'Stang' is the Norse word 'to punish,' and they were punishing this man for his cruelty to his wife. Mr. Thompson gives the following lines sung on one of these occasions:—

'Ran a dan dan, upon a tin can,
'Cause Michael Best thrash'd his woman,
He bang'd her, he bang'd her, he bang'd her indeed,
He bang'd poor Nell, who stood little i' need;
It was neither with stick, nor stower, nor stean,
But he up with his neif† and knocked her down.

Like the Welsh they cling to their mother tongue. When a man was once asked why he did not send his son to school, he said:—'I'm no schollard me sen, but ah kno' that ah weant let ma lad be teached to spell ta-tes with a "p."' Sometimes when a preacher talked about his 'father' instead of 'fayther' he did not escape criticism; of course the preacher was right, but he 'fared nean the the better fo' that.' Even polite and educated people will occasionally lapse into what they call 'the mother dialect,' *i.e.*, that of seventy years ago.

There is plenty of the purest water on the Wolds, while the climate, less rigorous than some suppose, owing to the ozone-laden air from the not distant sea, helps to secure a hardy class of labourers who manfully develope the resources of the soil. Strength, rather than grace of manners, is characteristic of the mass of the people, a feature of which they are a little too proud. A local poet says:—

'Our Northern breeze wi' us agreaz,
And does for wark weel fit us,
I' public cares an' all affairs
Wi' honour we acquit us.'

* *See* '*Researches into the History of Welton, and its neighbourhood*,' *&c.*, by T. Thompson, F.S.A.

† Neif is the old Norse word for the fist.

Captain Anderson, a native of Kilham, who, it will be remembered, spoke at the Mow Cop Camp Meeting, May 31st, 1807, in his poem, 'The Sailor,' thus describes the mode of life towards the close of the last century :

My clothing then it mostly was home-spun ;
My stockings did my mother's taste display,
Black and white wool she mixed to make them grey,
But then the richest woman in the town
Would go to church in linsey-woolsey gown.
. . . . .
On Yorkshire Wolds we mostly barley eat,
For there they grow but very little wheat ;
We lived on barley bread, and barley pies,
And oats and peas the want of wheat supplies.

A white jacket, a pair of corduroy trousers, a long smock, pulled up and tied round the waist, and a badger skin cap—such was the garb of the Wolds labourer one hundred years ago. To-day there is scarcely any perceptible difference between labourer and landlord, as far as dress is concerned.

The cottages (called Nooks) were mud walled and thatched roofed, about six feet high ; some had beetling brows ; beneath were small windows like eyes twinkling in the sun, and leaned like the Tower of Pisa ; being whitewashed and embowered with flowers they presented a pretty appearance, which helped to compensate for the wretched accommodation within. Behind the door hung the charm-stone and horse-shoe, turned upside down, for the purpose of keeping out the witch and wizard. A spacious chimney, projecting half-way across the nook, left sufficient space for a large family to gather round the fire and see the day-light out of the top of the chimney. A group would be playing at cards in one corner, while others would be amusing themselves around the fire-side by betting odds which could see the most stars out of the chimney without rising from his seat. A wood fire, with a sprinkling of coal, gave warmth to the scene. Each cottage had its well fed pig, and this home-fed bacon was a great treat, for as an old woman said, 'there was first a laveret of fat and then a laveret of lean.' No pigs can beat those fed on these Wolds.

Domestic Habits.

Every man was his own banker, and any surplus cash was put in some place in the nook, regardless of all interest. When a good sum had been accumulated it was put into the foot of an old stocking and hid in some beam or 'boak.' Sums of money, thus secreted, have been found in old nooks. They had a singular way of reducing decimals from a bill, as appears from the following conversation between a respectable inhabitant of the village of Fimber and a tradesman :—

Debtor.—'Billy, ah've come to pay thee ma bill—fifteen shillin. Here's a handful of monies, look at it as ah coont it doon.'

Creditor.—'Yes,' replied Billy, glancing at the cash until the last coin was put down, 'it's the amount of ma bill to a tack, and ah feels mich obleged to ye, sir; but 'oot o' this I owe you three shillin,' and taking the three shillings from the sum he had received, handed them to the customer.

Debtor.—'Od sort and death, Billy, thou's boun to mak' a sad raffle on't; if thou gies me three shilling out o' that money, ah sall owe thee the money still.'

Creditor.—'No, sir; you've paid me th' amount o' ma bill, and if you tak' up three shillin we shall be straight.'

Debtor.—'Od sort; thou's ga'ing to mak' a raffle on't. Prithee, Billy, let me reckon it. Now, ma lad, thou mun tak' that money and coont it an' see that 'tis good; put it in thee pocket, and then gie me three shillin of thee oan money, and we shall be straight.' He did that, and so settled the two accounts.

'Now, Billy,' said the man, 'thou framest summat like, and ah thinks a'st better scholar of t' twa.' The debtor then left, confident that he had proved himself a cleverer arithmetician than the creditor.

The farmer and his wife used to go to market on the same horse, the former in front, the latter behind on a pillion seat; the eggs, butter, crockery, and other breakable articles of domestic use were often the worse for the journey, though they went only at the rate of three miles an hour. On a winter's night the groom stood shivering in the cold, anxious to catch the sound of 'Dapper's' hoofs, bringing home in safety, his precious freight, master,

mistress, and goods. To-day the same distance, nine miles, is travelled by rail in fifteen minutes, a speed that would have frightened our rude fore-fathers out of their wits.

A century ago, land was let at five shillings per acre, lambs sold at five shillings per head, and a yearling sheep fetched about eight shillings. There were no well-trimmed hedges to shelter the sheep, which grazed in 'tedders' in the open field. The mode of agriculture was most primitive; indeed the Wolds looked quite Oriental, for sturdy and compact oxen, with large curved horns, were to be seen at work, where horses and machines are to be seen to-day. In 1768, each waggon was drawn by two oxen and two horses. As late as 1826 four oxen were employed in ploughing and road-making at Whitby; and in 1858 oxen were used at a stone-quarry at the same place, while at Howden a bull was employed in drawing a dray laden with oil cake.

Farming.

When the land had been ploughed and made ready there were no drills to disperse the seed. A man, mounted on a horse, with hopper before him, rode up and down the ridge scattering the seed while sitting at ease. The corn, of which there was but a scant crop, was taken to the nearest market, in sacks, on the backs of horses. A man was living thirty years ago who saw the first waggon load of corn start from Fimber for the Malton market. It consisted of six quarters of oats, enough for one horse now-a-days, but when this quantity was put upon a waggon six of the strongest horses in the village were yoked to move it; and an old farmer said, 'ah doot it will stick fast ga'ing up Towthorpe Hill.' Old and young left their nooks, and followed the conveyance, and when the hill was mounted they were more surprised than their grandchildren were, when they saw the first train (1852) start from Fimber to Driffield.

The pleasures and amusements of the people were low and vulgar. They were fond of rude sports and pastimes. Men climbed the greasy pole for a leg of mutton, and women, tied in sacks, ran races for tea, sugar, and snuff—rare and costly luxuries in those days. Football, quoits, skittles, wrestling, dog and cock-fighting, rat hunts, bull and badger baiting were the most popular pastimes. Each village had its 'pub,' which would have delighted

rollicking Charles Dickens. There many, robbed of the means of obtaining the shelter of a home and the warmth of a fire, became moonlight poachers and midnight marauders, stealing cattle, robbing hen roosts, and killing game. Boxing and fighting were reserved for the Sabbath, and a man, still living, saw six fights outside Garton—the cock-pit of the Wolds—one Sunday afternoon. The Derby was established in 1780 to improve the breed of horses, and the labourers would risk their last shilling on their favourite horse. Swearing was common, and almost everybody swore at everybody else.

Fairs and Festivals.

There were certain '*Annual Feasts and Festivals*' when mirth fairly boiled over. On *Royal Oak Day*, 29th of May, the church bells rang merrily, and an oak branch was hung at the horses' heads. *Shrove Tuesday* was a red letter day to the young, for custom required, not only that they should have a half-day holiday, but also that the ever celebrated pancakes, the delight of Yorkshire children, should be good and abundant. *Ash Wednesday* (understood by the children to mean 'Hash') used to remind us of the Scottish national dish, 'Haggis,' which is said to contain a deal of confused feeding. *Carling Sunday*, the day when parents gave children peas, baked with butter in a frying-pan, which, by the use of a pea shooter and a catapult, lads used to shy at the ears of people in the street, and sometimes in the church—was a high day to the young. On *Bon Fire Day*, November 5th, the youngsters used to rifle hedges and stackyards of such combustible materials as lay within the reach of their fingers, and carry them away: at night we held high revels by the side of a huge fire, kept alive by tar barrels.

Fair Days (called in the old English, 'Fayres,') held in the towns, and in most of the large villages, around 'the cross,' had a sort of religious origin. When churches and chapels were unknown in our land, the heralds of salvation preached to our forefathers from 'the cross,' on the green, and so it came to pass that no place was thought better for fair dealing than about 'the cross,' where they were converted to Christianity and to a knowledge of what was right between buyer and seller. The cross of the preacher became the mart of the people.

Originated for a good object—to bring together merchandise, they became scenes of bacchanalian dissipation. To the young they were the brightest days of the year. Families gathered under the parental roof; children clustered round the knees of their grand-parents, and coaxed or cozened them into all sorts of extravagances. Tables were spread at night with nuts, oranges, apples, brandy-snap, gingerbread, treacle-sticks, and other toothsome rarities. 'Shut your eyes, and open your mouths, and wait for what is coming.' With eyes shut, they waited till some sweet morsel, as pleasant as a drop of whiskey to the Irish, was put into their open mouths. Parents would practise self-denial, for weeks, without a murmur, that their tables might be well spread at 'fair tame.' 'And are *you* going to enjoy yourself during the fair?' was asked of a woman, both poor and pious. 'Yes I am. Ah'd pawn ma goon afore ah'd let the day pass wi'out a bit of summat ex-*try* for ma bairns.' Well-to-do people, who delight to provide roast beef and plum-pudding at Christmas, will surely see nothing extraordinary in the joy of these poor people!

Let us glance at one of these fairs as they were seventy years ago. *Here* are stalls with toys, curiosities, ballads, bats, balls, books, birds, rabbits, squirrels, fancy goods—everything in fact to feed the taste of the giddy throng. *There* is the wheel of fortune going round, the winners taking their prizes in sugar-sticks, &c. *Yonder* are the low theatres, with gaudily-painted scenery and flaunting-dressed actresses, singing indecent songs and performing indelicate dances; and not only the low and the blackguardly, but tradesmen and farmers patronize the performance. Children were taken to these dens, and so schooled in vice. Wombell's menagerie was there with its pictures of young ladies catching lions by the jaw in the desert. Whirligigs carried bedizened children round and round, while fathers and mothers, and still graver grandfathers and grandmothers, would look on, greatly enamoured of this mirthful amusement. *Common Shows*, with human monsters, were the most attractive objects of exhibition. The pink-eyed lady—the Tuscan beauty, displayed her charms. One man was exhibited because of his abnormal fatness, another because of his unequalled leanness; a giant, eight feet four inches in his shoes, weighing twenty-eight stones, and a dwarf, only twenty-four inches high; a

two-headed infant, and a four-footed dwarf; Tom Thumb, and a fat lady—these and other natural curiosities were favourite objects of public gaze, so recent as when Harry Brougham said, 'the school master is abroad,' and when Mechanics' Institutes had begun to improve the tastes of the masses. Thousands flocked to these fairs, and the surrounding villages were, for the time being, almost depopulated. There are signs, happily, that the day of these revolting exhibitions is waning, and that the travelling showman will have to merit a share of public patronage by attractions of a more legitimate and elevating, if less startling, character.

Fifty years ago at *The Sittings*, held in Martinmas week, during the bleak month of November, hundreds of servants, of both sexes, used to gather in the public streets to be hired. Farmers would pat young women on their shoulders and gauge the width of their stout arms, as though examining a cow in a cattle show. Disgusting scenes often took place. *Now* the Corn Exchanges of Bridlington, Driffield, and other towns, are placed at the disposal of the females, many of whom avail themselves of the privilege.

The favourite amusement of the people, however, was fox-hunting. The bit of rough country from Flamborough Head to Rosebery Topping, has been a favourite hunting ground since the days of the regency. In the adjoining shire, Cleveland, as early as 1722 there was a hunt established which often passed into the 'breezy Wolds.' Hunting parsons used to give out the 'meets' along with the 'banns' from the pulpits; and the parson was bound by custom at least, to give five shillings for every fox killed in his parish, and brought to the rectory gate. This sum was spent at the public-house, when the successful sportsmen mixed a bowl of punch which was drunk not wisely but too well.* Sixty years ago at the mere mention of the hunt there rose up before the minds of the people, and especially of young people, visions of forty or fifty gentlemen in red coats, white leather breeches, and topped-boots, bestriding a number of thoroughbreds; and fashionable young ladies, in their riding habits, taking fences and ditches like Centaurs; or coming to grief in amusing attitudes, to say nothing

Fox-Hunting.

* *The Cleveland Hounds*, by A. E. Peace.

of the possibility of broken bones. The romance of the chase, and especially the sound of the huntsman's horn, was enough to quicken the blood of the youngsters and make truants of them all. They would leave shop or school, and rush, reckless of results—*i.e.*, sprained ankles and dislocated joints, to say nothing of torn garments—to the fields as fast as their legs would carry them. They were thrown into ecstasies when they saw the sportsmen, and their fair companions, perform wonderful feats of horsemanship, and pass through all sorts of hair-breadth escapes, in pursuit of reynard's 'brush.' One day hunters and hounds got into Mally Sunley's garden, where the fox was killed. Seizing a broom, she began belabouring the riders. They roared with laughter. 'Hit him hard,' cried one. 'That's right,' shouted another. 'Hit that fellow,' screamed a third, for all seemed anxious to share in the chastisement. It is right to say that they more than compensated old Mally for the damage done to her vegetables.

Several Wold clergymen used to join in these hunts, and at night would return, with maudlin tones and staggering steps, to the parsonages of which they were the disgrace. Some of these parsons could handle the whip more effectively than the pen, and looked more at home astride a hunter than in the pulpit. The Rev. John Bowers, Rector of Barmston, was a famous hunter, and was once described as 'a compound of Psalm tunes and Tally Ho.' A pensioned huntsman of Sir Tatton Sykes told us that on one occasion one of these clerical hunters fell into a stream. Loud cries were instantly heard among the sportsmen. 'His reverence is in the drain,' exclaimed one, 'shall we help him out?' 'Oh no,' Sir Tatton humorously replied, 'let him alone, he will not be wanted till Sunday.'

The Rev. J. Hunter, of Hull, tells a story of one of these parsons, who was also squire of the village. The bishop reproved him for the impropriety; 'but,' was the reply, 'I go fox-hunting as the Squire, and not as the parson.' 'But,' replied the bishop, 'if the squire goes to hell, what will become of the parson?' When a godless hunter was killed in the chase, a wit said, 'he has gone to heaven where all fox-hunter's go'—

> 'Between the stirrup and the ground
> He mercy sought, and mercy found.'

But how do they know that the transition from the hunting ground to heaven is so swift and sure ?

There are 250 packs of hounds in England, while not fewer than 17,000 men are employed in connection with them. We have often wondered why the fox should not be left in peace, and why the hunters, instead of getting their exercise at the expense of foxes, torn to bits by dogs, or chiveying them almost to death, should not get it by chasing one another.

The Rev. I. Shuman, Wesleyan, in early life longed, like Gordon, to go out and kill beasts ; but when converted he wanted to become a fisher of men. The pluck of his youth survived his conversion ; but instead of being devoted to contemptible pastimes, it was spent in encounters with sin and in plucking brands from the burning. Albeit, a cowardly sinner rarely makes a courageous saint !

No account of the Wolds would be complete without reference to the late Sir Tatton Sykes, the 'Nimrod of the Riding.' He was the son of Christopher Sykes, second Bart., born 1772 ; died 1863. 'He was educated at Oxford, and afterwards learned the business of a banker at Hull. Walking from thence to Sledmere, thirty-two miles, on his first Saturday, and back again on the Monday morning, arriving early and perfectly fresh for the duties of his desk. It was his habit all his life to be up with the lark in the summer, and before the songster in winter ; a favourite breakfast was an apple tart and a hearty draught of new milk ; a great deal of healthy exercise, on horseback or on foot, always intervening between Sir Tatton's early breakfast and his luncheon. The latter meal was very often a crust of brown bread, Yorkshire cream cheese—of which he was very fond—and a pint of the Sledmere home-brewed. His ales were famous, not only over the county of York, but throughout the North of England, and in his cellar the tap was always turned.' With perfect truth, and to his great honour, it has been said that from Sir Tatton's hospitable door none ever went away hungry or thirsty. His estate comprised 34,000 acres of land, with a yearly rental of £34,000. He was an active breeder of some of the finest cattle and horses in England—the latter being noted all over the world for their superior strains. He was also an enthusiastic

The late Sir Tatton Sykes.

sportsman, a considerate neighbour, deservedly respected by all who knew him. He took a deep interest in his tenantry, with whom he dealt generously when bad seasons or agricultural depression had reduced their profits. The meeting of landlord and tenants on rent-day, was one of cordial relationship. The tenants generally entered Sledmere on horse-back; when the rent had been paid to the steward, and a receipt returned, there was a smile and a hearty grip of the hand from the Baronet. Bread and Stilton cheese, a glass of wine, or a 'beaker of good ale, aud and strang,' followed as a genial form of hospitality.

An ardent sportsman, his figure was familiar to the followers of the Yorkshire packs, his own stud of hunters being the finest in the county. He believed the huntsman liked the hunt; that the horses enjoyed it; that the hounds revelled in it; that even the foxes were not above finding a relish in the game played at their expense. He also took great delight in horse-racing, and for seventy years he was well-known to those who frequented the Doncaster races. He rode his first race at Malton, at the age of twenty-three, and his last at the age of sixty, winning on both occasions. His cognomen on the Wolds was 'T'auld Squyer.' A Yorkshireman, being asked what were the three best things in the county, replied 'York Minster, Fountains Abbey, and T'auld Squyer.' To the very last he continued to dress in the fashion of his youthful days—a long frock coat, frilled shirt, drab breeches, and top boots, his well-known figure being welcomed with respectful salutations at horse-shows, hunts, and races. A politician, whose principles were as changeable as the wind, once rallied Sir Tatton on the antique style of his dress, to whom he replied, 'It is true, my lord, that I wear the coat of my early days; but you have changed yours so frequently that I scarcely know you.'

Notwithstanding his devotion to field-sports, he paid great attention to the cultivation of his estate. Having noticed that on spots near his kennels, where bones had been scattered, the grass grew more luxuriantly than elsewhere, he experimented with bones as a manure, and, though he was laughed at for his new-fangled notions, he lived to see bone manure adopted with the most beneficial results on the Wold farms. Albeit, while cattle were carefully

housed, and game almost religiously preserved, the labourers lived in cottages, at a merely nominal rent, which were a disgrace to the boasted civilization of the age. And yet the old people often talk about the good points of 'T'auld Squyer.' 'We allus hed constant wark and wages, whether it was wet or dry, foul or fair, and lots of aud folks lived rent free.'

The simple manners, and domestic habits of the deceased Baronet induced him to live mainly at home; where a generous hospitality, added to his other excellences, made him, for sixty years, perhaps the most deservedly popular man on the Wolds.

He had his oddities. He used to remind us of the pine-apple, which, under a rough rind, contains a most delicious flavour. One day Sir Tatton was challenged to a personal encounter; which he accepted. The poacher having come off second best, Sir Tatton took him to the Hall, and having fed him, said, 'now go home, and be a good lad in future.' On another occasion he saw some men ill-treat another on the high road, and doubling up his coat sleeves, punished them severely. This done, he took them to the Hall, and after giving them refreshments, said, 'never take advantage of a man who cannot defend himself.' Clad in his usual garb, that of a farmer of sixty years ago, he one day met a tramp. 'Do ye think t'owd Squyer's at hame? They say he's a good soart and ah sud like a bit o' his bread and cheese, and a glass o' yall.' 'He is at home,' was the reply. Sir Tatton taking the nearest way to the Hall, hastily changed his dress, sent the man two shillings and sixpence, and then hurried back to the highway, where he met the beggar, and said, 'what did you get at the squyer's.' 'Twa shilling and some cheese and bread.' The servant who had appropriated the sixpence was dismissed. Another time he took a cattle driver to the Hall, fed him, and then gave him a small Bible, which the man, on reaching Bridlington, sold for sixpence to Mrs. B. Danby, and which she gave to one of her children twenty-five years ago.

Sir Tatton's death was universally regretted. A monument to his memory was erected by voluntary subscription, between Sledmere and Driffield, forming a prominent feature of the landscape for miles round.

CHAPTER IV.

THE PIONEERS ON THE WOLDS.

WHEN Primitive Methodism made its advent on the Wolds (1818) the Wesleyans, as we have seen, were carrying on a good work, but they had reached only the fringe of the great forest to be cultivated. Vast fields invited the reaper's sickle and thousands of sheaves were ready to be garnered for the Lord of the harvest.

Soon after the Mow Cop Camp Meeting, 1810, Mr. Clowes, a man of wonderful eloquence and marvellous spiritual power, started on his Missionary work. He never allowed the grass to grow green under his feet. Here is one day's work: 'prayer meeting at 6 a.m., another at 9; preaching at 11; band meeting at 1; preaching at 2; visiting the sick at 4; preaching at 6; prayer meeting at 8; and other occasional duties.' In 1819 the Nottingham circuit sent him to Hull where hundreds were converted, and society after society formed. To-day we have in Hull, 5 circuits, 14 chapels, 10,000 hearers, and 5,000 members. Day after day Mr. C. went further afield and, like the wind which bloweth, often suddenly appeared in the most unlikely quarters. Caleb like he said 'give me this mountain.' Let us follow his steps along the Wolds and their immediate surroundings.

Mr. Clowes visits the Wolds.

1819.—May 24th, he visited York, often said to be the coldest place in winter and the hottest in summer, and preached on 'the pavement.' At the close he told his name and mission, and that he would preach again in a fortnight. He asked the city crier to announce the service, but that official said he durst not do so without the sanction of the Lord Mayor. Mr. Clowes believing that his commission from heaven was all-sufficient, 'warned the people to flee from the wrath to come.' Little did he imagine that a member of his own community would be Lord Mayor of the city. Yet it is well known that Sir James Meek, for nearly forty years an official amongst us, was Lord Mayor for the space of three years. When Mr. Clowes next preached in York thousands listened to what he said. A room was taken, a society formed, and the work spread.*

1821.—The December Quarterly Meeting (1820) appointed Mr. Clowes to open a Mission at Scarborough and its vicinity. He preached, *en-route*, at Beverley, Driffield, Bridlington, Speeton, Thwing, Fordon, and Hunmanby; at the last place in the room of an inn, for the use of which he paid five shillings, and then tramped four miles to get a night's lodgings. January 24th, he preached at Flixton, when 'the whole village was moved.' After visiting other places in the neighbourhood, Mr. Clowes paid his first visit to Scarborough on Saturday, 27th, and preached at night, and also twice on the following day. On the 30th we find him at Robin Hood's Bay, when the late Rev. W. Harland sought and soon found 'the pearl of great price.' February 18th, he preached at Whitby, where a society of 100 members was soon formed. On the 26th, he preached at Ayton, in a crowded barn. Persecutors raged, but Mr. C.'s mighty prayers calmed them; a society of 20 M.† was soon formed. At Cloughton many went to hear 'the strange man.' Some said he was drunk, others that he was a fool, some called him a 'Merry Andrew': a few found him a messenger of mercy to their sin-burdened hearts. The Wesleyans gathered in 20 M. as the fruit of this visit. March 27th, he preached in a barn at Seamer, when many cried for mercy and five joined the society.

The progress of our cause in Scarborough, a few miles *from* the Wolds, merits notice. Mr. Clowes' first sermon there was preached in a house in 'Hester Horil's yard'; at the close of the service, weary with his work and as hungry as a wolf in winter, he asked

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* Persecution soon after broke out, but the Missionaries battled bravely with their difficulties, as we learn from this extract from Mr. Hutchinson's Journal:—'Sunday, March 4th, 1821. I preached in the evening at York to a numerous and attentive congregation, supposed to consist of 1,200. We had more peace this evening than ever before. Perhaps this was owing to the extraordinary and Christian-like conduct of Lord Dundas, the present Lord Mayor of York. His Lordship attended the service having heard how we were molested, and determined we should have the peace and quiet which the laws of the country allow. His presence amongst us caused such a stillness as I never before witnessed in York.' To-day we have four chapels and a mission room in the city.

† Will the reader carefully observe the following abbreviations:—C, Chapel; B. Built; Pop., Population; Ct., Cost; Acc., Accommodation; M, Number of Members; S.S.S., Sunday School Scholars; S.S.T., Sunday School Teachers; L.P., Local Preachers; C.L., Class Leaders; H., Hearers.

tor a night's lodging. The late Mrs. Ellis took him to her house and, along with Mr. J. Robinson, found him board and lodgings during his stay in the town. He preached on the sea shore to 3,000, and soon a society of 100 M. was formed. When stress of weather drove our people from the streets, they worshipped in a room in Grubb Street. The work spread, and in 1821 a chapel was built in St. Sepulchre Street on a site occupied by the Franciscan convent, erected 1240, and dissolved by Henry VIII. 1529, and the chapel was opened Nov. 25th, 1821. Soon after a disturbance arose out of a doctrinal dispute about the 'Sacred Trinity,' and a number of our members seceded and built a chapel for themselves; this so shook the confidence of the mortgagee, as to the security of his loan, that he put a padlock on the chapel door. A valiant Deborah made a vigorous attack on the door with a fire poker, but failed to gain entrance. A man who had more confidence in our cause than the man of the padlock, produced a *key* (money) which at once unlocked the door. A window of this chapel annoyed the owner of the land opposite, who displayed his vindictiveness by putting a board before it bearing a representation of the Devil! The chapel was built in the shape of the letter T. The members became anxious to have their children taught, and the trustees turned 'the west wing' of the chapel into a school room. At first this 'west wing' was inclosed by a number of cobble masts tacked together. When the school-room was to be built they had no money with which to pay workmen, so they did the work themselves. They bought 18s. worth of old bricks and cleaned them at their leisure. G. Tyson built the wall; Mr. Wyrill bought the wood for the door posts; the door was bought for 9s.; and others prepared the wood to complete the room. This chapel was big enough till 1839 when it was enlarged to seat 700 persons. In 1865 it was pulled down and the present one begun. It holds 1,100 H., Ct. £6,000, 'and is,' says a local paper, 'second to none in the connexion as to architectural pretentions and artistic ornamentation.' In 1860 the Jubilee chapel, Aberdeen walk, was B., Ct. £4,000, and holds 1,000. Forty years ago the Falsgrave Society, of 7 M., including the late Rev. J. Flesher and his wife, met in a house. They next worshipped in the Temperance Hall. In 1868 they built a chapel for £750, to hold 350. In 1879 they built the present one, which

Scarborough.

holds 700, and in 1888 adopted a novel scheme for the reduction of the debt on it (£2,410), *i.e.*, a Bazaar in the form of a 'Fleet of six Ships.' 'Admiral' Horner superintended the building of the fleet. Lieutenant-Col. Stebble, J.P., launched it, and six crews brought it safely into port, and sold the cargo for £150. In 1882 a mission room was built in Seamer Road: Ct. £650. The Gladstone Road Mission Room, which holds 400, and Ct. £1,720, was opened in 1881. The following chapels were also built: Seamer, 1858, Ct. £500; Cloughton, 1862, Ct. £150; Snainton, 1868, Ct. £650; Brompton, 1871, Ct. £207; Hackness, 1877, Ct. £112; Sherburn, 1877, Ct. £200.

In 1821 the Scarborough members missioned the adjacent villages, and a plan was issued bearing twelve names:—T. Wrangles, J. Woodall, T. Luccock, F. Hunter, S. Hunter, B. Scott, Ann Scott, T. Robson, Margaret Robson, Jane Hunter, W. Ellis, and W. Wyrill. Much work and little pay seems to have been the rule in those days, hence these minutes:—'The singers shall pay for their sittings.'—'Bro B. shall play his clarionet in the singers' pew.' '4s. shall be allowed for repairs to the bass fiddle.'

Filey, a fishing-village, midway between Scarborough and Bridlington, had long been noted for wickedness of every description. Friends from Bridlington had tried, again and again, to establish a cause, but had been shouted, mobbed, and pelted out of the place. At an official meeting the Society was about to discredit itself by withdrawing from this godless place, when Mr. Oxtoby said, 'The Lord has a great work to do in Filey; send me, I'll live on tates and sleep on a board before it shall be given up.' Next Sunday Mr. Oxtoby, on his way to Filey, was met by a person who knew both the man and his mission. 'Where are you going?' 'To Filey.' 'What to do there?' 'To save the people.' 'Its a forlorn hope, and you had better go back.' Johnny, filled with zeal and abundantly blessed with Divine inspiration, said, 'The Lord gave me eighty souls while I was praying in a ditch this morning.' He entered the village and sung along the streets to the beach, where he preached to a rough and rude audience. Presently, backs straightened, cheeks flushed, hearts softened, tears began to flow, and numbers were convinced of the wickedness of their lives. The well-known Mrs. Filey.

Gordon was converted, and in her house fifty of the eighty souls Johnny had seen in the ditch, were saved. The Church, Wesleyan Chapel, and the barn used by our people, were all crowded. Many of the fisher-folk became as exemplary for virtue as they had been for vice. The Rev. C. Parker, writing of this revival in 1853, said, 'Filey stills enjoys the fruits of that revival, and, for power and prosperity, is unparalelled on the east coast of England.' The Society has always been famous for its zeal for our missions. As early as 1840 Mr. Clowes was surprised at the sum (£8) got by Mrs. Jenkinson, and 'could not tell how she contrived to get so much.' He soon learned that she engaged to pray for the fishermen when out at sea, while they in return promised a percentage over a certain quantity of the fish caught. Mrs. Jenkinson was long known as 'The Queen of the Filey Missionary Collectors.' But she was far out-stripped by Mrs. Gordon, who for years was known, in the connexion as 'The Queen of P. M. Missionary Collectors.' In the 74th year of her age she might have been seen in the quaint costume of sixty years ago (so dear to Mr. Oxtoby, Mrs. Gordon's spiritual father) wending her way from wharf to wharf, from office to office, from warehouse to warehouse, begging for Missions; the result for the year 1868 being £105, which was presented at the Missionary Meeting held in Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle. When the Filey Circuit had but 450 members, and two ministers, with large families, its Quarterly Board dispensed with the use of Missionary money, but paid its ministers the highest salary. To-day we have in Filey a good chapel, an excellent school, a fine Missionary Spirit, and a membership numerically larger, in proportion to the population, than in any other town in England, except Cleethorpes, in the Grimsby 2nd Circuit. A few years ago a bazaar was held at Filey to aid in raising funds for the erection of a minister's house, towards which Henry Hodge, Esq., of Hull, gave the Rev. C. G. Honor half a ton of his *best* oil cake.

During those early years the following ministers, and others, laboured in this neighbourhood: N, West, S. Turner, J. Hirst (now in his 85th year), J. Abey, J. Coulson, J. Peart, G. Summers, J. Flesher, and W. Howcroft. They were men of consecrated lives, and by their plodding industry and untiring energy they kept the neighbourhood alive with religious excitement. Walking

ability, strength of lungs, strong faith, warm hearts, plain language, and impassioned ardour, qualities deemed by the outside world to-day as indispensible for all Christian workers when dealing with the poorest and roughest classes of society—all these were possessed by our earliest pioneers.

It was, however, a number of Woldsmen—John Oxtoby, Robert Coultas, George Nicholson, Thomas Wood, William Sanderson, and George Bullock—who assisted at the birth and rocked the cradle of many of the Wolds' societies. We have seen that the early inhabitants proved, in many a fight on sea and land, that they belonged to an heroic race; and many of their successors have possessed that physical and moral stamina, which is said, the world over, to belong to Yorkshire Woldsmen. Let us look at these six men:—

Mr. Oxtoby was born at Little Givendale, a village on the Wolds, in 1762. His father, a small farmer, became reduced in circumstances, and John, while a boy, became a 'tiller of fields.' He spent 37 years in sin, and his evil heart and wrongful acts, cost him a struggle of remorse and repentance such as few pass through.

John Oxtoby.

He obtained peace, became a Wesleyan, and soon began to save his fellow-villagers. Every house was visited, every family prayed with. For awhile he met with opposition, and insult; but at length his visits were more than welcomed. If he happened to pass a house the inmates would say, 'What have we done that he won't pray with us?' Many were saved, and the villagers underwent a wonderful change. He visited the surrounding villages, and led many to Christ. He was a bachelor, and by industry and frugality was able to retire to Hull and live upon his means.

In 1818 he met Mr. Clowes in Hull: soon after he left the Wesleyans and joined our people, 'because,' said he, 'they had a stronger faith, a warmer ardour, and were more abundant in labours.' Whether he was right or not we cannot say, but he never regretted the change. He became a paid preacher amongst us in 1824. He had a clear apprehension of spiritual realities: God and eternity, good and evil, men and devils, heaven and hell were not mere abstractions, but veritable realities. He believed

himself, and others believed him to hold constant inward communion with God. 'How is it that he gets to know so much?' asked one. 'Oh, he lives next door to heaven, and he there hears many things of which those who reside in a more remote situation know nothing,' was the reply. He and Mr. Clowes held well together in doing their Master's work. When Mr Clowes prayed, 'Lord, smite them hip and thigh, from Dan even unto Beersheba,' Johnny responded, 'Yes, heaps upon heaps.' He would encourage the praying hosts to exercise stronger faith, and, with clasped hands and uplifted eyes, walk to and fro, crying out, 'God bless you, honeys, believe; bless you, honeys, believe.' Johnny gloried in being a God-made, and not a school or college-made preacher, and his neighbours liked to hear him. The more a preacher studied and educated himself in those days, when the Schoolmaster *was not* abroad, the less he was appreciated by some of his hearers. Good lungs, graphic power, the gift of prayer, intense religious emotion—these were qualifications that the Wolds people could understand and enjoy seventy years ago. The preachers had little head-work, but abundance of walking, talking, preaching, singing, and praying; very small pay and very little pelf. Some people like to hear sermons *off-hand*, the Wolds people used to like them *off-heart*. Johnny had a great dislike to written sermons which he called '*paper pellets*' The Rev. W. Brining, going to preach at Kirkburn, met Johnny and said, 'will you go and hear me preach?' 'No, for they say thou shoots with paper pellets.' 'They tell you wrong, now go and hear me.' He went, and while Mr. B. was preaching a man close to Mr. Oxtoby, fell from his seat on to his knees under deep conviction. 'Hold that man up till I shoot another pellet at him,' said the preacher. 'No,' replied Johnny, 'he's deaad eneauf; come doon and help me to pray some life into him.' The man was saved. Mr. Oxtoby and the Rev. J. Flesher were at one time travelling companions; Mr. F. was a man of education, an eloquent speaker, and saw many seals to his ministry; Johnny was a rough labourer from a village For one converted under Flesher, Oxtoby had ten. One day Mr. Flesher said, 'John, I labour to save souls; I make as good sermons as I can, and you know your sermons are not like mine; I pray to God to bless my labours; how is it I don't see a tithe of the souls

converted that you do?' He replied, 'Bless Thee, it is simple enough. Thou goes to t' tree o' knowledge, an' ah go to t' tree o' life. Paper pellets shoot but few—the devil is proof against them. We must have red-hot balls to do execution.' Once Mr. F. failed to put in an appearance at a village, and Johnny had to take his place. 'Now, friends,' he said, 'Johnnie Flesher hasn't come to-day to shoot his paper pellets, and I must take his place.' And he did so with success, for many were converted at the service. Mr. Oxtoby might well say he went 'to the tree of life,' for he often spent six hours out of the twenty-four on his knees, pleading for souls while other men slept. Albeit, if Johnny had gone a little oftener to the tree of knowledge, and Mr. Flesher a little oftener to the tree of life, it might have been better for both.

When Mr. Oxtoby united with us he was in the 52nd year of his age. He was of middle height; had a well knit frame, brown eyes, and light brown hair. He dressed quaintly, wore a chocolate-coloured neckerchief, a broad-brimmed hat, a flitch of bacon coat, small clothes, hob-nailed boots, his hair was combed down almost to his eye-brows, was in fact the type of a village farmer of seventy years ago.

Himself a man of plain garb, he ran amuck the fashions of his day. Were he living now he would, sure enough, patronise the Plumage League formed (1886) to protest against the silly and senseless fashion of ladies befeathering themselves like Choctaw Indians. He used to say 'Kill the bods (birds) and the feathers will fly.' He was once conducting revival services at Almondbury. The Rev. J. H. Beech, Wesleyan, says, 'One Sunday afternoon, when I had been preaching, he prayed for me in these words, "Bless the young preacher! Thou knows his tongue's very loose, but pull his toppin down!" In those days I had an exuberant head of hair, and whether he saw some spiritual peril in its plentitude, or whether, remembering the paucity of his own head's covering, he was moved with envy, I know not, but am willing to give him the benefit of the doubt.' He led many Woldswomen to dress in 'modest apparel.'

Fashions change. Pantaloons went out of fashion and trousers came into vogue among civilians soon after the battle of Waterloo; the

Duke of Wellington having introduced the latter into the army for the greater ease of the soldiers. Even the Wolds Primitives have adapted themselves to modern costumes. The long poke bonnets are missing; a preacher in small-clothes is not to be seen.

One day Johnny was carrying paper, pens, and ink, exposed, in the street, when his colleague, a conceited and fashionably dressed young man, said, 'Mr. Oxtoby! you should put those things in your pocket: we should respect our dignity.' 'Lord o' massy on us,' ejaculated Johnny, 'fifty shillings a quarter, and talking o' dignity! Lord help us!' This young man had a fashionable walking-stick, which he used to twirl round, in a graceful manner, in the street. His colleague, a rough carrier, tried the same trick, but, unfortunately, he twirled it into a shop window, which, in those days of dear glass, cost our low-salaried predecessor three shillings to repair! Johnny thought that fashionable dignity was both foolish and expensive

We have said that Mr. Oxtoby was a man who grasped spiritual realities; but, like Luther and Bunyan before him, he sometimes mistook fancies for facts. One day he told the Rev. W. Garner of an encounter he had with the devil. 'In what form did he appear?' said Mr. G. 'As a little man, with two horns, a long tail, and knee-breeches.' 'But,' replied Mr. G., 'you know the devil does not wear small clothes.' 'Lord help us; we shall believe nowt soon,' replied Johnny. Mr. Garner believed, as firmly as did Mr. Oxtoby, that the devil was not a phantom, but a fiend; but he had ascertained that Johnny had seen his own reflection in a stream of water, and believed that his excited imagination had supplied the rest.

Once when going from North to South Cave, Johnny met a number of plough-lads, who, in accordance with a local yearly custom, were going, clad in fantastic garb, from village to village, begging. One of them appeared in the shape of a man with the horns, head, and eyes of a cow; he was called the devil of the company. He tried to frighten Johnny, who, fixing his eyes on him, said, 'If thou baint the devil, thou look'st very like him; if thou art the

devil I care not for thee; if thou wert in hell thou'd frighten Satan himself,' and after praying with the man, pursued his journey. He who tried to frighten others became frightened himself, and was soon after converted. Mrs. Harrison, of Overwater, preserves, as a sort of sacred relic, a pocket lantern which Johnny used to carry, and which he left with her when he last visited her house. He gave the land on which the Warter chapel is built, and £10 towards the fund.

His death was glorious. Having mentioned, when dying, the names of several persons with whom he had been familiarly acquainted, he said, 'Tell them that strong as my faith has been, and great as have been my comforts while among them, yet all the former manifestations which I have had are nothing compared with those I now feel.' To his sister he said, 'Oh! what have I beheld? Such a sight as I cannot describe. There were three shining forms stood beside me whose garments were so bright, and whose countenances were so glorious that I never saw anything to compare with them before. O how sweetly they smiled upon me, and when they departed they beckoned to me come away.' He died poor for he had been swindled out of his property, and a few of his ministerial brethren put up a tombstone, at Warter, bearing this inscription:—'Sacred to the memory of John Oxtoby, Primitive Methodist Preacher, who departed this life January 19th, 1830.'

> 'Tis not on marble, nor on a gilded page
> To print thy worth! Thy charity displayed—
> For chronicles like these may in an age
> Be lost, and in oblivion pass away.
> Eternity itself will best unfold
> The souls led by thee to the heavenly fold.'

One of Mr. Oxtoby's nephews, at Linton Springs, said to a preacher, 'I had an uncle who was one of your "top preachers."' Yes, Johnny was one of our 'top preachers,' in spiritual character and attainments, like Saul in physical stature, head and shoulders above many of his fellows.

Mr. Oxtoby found a genial fellow-worker in Mr. Robert (commonly called 'Bobby') Coultas, a retired farmer from Pickering.

The two men were in many respects as much alike as two peas in a pod. Mr. Coultas gave the young preachers in Hull bed and board. When Mr. Oxtoby was at Driffield he wrote to Bobby saying, 'If thou can eat a cawd 'tatie (potatoe), and sleep on a caff (chaff) bed, come with all speed.' He came and a wonderful work of grace broke out. Reaching a village they began to sing and pray, and soon gathered a crowd. Sometimes they couldn't remember a text, when Johnny would say, 'It's no use, Bobby, the Lord means us to have a prayer-meeting to night,' and a prayer-meeting followed, often attended with saving results.

Robert Coultas.

Mr. Coultas, when living on his own farm, used to ride to his appointments on horse-back. One day some men stole his horse, and he '*advertised it in heaven*' by faith and prayer. A fortnight after, it was seen fourteen miles from its home, which it reached soon after. At one village Robert made his home with a farmer whose sheep were dying at the rate of ten per day. At the family altar, Bobby asked the Lord 'to stay the plague.' From that day no sheep died, and the fleece of that man's flock helped to replenish the Circuit funds as long as he lived.

Mr. Nicholson, the son of a well circumstanced farmer, and Mr. Oxtoby were for years united as the heart of one man. George was tall, graceful, cheerful, high spirited, and self assertive. North Cave and the surrounding villages, Elloughton, Ellerker, Brantingham, Newbald, and South Cave, were the scenes of their labours, which resulted in a revival which spread like fire among the heather. George often preached in the open air and could gather a congregation easier than most men. At one place (this was after he became a Wesleyan) he used a man's head as a book board, which he would often thump as he did the pulpit, and the dear fellow would stand like an anvil. One day the man, who was a bricklayer, appeared with his head adorned with sticking plaster, for he had fallen from the scaffold during the week. Mr. Nicholson jumped on the chair, and forgetting the man's accident called out as usual for Bagarley. 'But,' said he, 'not to-day, Mr. Nicholson, not to-day,' tapping the sticking plaster as an excuse.* Mr. Nicholson married an

George Nicholson.

excellent member of our society, and became a Wesleyan Circuit evangelist. People always are spiteful to the side they have left. Mr. N. took a dislike to our people, and his bigotry sometimes grieved the members of his own community. He didn't care to litt up his head when passing a Ranter's chapel! He even questioned (1851) whether we had any Missions, either Home or Foreign. Rebuked sharply for this, he became more cautious in what he said, and less curt in saying it. He did a noble life's work and when he was buried at Louth, thousands followed him to his grave, many of whom he had led to Christ. His crown will be bright with stars.

Mr. Wood was born 1797. Zaccheus-like, he was low of stature, round and rubicund; generally called 'little Tommy.' Personal qualities often show themselves early. William the Conqueror when a babe grasped so hard at the straw on the floor that his nurses foresaw his masterful nature. 'Tommy' was a kind youth. During his apprenticeship, as a shoe- Thomas Wood.
maker, he often received harsh treatment from his master and mistress, but returned good for evil; and in after years often gave his mistress a good cup of tea, and found work for her son when almost destitute.

He was converted at Warter. The Rev. W. Sanderson says:—'Mr. T. Wood and I were accustomed to walk in the fields on the Sabbath-day; we used to sit on the grass and talk about our religious state till we wept. He got religion before me. This was a powerful incentive to me. *And he did get it;* the religion of the heart. All persons admitted that *Tommy* Wood *had* got converted.' When 22 years of age he came to Driffield, where he became our first class-leader, and the care of the infant society devolved mainly upon him. He often doubted whether it would succeed, but plodded on, and it increased. Though in lodgings he provided bed and board for the unmarried preachers; finding this difficult, he said to the young lady, who became his wife, 'We must get married soon and make a home for the preachers,' and for years he provided them with bed and board, *gratis;* gave dinner and tea to the quarterly board; and for sixty years our preachers, itinerant and

* '*Wesleyan Methodist Magazine*,' 1887.

local, shared his hospitality. He was the type of a class of men Primitive Methodism can ill spare. The Rev. T. Newsome, his son-in-law, who knew him for forty-six years, says:—'For depth of piety, devotion to the cause of God, purity of character, genuine humility, and care for the poor, I never knew his equal.' He was in labours 'more abundant' than his brethren. He was a local preacher sixty years, and in his early days often walked twenty miles, and preached three times. Unostentatious and unassuming, he plodded along all those years through quiet walks of life and usefulness. Of a 'meek and quiet spirit,' the fighting of tyrants, either political or religious, was not in his *rôle*. Nevertheless there was in him a persistent adherence to what he believed to be right, from which nothing could cause him to deflect; and a passionate clinging to old doctrines, which exerted a good influence on the Driffield society. Here is a Sabbath's work:—School at 9 o'clock, preaching at 10-30, class at 3, prayer-meeting at 5, preaching service at 6, prayer-meeting at 7-30, where he almost always offered up that ever-welcomed prayer:—'God bless us with serious hearers, pious members, and zealous preachers.' What he called 'the pauses of the day' were often filled up with visits to those who were ill or dying.

He was a man of double-distilled common sense. Here are a few of his racy sentences:—'Grace in the heart is better than gold in the hand.' 'If people fancied less and worked more we should have a better Church.' 'Modern Primitive Methodism, with its Schools, its Bands of Hope, and its Missionary Institutions, is a nobler thing than early Primitive Methodism, with its excitement and his songs.' 'Many of our early members were refugees from other Churches; now we have a good society of our own creating.' 'Fifty years ago, when we laid hold of a talented man like "Willie Sanderson," we were never puzzled to know what to do with him; and, when we could not get the men we wanted, we made the best use of those we could get. Some of the least promising turned out the most successful.' When a pretentious young preacher complained that his shelves would not hold 'all' his books, Mr. Wood, with a bright twinkle in his eye, said, 'It is with preachers as it is with my workmen. If a man is a snob he generally brings a big chest of tools; but my best workmen generally carry their tools in their hands.' One night he attended

service at a strange place, and the preacher seemed distressed when no one would go up for a blessing. Mr. Wood felt 'the roll' safe, by God's blessing, in his bosom; 'but,' said he, 'I pitied the preacher, so I walked up to the rails, and got a blessing.'

Somebody has said that every village has its Aristides, who is disliked because he is what he is—just. But we never heard of anyone disliking Mr. Wood, or saying a disrespectful thing of him. One day when he was very ill (a thing of rare occurrence), a woman said to the writer, 'What shall we do if good old Tommy dies? Oh, that does trouble me; but, then, I've been thinking if God were to convert five or six of our very best hearers, and they were to become good men, *they might help to make up for his loss.*' Think of that! Five or six good men required to help to make up for the loss of one man, and he in his eightieth year! It was said that during his life he lost a fortune, gave one away, and had one left for himself. His death, Dec. 20th, 1881, was sudden. Two of our preachers called to see him, and while sharing in the good things of his table—a few grapes, &c.—he reeled, and in a few moments expired. 'He walked with God, and was not, for God took him.'

W. Sanderson and young Wood were companions in sin at the village of Warter. He was apprenticed to a tailor, who kept a public-house. He says, 'In course of time a blind fiddler and a dancing master came to see if they could establish a dancing class among the young men of the village, and, of course, they were inmates of our house. I danced with them, and *friend Wood prayed.* We lived under the same roof, and he well knew what was going on in our department. *Wood and the Holy One prevailed.*' Sanderson sought the Lord with deep sorrow for some weeks, and in Feb., 1820, he experienced a divine change. He says, 'The change was effectually wrought. I shouted in the street on my way home, "*He has pardoned all my sins; I am happy.*" Earth and heaven rejoiced together that day. I went home rejoicing. Fiddlers and dancers were nothing to me. They soon packed up their few worldly goods, swore at the Ranters, left the house, and I saw them no more.' His piety, love of books, and ready tongue marked him out as a speaker from the beginning. And yet his earliest attempt at preaching was thus spoken of by

William Sanderson.

himself in his own inimitable way—'When I first tried to preach, as soon as I opened my mouth, I shut my eyes; and when I opened my eyes, I shut my mouth.' He soon won his spurs as an effective preacher, and for forty years he showed that he knew how to wear them. Look at him as we first saw him forty years ago. He is an orator of the *ore rotunda* style. His face is full of health, and his voice powerful, mellow, and ringing. He has a broad chest and sound lungs; a healthy appetite and a good digestion; a cheerful satisfaction with the pleasures of life, and a buoyancy of spirit that lifts him above its troubles: his mind his quick, and his wit sparkling; he is full of apt illustrations and racy anecdotes. His eyes—those wonderful eyes—seem almost to speak. His cheerful mind refuses to be chained to gloomy memories, and to be vexed with common cares; the glad, open, sunshine of the social circle fitted him better than the gloomy cloister. These rare elements combined to make him a charming and popular speaker to a popular audience. Thus dowered, he felt the ministry worthy of his best powers and most painstaking endeavours; and it may be recorded as a commendable achievement, that, as a matter of fact, this motherless and unlettered lad, from a rude village, rose to be one of England's most popular speakers. He saw 1,330 souls added to the circuits in which he laboured; the Revs. W. Lonsdale, J. Holroyd, and C. Kendall being of the number. Years before his death he was paralysed. His bow was unstrung. His right hand forgot its cunning His once eloquent tongue but stammered forth incoherent sentences. His last words were 'Come! come! coming!' 'Was it,' asks his biographer, 'a band of angels he saw coming to greet him on the shores of time, to conduct him to the port of bliss where the last wave breaks no billows after?'

George Bullock's parents were in humble circumstances, though his mother was a member of a highly-respectable family, and had the advantage of an education superior to many of her time. George was quick at learning, and with his mother's aid surpassed most of the boys of his age. When but eight years old he was led into saving faith, and we heard him say, 'Had I received suitable encouragement and instruction I should have retained the blessing. But, alas, I found many to encourage me in sin; none to sympathise with me in my

George Bullock.

new resolve.' At that time Mr. Oxtoby was stationed at Driffield, and under his fervent prayers and wise counsels George found peace with God. He soon became a local preacher, and for sixty years he never missed an appointment, except in case of sickness. He procured a few good books, which he read while others slept. He prayerfully prepared for the pulpit; always had something to say worth saying; and the people for thirty miles round loved to hear him. Prayer, without study, is presumption; and study, without prayer, is Atheism. The first time we heard him, more than forty years ago, was at Bridlington, whither he had walked a distance of eighteen miles. At that time he was one of the most popular local preachers in the East Riding, and in clearness of perception, and in the readiness with which he clothed his thoughts in well-chosen language (discarding the local venacular, the broadest Doric), and, we may add, in neatness of personal appearance, he was excelled by none. He was fond of walking, and often refused to ride from his appointment that he might 'enjoy a pleasant walk of six or eight miles across the country.' The young preacher who complained of being 'very fatigued' after a walk of half-a-dozen miles, was sure to excite George's simper and satire. He preached at Sledmere, on an average, six times a year for forty-three years; much oftener, we presume, than many a non-resident vicar, with a salary of £1,000, preached to his parishioners!

Forty years ago he was an excellent debater, and few knew better in an official meeting in what direction things were drifting. He spoke but seldom, and had but little patience with a brother who would speak a dozen times on one point. His manner of compressing a discussion into few words, and in hitting off an opponent in a sentence, was well known and unique. Hence he was often chosen to represent his circuit and district at Conference. In 1875 he was elected as a Deed Poll member, *i.e.*, one of the twelve men who are the custodians of the Connexion. A man who seeks to become a member of the Deed Poll *merely* because he is the *oldest* official, and not because of personal worth and services rendered to the Connexion, has no more right to the place he covets than a coward on the battle-field has a right to wear a medal for distinguished bravery. In Mr. Bullock's case the honour was a meet acknowledgment of his abilities and long services.

Our friend had his trials, his prosperous and his adverse days; his wife, a woman of strong faith, and who often accompanied him on foot fifteen or twenty miles to his appointments, and then laboured with penitents until a late hour of the night, after brightening his home for fifty-nine years, died triumphantly May 30th, 1883. Mr. Bullock spent sixty-three years in the village of Wetwang, where we have a good chapel and a large society. For many years he spoke at the annual meeting of 'The Bible Society,' and often gave the speech of the night. No man was more highly respected in the neighbourhood than Mr. Bullock. Returning one night from an appointment he was seized, between Sledmere and Wetwang, by two men, but when he told them his name one of them said, 'George! we will not hurt a hair of your head,' and they allowed him to go in safety. His last years were spent in great comfort, not having a care to crush him. He departed this life October 17th, 1887, aged 83 years. A few days before his death, while walking in his garden, he was seized with affliction from which he never recovered. When fording the river of death he had no misgivings as to the safety of his passage. He died in harness after rendering great service to the Connexion in its lowest and highest offices. Crowds of friends followed him to the grave, where he now sleeps beneath the green sod. His five surviving children are members of our Church; some of them are prominent for service, while grandchildren are emulating their departed sire, and consecrating their youth to God.

Such were a few specimens of the pioneers of Primitive Methodism on the Wolds—men of sound minds and ardent piety, arrayed in the beauties of holiness, and richly ladened with the fruits of the Spirit, and who could trace their religious life to a conscious change wrought within them by the Holy Spirit.

CHAPTER V.

BRIDLINGTON CIRCUIT.

BRIDLINGTON (Pop. 3,850) is situate on the slope of the Wolds, 33 miles from Hull, and 18 from Scarborough. Its name is said to be traceable to the Norse Berlinger—'smooth waters'—an apt description of the beautiful bay from which it is distant one mile. It is quiet, clean, and healthy; many of its inhabitants reaching a green old age. Four of these were interred, Feb. 10th, 1870, whose united ages amounted to 334 years—an average of 83½ years.

Here our Connexion began to spread in 1819. John Coulson, the first of our Missionaries *sent* to visit Bridlington, walked from Driffield one Saturday afternoon so as to be able to preach to the people at the close of the market. But persecution dogged his steps as surely as the red Indian was wont to follow the trail of his intended victim. No sooner did he attempt to speak than he was interrupted by a constable. Mr. C., tall and gaunt, with stalwart limbs and a voice of thunder, soon got amongst the people, and his commanding presence and plain invigorating speech arrested and impressed them. One of his earliest sermons was preached in my grandfather's barn. Some youths alarmed the ducks in an adjoining shed, and their quacking caused the congregation to titter. 'Look at me! look at me!' said the preacher, 'and don't mind the noise. The devil is in the ducks. He'll do ought to hinder the Gospel.'

J. Coulson's Visit.

Mr. Clowes, during his Mission to the Wolds, making bad men good and good men better, preached here, Jan. 21st, 1821, and found a Society of 50 members. On Saturday, July 4th of the same year, he attended a Band Meeting. Soon after some wretched spots, the 'Ratten Row,' and a certain 'alley,' which shall be nameless in these pages, were visited; and some of their denizens—the scum of the town—sots, poachers, gamblers, and fighters, were transformed and saved. When the little unpretending chapel in St. John Street was built to hold 200 persons, it was thought a wondrous addition. It was opened, Aug., 1834, by Revs. W. Clowes and A. Smith, when two persons were converted.

Persecution.

In 1848 it was enlarged by the addition of a gallery making it hold 300. Persecution raged against our earliest members; they were hooted, pelted with rotten eggs, and subjected to abuse and slander. George Watson, a burly butcher and skilful pugilist, fuller of mischief than malignity, was foremost amongst those who persecuted our people. His love of boxing led him to train his pony to put itself in boxing attitude by rearing on its hind legs and then, with its fore feet, imitate its master's action as though anxious to deal a blow. The performance generally ended by the pony placing its fore feet upon George's shoulder, when something like an embrace took place. George was a drunkard, and once when charged with this vice, the magistrate said 'George Watson, I regret having to inflict punishment upon you for the twentieth time for drunkenness,' when George, touching his forehead, very politely said, 'Excuse me, your honour! you are mistaken; its the twenty-first time.' 'Indeed,' said the magistrate, 'I've a good mind to double your punishment.' One day George turned a donkey into the chapel to disturb the service. On another occasion he made discordant noises, and, in mockery, said, 'Amen, &c.' But he met with his match. 'Hold your noise, man, or I'll put you out,' said the preacher, the late Rev. T. Holliday, who, before his conversion, had been an expert in the use of the gloves. In a moment George, assuming a fighting attitude, dared the preacher to touch him. Possessed of great strength and filled with holy indignation, Mr. Holliday seized the disturber and flung him into the street, slyly remarking to a friend, 'He'll never interfere with us again.' George declared that of all his encounters none punished him more than the parson's grip. 'I thowt,' said he, 'he wad a' twisted me in twa (two).'

The first of our married preachers located at Bridlington was the Rev. J. Langham. He lived in a cottage with thatched roof, white-washed walls, and a rat-eaten floor, and often in rainy weather water ran down the walls, and Mrs. Langham had to use bucket and broom before they could sit down to breakfast. The bed-room was reached by a ladder; so, as Mr. Langham used to say, he knew 'what the tread-mill was without going to prison' as some of his brethren had to do. He was allowed to spend five shillings in replacing or repairing all fadeable, decayable, break-

able, and wear-outable articles of use for thirteen weeks. There was no clock, no couch, no easy chair; as for carpets and bed-hangings, they were like that mysterious cloth called *invisible green*. Things have improved since then, for the Circuit now owns two preachers' houses.

Great revivals took place here from time to time, some of which linger as bright scenes in the writer's memory. At five o'clock a.m., in the depth of winter, for weeks together, old and young met to pray for the conversion of souls. One of these protracted meetings closed with a watch-night service. The Rev. J. Bootland was the conductor. Many sorrowed for sin, and sought mercy from a sin-pardoning God. Revival Scenes. While speaking, Mr. B., was impressed with the idea that there was one present who, if not converted that night, would be lost, and he ventured to make his impression known, when a young man said, 'I believe I'm that person.' He fell on his knees, and, after a hard struggle, found peace, and became an useful member. The meeting was kept up till three o'clock in the morning, and a wonderful meeting it was. This was the beginning of a great revival in the neighbourhood. Many, full of doubts, were made to rejoice; wanderers were restored to their Father's home; dark homes were brightened; aching hearts cheered; and many a perplexed soul directed to the Saviour. The writer's father, and other members of the family, shared in the benefits of this work of grace. Did God remember our grandfather's action in allowing Mr. Coulson to preach in his barn? Not unlikely. Out of this revival sprang a 'Sick Visiting Benevolent Society;' the members, though poor, contributed a penny each, monthly, and for years it did good service. Many a hungry mouth was filled, and many a helpful word spoken.

Some of our early members were, what Mr. Moody calls 'O and O Christians,' *Out* and *Out* Christians. There was no playing at soldiering, like the Salvation Army; no rushing with banners flying and drums beating; but much real Christian mission work was done. On Sunday nights, at five o'clock, it was their custom to go touting in the streets, and having gathered a crowd, warn

them 'to flee from the wrath to come,' often singing, with expanding chests and rolling voices, that stirring military hymn :

> 'Hark! listen to the trumpeters, they sound for volunteers,
> Their horses white, their garments bright, with crown and bow they stand,
> Enlisting soldiers for the King, to march to Canaan's land.

It was the sight of George Jackson, a tall, gaunt, rough, sunburnt farm labourer, preaching at 'Bayle End,' with lungs like a blacksmith's bellows and arms swinging like a sledge hammer, that first drew the writer's attention to spiritual things. There he stood :—

> 'He spread his arms in curves stupendous,
> And preached and prayed in strains tremendous.'

The writer went to chapel that night to laugh, but remained to pray, and found, what he had never sought before, 'the forgiveness of sins.'

Two years afterwards (1847) the writer stood on a kerb-stone warning men 'to flee from the wrath to come,' when a young gent, a compound of vanity and vindictiveness, pushed him into the road, saying, 'You young scamp, be off.' 'Leviathan lashed the sea with his tail till it boiled like a pot.' Curses, like chickens, come home to roost. A quarter of a century *after*, that young preacher addressed a crowded congregation in the P. M. chapel, not far from the spot where he received the insult—the only one of the sort he ever had the honour to receive. All were eager to express their good feelings towards him, but as for 'Sanballat' of 25 years before—Where was he? Retained as a common felon, wearing prison clothes, lying on a plank bed, eating prison fare. Religion pays. It calms passion. It saves from intemperance. It leads to the cultivation of habits of industry and honesty. It wins recognition and begets general esteem. Last and best of all, it secures the blessing of God. 'The righteous Lord loveth the righteous, but the way of the wicked He turneth upside down.

When this good little ship had outridden the boisterous billows of the world's opposition, and entered the port of peace and prosperity, she suddenly drifted into a bay of Biscay sort of experience; many storms but little calm. Some showed their love to the ship that had rescued them by trying to pull her to pieces. That which others had built up with so much energy, and so many

sacrifices, they tried to pull down by their masterfulness and pettishness. Society meetings were made the occasion for all sorts of gossip, indulged in with animation to a late hour. After a while they disembarked, those remaining expressing a hope that the more comfortable quarters the mutineers had found would prevent their return to their now becalmed ship. No wonder societies drift towards the rocks, and sometimes perish, when there is a mutinous crew on board!

Henceforth the little craft had a more prosperous voyage, increasing the number of its crew, and the worth of its cargo. All had a mind to work, saying—Not—'I *am* cut out for this, or I'm *not* cut out for that,' but

> 'What shall I do to make it known
> What Christ for all mankind hath done?'

Even delicate females, the Misses Atkinson, Hannah and Lydia Walkington, two pious Quakeresses (the first of whom became the writer's step-mother), and others, waxed bold in this work. The people possessed a dogged perseverance which did not know when it was beaten, and, better still, a faith which laughed at impossibilities, and cried 'It shall be done!'

Bridlington was made the head of a Branch Station, in Sept., 1843, with 320 members, with E. Dixon and J. Bootland as its ministers, and became a Circuit in 1859 with T. Bennett and J. Stephenson as ministers.

Most of those who knew our earliest preachers, and caught their prayerful and burning spirit, have fallen in the ranks; Sunley, Smallwood, Vokes, Dixon, Robinson, Normandale, Jackson, Dalby, Leeman, Moore, and Sally Mills—these and others, whose names are cherished in Primitive Methodist circles, have all gone to rest. Mr. Jonathan Moore, an officer of the Excise, came to Bridlington in 1843, and he and his family made a valuable acquisition to our struggling cause. He was brought up in the Romish Church and for a while adhered to its doctrines He began to improve his mind, renounced Popery, and became a Methodist. He was a man of transparent honesty in all matters civil and religious; he liberally supported our cause,

Deceased Members.

and looked upon the poorest member as his brother; after forty years service he received a larger pension than he had expected. His eldest daughter became the wife of the Rev. E. Dixon. He had a long and painful affliction, and welcomed the visits of his poorer brethren. When he heard of the death of his daughter (Mrs. Dixon) he was filled with distress, but on being told she died very happy he was overpowered with joy. Soon after he had an apopletic fit which deprived him of the power of speech until just before he died, he turned to Mr. Dalby, who was standing at his bedside, and said, 'Blessed Jesus.' March 31st, 1853, aged 74.

Mr. William Dalby was converted under the ministry of the Rev. T. Holliday, and was intimate with the Revs. J. Coulson, H. Knowles, H. Campbell, E. Tyas, A. F. Beckerlegge, and other distinguished ministers. He was the writer's master and class-leader, and was a man of known integrity, respected and trusted by his fellow townsmen. He often reminded us of what Hugh Miller said of his master, a stone-mason:—'He put his conscience into every stone that he laid.' His religion was not merely sentimental and emotional, but robust, strong, vigorous, manly and Christly. He daily read his Bible, and his uttered experiences were interlarded with Scripture quotations. Twice a day we had family prayer, a scene which Robert Burns might have described in these words:

> 'The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
> They round the ingle form a circle wide;
> The sire turns o'er wi' patriarchal grace
> The big ha' Bible, ance his father's pride.'

He was a frequent visitor to the sick, and perhaps prayed with more dying people than any other man in the town. He excelled as a class-leader, and led many into the glowing joy of forgiveness and acceptance with God. The class, which met on Sundays at 9-30 a.m., was often a Bethel. Among its thirty members were found the babe in Christ, the young disciple, the matured saint who seemed 'to renew his youth like the eagle;' hopeful young preachers, and maidens of tuneful throat.

Five of his members became ministers of the Gospel and owed much in the formation of their early habits to the high Christian character and wise and helpful counsels of their leader.

A cancer formed in his stomach, and he died, the doctor said, literally of *hunger*. He would often say 'O let me go! let me go.' Preaching at Bridlington during the Indian famine, the writer spent much time with his old master. With tears, he said, 'My dear lad, I can't tell thee half what I suffer; my appetite is keen and yet I cannot take a morsel of food. You pity the Hindoos who are dying of *famine*, but my case is worse. They are dying in the midst of *scarcity*; *I die* in the midst of *plenty*.' After the service I again saw him, and his aspect was positively joyous. 'I have had such an enjoyment as I haven't had for some time!' and pointing his almost fleshless fingers to a dish on the table, said, 'I have been sucking *that* for an hour, and I feel like a giant refreshed.' Can the reader guess what *that* was? It was a piece of bacon swarth three inches long! He often longed to depart. His brother, Mr. A. Dalby, Wesleyan, spoke of some dying Christians being favoured with angelic visitors. 'I have seen nothing of the sort,' said he; 'for months past I have had to walk by faith alone.' But when the end drew near, he saw what was better than angels; with a soft whisper, he said, 'I am climbing—I am climbing—I am climbing—up Jacob's ladder, and I see Jesus at the top.'

On Sunday, Feb. 10th, 1878, his spirit entered into rest, in the 66th year of his age. He was interred on the 13th, being followed to the grave by 200 people, including several of his old apprentices. The writer, Mr. Dalby's first apprentice, in accordance with his good master's request, gave out the 787th hymn, which was sung on the way to the parish church:—

'How blest the righteous when he dies!'

Dr. Blakeney, vicar, who often visited Mr. Dalby during his long sickness, having read the usual burial service in the church, stood before the pulpit and gave an address to the mourners. He said that on entering the pulpit, a person said to him, 'Mr. Dalby was a Christian.' He (Dr. B.) did not need to be told that. He knew from personal intercourse with him, that he was a good man all his trust being placed on Christ. And in this strain D Blakeney spoke for ten minutes to the delight of the bereave family and friends. The ceremony at the grave closed by the singin of one of Mr. Dalby's favourite hymns.

Martson Potter, a man 'Wholly True,' united with the Bridlington Society, in 1837, and still survives, having exceeded, by twelve years, the allotted span of human life. For more than half-a-century he has done as little harm as possible, and as much good. On Feb. 4th, 1887, seventy members and official of the Bridlington Society had a tea and public meeting to celebrate the Jubilee of Mr. Potter's membership, and to express their good wishes for him on his removal to Flamborough. The Rev. E. Aston said, 'For fifty years his friend had remained steadfast to the cause while others had turned aside. He had been poor, and not without his struggles, but the power he could not acquire by social position had been gained and retained by goodness. As a local preacher he had walked thousands of miles, and was held in respect by every society in the Circuit. He would be followed to his new home by the prayers of the society, and especially of the two classes of which he had been the leader! In responding, our old friend spoke of his early life which was worse than wasted. An accident, which brought him within an hairsbreadth of losing his life, was the turning point of his career. He never could forget the old chapel, nor those days of spiritual power when the preachers were so mighty in prayer. He hoped to work a few years longer and then join 'the blood be-sprinkled band' before the throne of God.

This Society, in an obscure out of the way corner of Yorkshire, has given six travelling preachers to the Connexion, the writer being one of them. It has a handsome chapel, B. 1877; Ct. £3,040; Acc. 600; 100 M.; 170 S.S.S.; 32 S.S.T.; 11 L.P.; 5 C.L.; 400 H.; furnishing another proof of John Wesley's aphorism, 'God buries his workmen but carries on his work.'

Bridlington Quay.

Bridlington Quay (Pop. 2,780), an off shoot of the old town of Bridlington, and distant from it one mile, is close to the shore of one of the most beautiful and commodious bays on the East Coast. We have seen for days more than 500 vessels find shelter in this bay, and outride the heaviest gales. For more than a century the Quay has been famous as a sea-side resort, and when money is plentiful and the weather favourable, thousands flock from the Midlands to enjoy its refreshing and health-giving breezes and other attractions. Its inhabitants

have won a deserved reputation for their ungrudged expenditure in improvements to suit the taste and wishes of the visitors. If Scarboro' be the 'Queen' of watering places, Bridlington Quay is a 'Princess.'

The Quay was Missioned about the same time as the old town. On Sunday, Jan. 15th, 1821, Mr. Clowes preached here at 10-30, and at Bridlington at six a.m. Our preachers took their stand, first on the 'Pier End,' and then in a 'Sail Loft.' Loud cries for mercy arose, sometimes during preaching, and a few, whose wickedness was of a pronounced description, were reformed and saved. Our preachers also won the ears and gained the attention of persons of great respectability, who, while bearing the Christian name, were sadly alienated from the Christian Spirit and life. Hence the Congregations were of a mixed character. Labourers, carters, scullery maids, rough fishermen, with mufflers round their necks, a few farmers, tradesmen, shipowners, merchants, and two or three well-circumstanced maiden ladies, listened to the word of life with a wakefulness which never allowed them to sleep during preaching. Indeed, for intelligence, piety, and good social position, this Society was ahead of any other on the Wolds. Nowhere were our peculiar doctrines more clearly understood or more firmly held and taught than at this little sea-port town. From year to year the Society increased by leaps and bounds, adding sheep to its fold and fleece to its shepherds.

It was here that Mr. Oxtoby fought some of his hardest battles, and won some of his greatest victories—*on his knees*. It would be easier to think of a rose without its fragrance or of the sky without its azure, than of Johnny without his characteristic prayerfulness. When a Quaker saw a young preacher on his knees, and heard him pray, he said, 'Thomas lad, thou wilt make a better pray-*er* than preacher.' Mr. Oxtoby was mightier in prayer than in preaching. It was his power with God in prayer that won for him favour in the eyes of the people. He was another 'Israel,' a veritable Prince, who had power with God, wrestling with the Angel of the Covenant on behalf of others as well as on his own behalf. Despite his rough manners, homely

Mr. Oxtoby's power in Prayer.

garb, and strangely provincial speech, he was welcomed to the homes of the people, both rich and poor. We give one instance:

For some time he was entertained by Mr. Stephenson, who carried on an extensive mercantile and shipping business, and whose family was one of the most influential in the town. In 1825 Mr. Stephenson had a ship at sea, with one of his sons on board, of whose safety he had not heard for a long time, and he began to fear that he would never again see either ship or son. Mr. Oxtoby saw the anxiety of the family increase from day to day, and he fled to the throne of grace to ask God to show him whether the ship was afloat, and whether she would return in safety. He soon got the answer: 'Both son and ship would return to port.' Despite the high opinion they had formed of Mr. Oxtoby's Christly character and strong faith, they were filled with amazement at this bold assertion, and though they did not distrust what he said they 'staggered' at the saying. Johnny smiled at their doubts; 'God had shown him the ship while he was on his knees; he knew that she would return in safety, and, though he had never seen her,—*except in prayer*—he could distinguish her from any other.' Johnny went to conduct revival services, ten miles from the Quay. One day news reached the distressed family that the missing ship was safe, and on her way home. Delighted at what appeared an accomplished prediction, Mr. S. sent a gig to bring 'the man of prayer' to their house without delay. On his arrival Mr. S. said, 'Would you know the ship if you saw her?' 'Yes! I could distinguish her amongst a hundred,' was Johnny's unfaltering reply. Going to the peir they saw a large fleet of vessels, some near and some remote, floating at anchor in the spacious bay. Johnny looked at them for a few moments and then, pointing in a certain direction, said, 'That's the ship God showed me while at prayer. I knew that she would come home safely and that I should see her!' He was right, and the strange event filled Mr. Stephenson's family with wonderment.

It was bruited abroad and became the talk of the town. Crowds flocked to hear this 'man of prayer,' and the cause spread rapidly. Johnny used to say 'The power came and knocked down sinners.'

Here we had, forty years ago, a number of good local preachers, thoughtful and well read, who used to show us younsters their appreciation of what we said in the pulpit by nods, assents, and hearty responses :—W. Lyon, W. Bolton, W. Boddy, S. Lee, and his nephew, W. Woodcock (both of whom still survive), J. Nightingale, Jonathan Wardill, and K. Crowther.

Local Preachers.

Mr. Crowther, an ex-P. M. P., was a clear thinker, a born debater, who had digested Fletcher's works in defence of Arminian Theology, and who was never more delighted than when attacking Calvinism. He used to listen with rare gravity to the word of life, and a sermon that did not give marks of preparation used to excite within him an ill-concealed contempt.

John Nightingale was what we used to call 'a character.' Once, when in the pulpit at Quay, he could not find his text, and as he turned over the leaves of the Bible, old Sally Anderson, who used to sing with a cracked voice, but with real fervour of spirit, 'Christ he sits on Zion's Hill,' &c., shouted 'Why, thou can't find it!' John replied, cooly, 'I'll try,' and went on with his search.

Mr. Wardill possessed many of those qualities which help to make a man a powerful and popular local preacher—fervent devotion, clearness of judgment, unfaltering courage, ready wit, and a fluent and vigorous tongue. It is said that 'men ought to carry their religion into their business,' and 'Brother Jonathan' did this with a vengeance. When he added to coach building the profession of an auctioneer he often, quite unconsciously, interlarded his talk with expressions he was accustomed to use in his religious exercises. One day, having got a good bid, he said, 'Praise the Lord,' but failing to get a second, added, 'You will have to repent in dust and ashes.' On another occasion he doomed a lethargic crowd to perdition because they would not give him a higher bid!

'Jonathan' knew how to give a Roland for an Oliver. One night the Rev. A. F. Beckerlegge (that curious specimen of humanity, of whom more anon) was conducting a prayer meeting at the Quay. 'Now *pray*,' said he; 'I like to hear people PRAY; don't tell the

Lord what he knows; PRAY!' Mr. Wardill was the first to make an attempt, and did so by thanking the Lord for his mercies. Mr. B. interrupted him, saying, 'That's not praying,—PRAY!' In his closing prayer Mr. B. said, 'O Lord, there are many sinners here.' Jonathan, determined to pay him back in his own coin, said, 'Why, that's not *praying*, the Lord knows that.'

During the 'Spaing' season many of our well-to-do members from the Midlands used to visit the Quay. Nottingham lace-makers; Sheffield cutlers, with their rushing energy; 'Lads thro' Leeds,' with their rough and ready wit; and clothiers from Huddersfield and Bradford, with their rare power of song, used to lend life and spirit to the Sunday night prayer meeting. When souls were not saved their looks of disappointment used to remind us of a fisherman when a good fish had slipped the hook.

First Chapel.

Our first chapel, holding 300 people, was erected near the cliff, upon which the sea made great inroads, and many a broad acre was in the course of fifty years washed away by the rolling billows when urged by a fierce 'nor'-easter.' At length only a few yards remained between the building and the beach, and when the wind was north-east the chapel was drenched with spray, and seemed to rock under the force of the storm. The chapel was oblong in shape; the pulpit was on the side, and so near the gallery that the preacher could almost touch those in the front pews, while the area below used to remind us of a pit or well. The roads that led to it were narrow, dark and dirty, exposed to the full sweep of the wind from the sea, rendering it dangerous of approach, and a regard for health prevented aged and delicate people from attending. For years in succession the late Rev. J. Hunter, D.D. (Baptist), of Nottingham, preached the Annual Sermons during his summer vacation at the town, free of all charge. When this chapel was built and left burdened with debt, a few old members thought it just possible that their grandchildren might live to see the extinction of the debt in the evening of their days. But in 1870 a new chapel was erected, which soon proved too small. In June, 1879, the opening services of a third chapel, built on the old site (Acc. 800, Ct. £3,486), were held. In 1887 an organ was put into

the chapel at a cost of £200, the choir master being the son of the Rev. S. B. Reynolds, now of Rotherham. This Society numbers 212 M., 203 S.S S., 26 S.S.T., 9 L.P., and 9 C.L.

This society deserves, as it needs, the help of visitors in reducing its chapel debt of £2,500. It has been a severe strain to the society, and one which it would have been impossible to meet but for the help of visitors. There are no wealthy contributors in the circuit. Agriculture is in a state of great depression. The opening of the Hull and Scarborough Railway in 1844 robbed the town of its coal trade, and rendered it, in winter, a dismal and dispirited town; and the inevitable uncertainties of income which characterise watering-places make the raising of money to meet all the requirements of the society, a very great difficulty. Friends who avail themselves of the provision which Primitive Methodism has nobly made, help a work of local importance when they give to our Quay Society, which is composed of as brave, laborious, and self-denying a class of working men and women as can be found, perhaps, in any church.

Sewerby is a pretty village of 547 souls, one mile and a half N.E. of Bridlington Quay. Mr. Clowes preached here Jan. 10th, 1822. Here we have had, for half a century, a steady society and congregation, but the cottage has been inadequate to our requirements. The society numbers 24 M., one L.P, and one C.L. It was at this village the writer gave his first exhortation. If many of our travelling preachers had not begun to preach in small cottages, the probability is they would never have been invited to preach in large town chapels. These cottages were what Carlyle, in one of his most ungracious moods, called 'talking shops,' but the talk was of grave subjects.

Flamborough, four miles from Bridlington, has been, from time immemorial, a fishing village. Physically, the people are robust in form, with broad shoulders and stately gait We saw a group of them three years ago, and were struck with the fact that, with two exceptions, the locks surrounding their firmly set heads were light flaxen—fit descendants of their Danish and Saxon forefathers, who in olden times landed here and encamped on the headland. 'Inured to

Flamborough. The Natives.

hardships, patient, bold and rude, they braved the billows for precarious food.' While the men braved the dangers of the deep and won fish, others, women as well as men, with baskets strapped on their backs, used to hawk the fish round the country, some of them carrying as much as eight stones at a time. Next donkey and pony carts were used : to-day the railway whisks the fish they catch to all parts of England in a few hours.

Here, in addition to other characteristics common to the Wolds people, we have the common bond of relationship. For the villagers intermarry with each other, so that they are either cousins, or half-cousins, or quarter-cousins, and a preacher must be careful what he says about the people, or he will soon get into trouble. The names most common amongst them are : Lengs, Chadwicks, Fells, Woodhouse, Crofts, Bayes, Majors, Warcup, Mainprize, &c. This blood relationship leads them to render conspicuous service to each other in times of difficulty, suffering and danger.

The most prominent traits of the Anglo-Saxon character are reproduced in the Flamborians. Kindness of heart, under a somewhat rough exterior, is one of their most conspicuous points. A free-handed hospitality, a readiness to render help in time of need, have long distinguished them.

Methodism found this village in a state of great spiritual ignorance and moral debasement, aptly described by the poet :

> 'A wretched church, and a wooden steeple,
> A drunken parson and a wicked people.'

Mr. Clowes preached his first sermon at this place, Jan. 10th, 1821, when two souls were converted and a society formed. 'On the 12th,' he says, 'I ascended the Lighthouse, and exhorted and prayed with the family.' The village has been a hot-bed ever since. Sixty years ago, publicans complained that the 'Ranters' were robbing them of some of their best customers, which meant good Sunday dinners and decent clothes where, aforetime, there were hungry families and wretched homes.

Society formed.

Whether it is the stream of Danish blood, or their inartificial life that disposes them to religion, they evidently possess an intensely religious nature, as is manifest from the large proportion of the population (1,700) who attend religious services, and especially from the position and influence of Methodism amongst them. Our chapel holds 600 people, and is well attended, and in 1888 the Wesleyans held a tea meeting in our schoolroom, on the occasion of laying the foundation stone of their new chapel, which cost £1,900.

The People.

They are somewhat sluggish in their religious feelings, except in times of great revivals, and these *used* to be expected periodically—about once in seven years. They are hard to move, difficult to awaken in ordinary times, but when aroused, and the divine fire begins to burn in their hearts, it is no 'crackling of thorns under the pot.' As Beckerlegge used to say '*When* they go, they *go*.' Everybody is alive with love to God and the souls of men. Religion breathes in their daily talk, and is felt as an inspiration throughout the village. After the lapse of more than forty years we cherish vivid and pleasant recollections of some of these times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord.

They were good and appreciative hearers, *except* on Sunday afternoons, when, wearied with their week's work, and under the balmy eloquence of some Mr. Dry-as-dust, certain hynoptic manifestations—tendency to sleep—soon became visible. It was provoking, especially to a young preacher, to see them first listless, then begin to nod, then throw back their heads, gradually open their mouths, and then give audible proofs of the soundness of their slumbers just when he was coming to his most eloquent point! There is a patent elastic belt called 'The Anti-Snorer' sold now-a-days, for the purpose of keeping the mouth closed during sleep. Often, during the last forty years, we have wished that some snorers in our chapels, who have not the excuse for sleeping that our Flamborough friends had, could at least have their mouths closed during their slumbers, for they are apt to make wry faces and loud and confusing noises in their sleep.

For nearly seventy years this society has been composed of men and women of the best type—fervent in spirit, pure in life,

plain and distinctive, not to say peculiar, in dress. It has been said that a Ritualist can be detected anywhere, a vocal Methodist can be heard in the dark, a Quaker can be picked out of a crowd, and, forty years ago, the female members of this society were distinctly individualistic in their mode of dress, which was called 'modest apparel.' Of course they had their own ideas of what constituted 'modest apparel.' Fifty years ago 'red' was the orthodox colour. A young woman, a recent convert, went to Bridlington to buy her summer attire, and amongst other things wanted some ribbon for her bonnet. 'I have got convarted, and ah want a modest colour to correspond like,' she said. 'Well.' replied Mr. Allison, the writer's cousin, 'which shall it be? white? yellow? or lilac? Make thee choice, lass.' 'Nay, ah think a bit bleeäd reeäd (blood red) is as modest as owt gaing!

At Flamboro' we had, forty years ago, a number of men approaching the allotted span of life, who were 'the pillars of our palace,' as one used to say:—Leonard Mainprize, who was not only a Christian man, but a manly Christian; Mr. Anthony Hall, a master builder, who for some years lived on his own means; G. Holdsworth, and others whose names we cannot recall. As early as June 11th, 1837, the two last-named local preachers assisted in holding a camp meeting at Filey. They were devout, had well-balanced minds, were well read in Methodist theology, and they listened with critical gravity, especially to young preachers. Like the retired officer who accompanied the troops to the 'Battle of the Alma' 'to see,' as he said, 'how the lads would behave under fire,' these old men, with their wise heads and rich Christian experience, came to the preaching service to see how we 'youngsters' did our work. It required no small amount of what we used to call 'humble boldness' for youths who, without injustice, were called 'mere lads,' to preach before such men. When the writer, clad in a short blue jacket, and apparently not more than sixteen years old (for in those days he never did justice to his age), preached at Flamboro' for the first time, some of these 'grey-beards' listened with their chins on their chests, as if lost in bewilderment. The preacher's grasp of Divine truth was so feeble that his effort reminded these aged men of the boy who taught his grandmother how to extract the contents of an egg. He

hesitated, stammered, flung his arms about, grew red in the face and dim in the eyes, had a hard time, and he knew it, and the hearers knew it. His matter was more objectionable than his manners. When he stammered out :—'You might inscribe upon the tombstone of many a wicked man, "It would have been well for this man if he had never been born,"' Mr. A. Hall, a good local preacher, shook his head in disapproval, and at the close of the service sharply rebuked the youth's rashness. When an apologist pleaded, 'Was not the saying true?' Mr. Hall replied, cautiously, 'It may be, but think of a lad like that saying it!' When someone said, 'He'll improve,' the only reply was a significant shrug, and the elevation of his eyebrows, which betrayed a doubt too deep for words to express. These good old men seemed to feel towards the young preacher as the elder brothers did towards David: 'We know the pride and haughtiness of thine heart.' 'Arry' outlived this bit of prejudice; his youthfulness was a weakness out of which he gradually grew. His matter became more acceptable, though his garb did not become more parsonic. After he had preached one Sunday, Mr. Hall went so far as to pay him the following compliment, slowly uttered :—'I *think* I've heard many a *worse* sermon, my lad, than that thou preached this afternoon.' The lad got so few compliments in those days that he tried meekly to wear this doubtful one. As 'Arry' crept slowly up the ladder that landed him in the Ministry (1849) his Flamboro' friends rejoiced and helped him at every step; and when, after many years, he appeared amongst them a veritable T.P. they were—pardon us for writing it—amazed! We used to write in our copy books this adage: 'Self-praise is *no* recommendation.' We feel inclined to question its accuracy. Self-praise is about the only recommendation some people ever get!

No account of the Flamboro' society would be complete without reference to the late Mr Vickerman Mainprize. He was the son of Mr. L. Mainprize, whose life and example became an inspiration to his children. When eighteen years of age Vickerman was converted, and within two years became a local preacher and class leader.

When we first knew him he was in the prime of manly strength, and a working fisherman. He had several narrow escapes from

drowning. On one occasion he, along with two others (father and son, named Robson, members of our society, and at whose home one of our ministers was entertained), fell victims to the raging sea, near Flamboro' Head, and our friend, after struggling until his strength was exhausted, and his tongue swollen until it filled his mouth, was rescued in what appeared his utmost extremity. He was yielding to despair when he seemed to hear a voice, as if from heaven, saying, 'Look to the right, there is deliverance.' He looked, and saw a boat approaching, which soon afterwards took him safely to shore. Again, when helping to moor a vessel, on the Welsh coast, he was hurled by the force of a hurricane into the sea, and would have perished but for a boat which opportunely passed by. Once again, when securing a vessel which was in danger of being driven from its moorings, he got upon a plank, along which he was, with difficulty, crawling on his hands and knees, when he was blown into the water, from which he was rescued barely in time to save his life He retained ever afterwards a grateful recollection of these merciful deliverances, and used to weave them into his sermons, in a very realistic way, with benefit to his hearers.

Vickerman Mainprize.

He was an ally of Mr. Coulson in the mission which established our cause in Flamboro'. He often used to speak of those early triumphs, which he vividly remembered to his dying day, and which he helped so largely to achieve. For half a century he and his estimable wife made a home for the preachers, always giving them a most cordial welcome. He represented the Circuit at the District Meetings and Conferences. He laid the foundation stones of most of the chapels in the Bridlington Circuit, and generously supported all our Connexional institutions. He was a total abstainer for many years, but towards the close of life, and by his physician's advice, he began, occasionally, to take intoxicants. His conscience, however, was troubled, and going to God in prayer for divine guidance, the conviction fastened itself upon his mind that he ought to take no more strong drink for any purpose. He was obedient to the heavenly voice, and seemed to gain health and strength afterwards.

Mr Mainprize was one of those who are not spoiled by the changes of fortune. For many years he was very poor, and picked

up a precarious living on the sea, but about the year 1868 he became the possessor of a large fortune, and abandoned his perilous occupation. His heart, however, was not chilled by his wealth: he was as true, as humble, as prayerful, and as devoted to Primitive Methodism at the end of his career as he was at the beginning. On taking the chair at the Kilham Chapel Anniversary (1877), he said, 'I have served God forty-six years. Like Paul, I know what it is to be abased, and what it is to abound; what it is to be hungry and what it is to have more than I need. I was once very poor, now I am rich; but in the midst of all God has kept me, and by His grace I can say I have not lost an inch of my height, nor a pound of my weight, nor a drachm of my zeal.' No topic of conversation gave this good old man more pleasure than a talk about the early days of Primitive Methodism. He died a few years ago in the full triumph of faith.

This Society has one Chapel, B. 1874, Ct £1,500, Acc. 500, M. 127, S S.S 99, S.S.T. 25, L.P. 7, C.L. 6.

Bempton.

Bempton is a pleasantly situated village three-and-a-half miles N.N.E. of Bridlington and two miles from Flamborough. Our chapel was B. 1843, and ever since we have had a more or less vigorous society. Fifty years ago James Smith, a ruddy-faced labourer, with a voice that could be heard quarter of a mile off, was converted. He soon became a local preacher, and was for many years the chief stay of this society. Every man has his distinct characteristics, and 'Jimmy' had his, and everybody delighted to hear him. In the broad Wolds dialect, and in words which awoke responses in the hearts, and often from the tongues of devout hearers, he would pray:—'Wakken 'em up, Lord; wakken 'em up! Big words are varry good, but big deeds are better. Wakken 'em up, Lord; wakken 'em up!' The most indifferent could not easily listen to Jimmy without having their feelings stirred to some sense of the importance of divine things. He was born in a fire, and it was impossible to make an ice-bound Christian of him. He wore the white flower of a blameless life, and is now adorned, we doubt not, with a crown brilliantly gemmed with stars. He belonged to a class of men upon whom rural Primitive Methodism is largely

dependent. Messrs. Leeman, Maynard, and others rendered great help to this struggling society. Here we have a good congregation and 48 M.—a proportion to the population (309) seldom surpassed.

Rudston is about five miles West of Bridlington, and is mentioned in Doomsday Book. The village has long been famous for the great monolith in its churchyard, from which it takes its name. (Pop. 604). Here, forty years ago, our people worshipped in a tumble-down sort of a place that used to remind us of the little Noah's arks—the playthings of our childhood. The society was small, poor, excitable, and very demonstrative. They reminded us of an old windmill that would not grind a bushel of corn unless the wind was blowing almost a hurricane, though the people around might be wanting bread. A self-styled 'Revivalist'—a small pot, soon hot—conducted a protracted meeting. One of his favourite hymns, lustily sung by plough lads and milk maids, was that strange ditty, one verse of which reads; 'Where is now the prophet Elijah,' &c. The words were stupid; the thought commonplace; the tune (!) depressing; but, alas! it was sung thus :—

Rudston.

Where is now the prophet - et — Elijah ?
Where is now the prophet - et — Elijah ?
Where is now the prophet - et — Elijah ?
Safe in the promised land !

There was abundance of enthusiasm, but it was shapeless; without form, and void. The young converts were seized with a love for responses, which, like coughing, became epidemic. If shouting could have done good, the gain to the society would have been great.* A man in convulsions is not in a healthy state; a man in spasms will not do much work.

* Let none of our readers suppose, from what we have written above, that we object to responses during prayer; *we do not*. More: we regret that the 'silent system' is becoming common amongst us. Surely, if formal responses are *provided* in written forms of prayer, in the Established Church and in many Independent Chapels, extemporary responses cannot be reasonably objected to in connection with extemporary prayer! But some scenes we witnessed at Rudston forcibly reminded us of what the great Dr. Clarke said when labouring at Manchester: 'I like a good shaking, and long hearty Amens among the people; but, between you and me, there seems too much of it here, and many, I am afraid, do not distinguish between sense and sound,—between tornadoes of natural passion and the meltings of religious affection.'

There are those in the world who are known as 'sensitive people,'—people who yield to their nervous feelings and nurse them into strength. These are the people who take offence at the slightest cause, and sometimes without any cause at all. To build them up in the faith is about as slow work as building an Egyptian pyramid, and many of them are about as much use in the world as one of those huge masses of matter. Rudston had a few of these. There was Mrs. ——, a kind, benevolent old soul when I knew her forty years ago, always contriving how to make God's servants comfortable. True, she lived in a mud-walled cottage, and her fare was of the humblest kind, but there was always a hearty Wolds welcome. But, alas! she was one of those 'over-sensitive' people. At one period she had been absent from class some time, and my friend, the late Rev. James Langham, paid her a visit, which he thus records in a MS. found amongst his papers :—

'Dec. 1, 1852, I found her in the house, and at once made known my errand by saying, "Well, how do you get on now? Have you been at your class yet?" She replied, "Ne'a, I's sere ah havent, an ah de'ant know at ah sall gan ony mare; ah can't tak up them crosses. Lov yes, it were wrang of Alek and Billy Borril to say at how ah lock'd deer that preacher mudent come in. It were nowt but lies. And, lov yes, Jack Bell said as how ah h've been trying to mak mischief in his family. And lov yes, I niver did nowt o' the sort. And ah can't get hower it. Lov yes, Mr. Langham, ah thinks at ah sant gan ony mare there, but ah is'nt boon to leave the Lord for that. Lov yes, its about thoty yer sen the fost preacher come to Rudston, and it were poor old Mr. Coulson; and ah teak him in, lov yes, *I's gan at says nowt about what ah dea*. And it's not that ah've gen house room and teak the *local* preachers in that ah hope to gan to heav'n, *tho' if ah hadn't tean them in mony a tahme they waden't have had nowt*. But ah didn't dea it for ony body, ah did it for the Lord. And lov, ah can't get over it, an' ah belave ah sant gan ony mare." Mr. Langham replied, 'Well, Nancy, I hope by-and-by you will think differently, and that you will come again after all.' This woman, barring her rough manners and speech, may be taken as a fair specimen of thousands in the Church to-day.

But amongst the Pliables and Weak-knees there were found a few Steadfasts and Valiants-for-the-Truth :—Mr. W. Goforth, a local preacher, with a fervent spirit and a well-informed mind; John Harper, a devout man, and an earnest local preacher; and 'Jack' Bell, with his vigorous utterances and strange gesticulations —all these, and others, stood by the cause of God for many years, and did good service to the Connexion. When the society declined, and the congregation diminished, the zeal and faith and steadfastness of these men did not. The numbers in this society ebb and flow, in consequence of the migration of farm servants at Martinmas-time. The present chapel was B. 1877, Ct. £520, and is an ornament to the village. We have 20 M., 2 L.P., and 1 C.L.

This society furnished the Church of England with one Clergyman. Mr. John Woodcock says: 'Mr. Gledhill was apprenticed to Mr. W. Goforth, at Rudston. His first effort at public speaking occurred in a cottage house, when I (but a lad myself) called him up. He became a P.M. Local Preacher, but on leaving Rudston he united with the Wesleyans, was sent to the Training Institution for Schoolmasters, and afterwards entered the Wesleyan Ministry. He studied the Hindoo language, and intended to enter the foreign field as a Missionary; but, while stationed at the town of S——, one Monday morning he was sent for by the Vicar of the Parish, who told him that he had a strong impression that he (Mr. G.) was not happy where he was, but would prefer entering the Establishment. If his impression was correct he was prepared to take action in the matter; if not, he was to return to his work and think no more about it. Gledhill replied that he had long had an inclination to enter the Church, but saw no likelihood of his being able to do so. Under the Vicar's direction he resigned the Wesleyan Ministry, was sent to Oxford University, and, after a while, was placed at Newington, a western suburb of Hull, gathered a congregation, and erected a beautiful church, towards which he begged about £4,000. His health failed, and he was removed to a small village in Holderness, where he recently died. I was one of his parishioners, had frequent interviews with him, and received the above account from himself.'

North Burton is pleasantly situated six miles and a half N.W. of Bridlington. A farm-house, known as 'The Refuge,' sheltered

Queen Henrietta on her way from Bridlington Quay to York in Feb., 1642. We have had a cause here for more than fifty years, and at present it numbers 32 M., 64 S.S.S., 17 S.S.T., 2 L.P., 3 C.L. The chapel, B. 1838, Ct. £150, debtless. North Burton.

It is a fact worthy of note that some of the most useful men of all denominations have been followers of St. Crispin. John Pounds, the founder of ragged schools; Bradburn, the seraphic Methodist Preacher; Carey, the pioneer Missionary to India; and others, scarcely less distinguished, were shoe-makers. On the Yorkshire Wolds, from the beginning, some of our ablest local preachers have been master shoe-makers. At one time there were 21 of these on the Driffield and Bridlington plans, 11 and 10 respectively.

Mr Jonathan Goforth was one of these. He must have been preaching nearly half a century, for we used to hear him in our boyhood. When he put off the old man he did not put on the old woman. For fifty years he has been a great blessing to the cause in this village. Few men are more widely known, or more deservedly respected, than Mr. Goforth, who rarely makes an enemy or loses a friend. Like many other followers of St. Crispin, he has 'sought and intermeddled with all wisdom,' so that there are few 'Ologies' he does not know something about. Difficulties exhilarated him rather than baulked him His life is another endorsement of the Scripture statement: 'God giveth to a man that is good in his sight, wisdom and knowledge and joy.' Jonathan Goforth.

The following sketch, by the Rev. C. G. Honor, depicts Mr. Goforth as he appeared in 1865:—

'He was rather below the medium height, had a large cranial development, iron-grey hair, shaggy eyebrows, and a glance that was penetrating in the extreme. He read books, but he read men, women, and children more. It was interesting to observe him when first introduced to a stranger. He would converse readily enough; but while listening, his compressed lips, his searching

gaze, and the frequent twitching of his features, all indicated that he was taking mental measurement of the new comer. He put a watch over his lips, and I never knew him needlessly to offend; but if the stranger, on learning what manner of man he was, were, in private, to ask for the result of his observations, he would be likely to receive such a portrayal of his own mental characteristics as would startle him by its fulness and general accuracy. The preacher was to blame who had the opportunity and failed to show Mr. Goforth the portraits in the large magazine. I have often done so, and shall never forget how, on my handing him the new number, he would go to the cupboard, where he kept a miscellaneous store of drugs, bones, minerals, books, and scientific instruments, and taking out a large magnifying glass, would seat himself on the couch, with his back to the window. Looking at the portrait, now enlarged by the aid of the glass to something approximating to life size, the twitching of his features would begin, and he would look at the brother, who, for the current month at least, the connexion delighted to honour, with glances that would probably have made him quail had he been there in person. After a while he would begin to discourse on the brother, and if his hearer knew his subject, and, as was very often the case, Bro. G. had no personal acquaintance with him, he would probably be startled and instructed by the amplitude and general correctness of his delineations. I well remember his remarking once, after magnifying the portrait of a brother distinguished for exuberant verbosity, 'That man never studied an hour in his life.' I said in reply, 'Why, he's a most fluent preacher.' 'I know that,' he remarked, 'but I tell you he's not capable of an hour's close and consecutive study.' And then he went on to portray the brother, an entire stranger, as if he had known him intimately. Mr. Goforth's workshop contained a strange medley of antiquarian relics, trade implements, and the usual stock of a son of St. Crispin. Up aloft, among rolls of leather, he usually kept into teens of skulls, besides leg and arm bones, and other anatomical specimens. There were also a number of tin boxes, the outward adornings of which, in earlier days, were symptomatic of their fulness of Colman's mustard or Cadbury's cocoa. Opening one of these, he would sometimes take out scores of teeth, on which he would talk

quite learnedly, and even dilate on some of the dictic peculiarities of their original owners. These, and the rest of the 'remains,' on which Bro. G. set such store, were found in the ancient tumuli which abound on the Wolds.

'Among the eccentricities of Mr. G. was his adherence to the notion that nearly everyone was insane on some subject. Even the preachers he so highly esteemed, and so hospitably entertained, were not mentally 'every whit whole.' All were 'cracked' somewhere, and when, in friendly converse, Mr. G. was pressed to point out 'the weak place' in any brother present, he would sometimes startle the company with his grotesque mimicry of the tone, the gait, or some mental peculiarity of the brother who had been named to him.

'Mr. G. also practised medicine on rather a large scale for an amateur. Few days passed when some of the villagers did not consult him in reference to slight and temporary ailments. Advice and medicine were, in most cases, given gratuitously. Mr. G. once thought that galvanism, early in the morning, would be beneficial to me, and as his house was "my home," I was soon under treatment. It was in the depth of winter, but early the next morning Bro G. entered my room with a candle and a battery. Putting both on a large box at the bedside, he gave me a few rousing thumps, and thrusting the wires into my hands, set the battery on *strong*. I had no need to "go out and shake myself," as Samson did; still, I could not forbear crying out and shaking myself in the bed as my inexorable attendant stood by the battery adding to the force of the charge, and urging me all the while to lay still and be quiet. The exhilarating effects of the currents, and the novel circumstances in which they were being administered, were highly amusing, and as the treatment was several times repeated, the relation of it has on several occasions excited the risibilities of some of the sagest of our Connexional Divines, when, on Missionary rounds, I and other brethren have related incidents in our eventful careers.'

A Scarboro' poet, in 1867, tried to immortalize our friend in the following description of 'The Philosopher of North Burton:' *

* *Wayside Blossom.* By Matthew Harman. Scarboro': J. Ainsworth.

THE PHILOSOPHER.

Ye who love mechanistic skill,
Go to North Burton if you will—
There a philosopher you'll find,
Who truly understands the wind;
Makes it subservient to his will,
Bids it to blow, and makes it still:
For by some wonderful contrivance,
That sets at naught all base connivance,
He's made a pair of wooden bellows
Which puzzles all our learned fellows.

All who behold them must exclaim,
'The man has made himself a name;—
A name to never be forgotten
When his poor bones are dead and rotten.'
So light and compact is their form,
They cannot fail the eye to charm;
So neat and strongly put together,
Composed of iron, wood, and leather,
Rollers, pullies, wheels and springs,
Put in speed by straps and strings;
By a little handle turning,
Like a dairy-damsel churning,
Proving that artistic skill,
In spite of steam, progresses still.

It wasn't at a learned college
I of this marvel got a knowledge—
This curious pair of wooden bellows,
Which puzzles all our learned fellows;
The master-piece of Burton's sage,
The working wonder of the age—
But as my journeys I pursue,
I chance North-Burton to go through
And being rather fond of blether,
I call to see this man of leather.

No wonder that a bard should call
To see this son of Crispin's stall,
Since, like a bird of immigration,
I gather up my information,
And here I find a goodly store
Of philosophic useful lore.

Just fancy to yourselves, my betters,
The place where dwells this man of letters,
A cosy brick-floor'd cobbler's shop,
The Post-office its corner prop;
There the philosopher you see,
With half-formed boot upon his knee;
And every time he takes a stitch
He gives a systematic hitch,
And shakes his head of coarse grey hair,
Which seems to say 'They're made to wear.'

And at his elbow, on a stool,
Behold a son of Buffon's school.
About him stands the feather'd tribe
I'm quite unable to describe,
But just this gentle hint can give,
That though they died he makes them live,
In all the muscle they possess'd,
In all their glowing plumage dress'd;
And if he chose he could contrive
To make you think they are alive.

Come here ye high-bred sons of college,
Of reptiles if you want a knowledge
He'll show you snakes, alive and ficking;
He'll show you lizards, dead and kicking;
For by some subtle clever notion
He puts their heads and heels in motion.

If you would information gain,
Ask him, you will not ask in vain;
But pray be careful of your stars,
For know he is a son of Mars.

There, on a stall at the far end,
Behold his young and learned friend,—
A comely youth yet in his teens,
A youth who knows the ways and means
To catch the gorgeous butterfly,
And make it beauteous to the eye;
Preserving all the colours bright,
And placing them on paper white;
Arranging them row after row,
That their rich tints may bolder show.
Behold them there, of every hue,
White, purple, yellow, green and blue:
The admiral, in bright array;
The peacock, with his plumage gay;
And many more I cannot name,
Low be it spoken to my shame.
He's moths of every shape and size,
And beetles, silkworms, dragon-flies,
Arranged and placed upon the wall,
Where you may see them if you call.
And if you never saw death's head,
Ask him, he'll show you one not dead.
He'll put his finger on its wing,
And make the pretty creature sing.

Look up, behold the shop around!
See creaking shelves with treasure crown'd;
There stands a set of curious models,
To show the varied shapes of noddles;
And in the corner, on a shelf,
Behold, there stands grim death himself;
And near it lies an Indian's skull,
If not in life, in death 'tis dull:
For time has changed its lily hue,
And something more—'tis split in two.

See books piled up, a goodly number,
That hav'nt there much time to slumber.
Ye thrifty spiders, O, beware,
And spin your silken cords with care,
Or soon you'll find, for all your doing,
Your flimsy nets the cold ground strewing.
For yonder sits our learned sage,
And known to him is every page.
Be careful, stranger, if by chance
Within this sanctum you should glance,
He has your head mapp'd in his book,
And knows you by your very look.
His ear is open to your talk;
He knows you by your very walk;
Tells by the colour of your skin
Whether your skull be thick or thin.
He knows the texture of your brain;
If soft, he will not give you pain.
He'll tell you if you're fond of drinking;
He'll tell you, too, of what you're thinking;
Of many things I will not mention.
And some are past my comprehension
So deep in phrenologic lore,
He'll tell you all you are—and more!

The virtues of each herb he knows;
The very soil in which it grows.
He understands the human frame;
Each ache, and by what cause it came:
Prescribes a mixture that will cure,
Not poison, for his drugs are pure.
Pure and Botanic are his pills,
They work a cure and bring no ills.
You'll find them here of every size,
Pills that will make you well and wise.
They from your face will chase the pimples,
And cure you if you have the simples.
He has—but mind, you musn't smile—
A famous drug call'd 'stirrup oil.'
Come all the world, without indenture,
He'll cure you if you'll only venture.

And now, about these wooden bellows,
Which puzzle all our learned fellows,—
The master-piece of Burton's sage,
The working wonder of the age.

One frosty day, I well remember,
'Twas on the thirteenth of November,
I just stepp'd in, being tired with walking,
To warm my nose and have some talking.
There, in the shop, I took a seat,
And on the fender put my feet;
Then ventured on a long narration
Of what was doing in the nation.
We chatted on awhile together;
He charm'd me did this man of leather.

And as we talked the fire went low,
He cried, 'I think we'll have a blow;'
Then, reaching up above his crown,
He took these curious bellows down.
I gazed astonished—well I might—
They were so novel to my sight.
Although I've lived for forty winters,
They beat my learning all to splinters.
To me they were a perfect riddle—
Betwixt a hurdy and a fiddle.
They'd neither handle, tongue, nor spout,
But just a bit of wooden snout.
'Dear sir,' I cried, 'what can it be?'
Quoth he, 'Just stop, and you shall see;'
Then, seated on a stool at ease,
He took the bellows on his knees,
Then said, and cast his eyes askew,
'I'll show you now what wind can do.'
He seized the crank—the buzzing wheels
Went helter skelter neck and heels;
And there he sat, like an old gorgon,
And turned them like a barrel organ;
Then heap'd on leather clippings, coals,
Cinders, waxends, old shoe soles;
And when he'd set them fair in motion
Their sound was like the roaring ocean.
As falls the rain in murky weather,
The glowing sparks flew up together.
With joy the sooty chimney smiled;
The pots and cauldrons 'neath it boil'd;
The leather clippings crack'd and frizzled;
The oily liquid from them drizzled;
And sent off such a fumigation;
A gorgeous bright illumination.
The philosophic pipe kept blowing;
The crackling sparks flew high and glowing;
The dancing flames on tiptoe stood;
The crickets screamed behind the hood;
The frighten'd spiders ran a race;
And consternation fill'd the place.

Half mad with fear, I cried 'Stop! stop!
Hold! hold! dear sir, you'll blow us up.'
But heedless sat the queer old grinder,
And calmly said, 'I can't unwind her.'
Quoth I, 'Then slack your speed, or soon
You'll blow North Burton to the moon.'
He smiled, and wouldn't ease a bit—
For what I know he's blowing yet!
I saw the danger of delay,
And hastened from the spot away,
To spread his name throughout the nation,
And win the wide world's admiration.

Ye learned sages rush together
To greet this famous son of leather.

If you're not blind I'm sure and certain
You'll see this marvel of North Burton;
I mean this pair of wooden bellows,
Which puzzles all our learned fellows;
The master-piece of Burton's sage,
The working wonder of the age.

It is very gratifying to know that Mr. G.'s kindness to the poor, and the general esteem in which he is held in the Wold villages of his district, has been publicly recognised by a testimonial being presented to him at a meeting at which, besides others, the Clergy of his own and some neighbouring parishes bore testimony to his worth.

For fifty years Mr. Goforth has been a pillar in our Church, thoroughly loyal to the Connexion, well-read in our literature, a good friend to the preachers, and beloved by the people generally. His old age is, to use the words of Wordsworth, 'serene and bright,' reminding us of Dr. Wardlaw's picture of a good old age: 'With what peculiar heartfelt delight do we regard the *good* old man who, during a long pilgrimage, has "walked with God;" whom length of days has matured in wisdom, and in all the lovely virtues of the Christian character; who, under the dominant influence of piety towards God, has recommended himself to the reverence and love of a grateful and admiring community, at the same time that he has endeared himself to the entire circle of his family and kindred! How we cling to him! How we esteem and honour him! He has the complacent and affectionate regard of all the good, and in the consciences of an ungodly world he has a testimony they cannot set aside.'

Thwing.

Thwing is eight miles W. of Bridlington, and, with its surrounding hamlets, contains 400 persons. The parish church, an ancient structure of considerable beauty, contains the arms of the Archiepiscopal See of York, the Barons of Thwing, and other important personages. The virtues of Thomas Lamplough, a humble native of the village, who rose to be Archbishop of York, are set forth on a marble tablet, and a recumbent monument of the last Baron de Thwing is within the altar rails.

Mr. Clowes preached here Jan., 1821. At this village we have had a chapel since 1840, but, with rare exceptions, a good sized

umbrella would have covered all who came to our services forty years ago. It was called a 'dead and alive' place, for its services were characterised by unusual dulness. The society reminded us of a caterpillar in a consumption—too weak to emerge into a full-blown butterfly. Our legs ached in reaching the place, followed by worse heart-ache when we saw the empty pews. To preach to wooden heads is bad: to preach to wooden pews worse still.

'How is it we have such lahtle congregations here?' asked a local preacher. 'D'ye nivver ask ony body to come to chapel? It is vary lahtle use shooting when there's nea bodds i'th wood. Cornelius asked his friends and relations te gang and hear Peter preäch, and can't you gang out efther teäh, for about haarf an hour, and ax somebody to come and hear lahtle 'Arry an' meäh te neet? A wharm grip-o'-the-hand and a kind wod will offen win folks to God's house. Ah's afraid there's so monny folks outside o' your chapel beause you hev such dowly meetins inside. Now there's Bob there (pointing to a youth in a pew), he's getten convarted; now see that you owd members dis'ent discourage him. If a young convart is full ov zeal, there's shure to be some owd member, "twice deeäd, and plucked up by the roots," neeär him with a bucket o' cowd watter. Lord help you to deäh what you can, for He knaws you can't deäh mich at best.'

Here we have but 6 M. The Wesleyans, we rejoice to add, have generally had a good society at Thwing—pious, active, intelligent, composed of the principal tradesmen and farmers and their work-people. They lend us their chapel for our missionary meetings, and sometimes entertain the deputation. This, we opine, is one of the villages from which we might retire without much loss, except the loss of a good deal of ill-used time and strength.

Wold Newton is nine miles N.W. of Bridlington. We occupy a rented chapel, and have 12 M. The Rev. Mr. Aitken, Clergyman, a clear thinker and a powerful speaker, and full of faith and of the Holy Ghost, in our boyhood visited the Wolds, holding revival services. At Wold Newton and the adjacent villages he preached, first in barns and then to thousands in the open air, and hundreds were converted. He approved of our open-air work, and said, jocosely, 'I am half a

Wold Newton.

Primitive,' when one of our members returned the compliment, and said, 'I wish you were yan altogether.' His son, the Rev. W. Hay-Aitken, Evangelist in the Episcopal Church, early caught the spirit and followed in the footsteps of his father. He has introduced the 'penitents' form' into some churches, around which sinners have cried out, 'What must we do to be saved? He recently stated that at one of his revival services, a man, struck with conviction, fell upon his knees and began to cry for mercy. A Clergyman opened his prayer book to find a suitable prayer, but a Primitive began at once to pray for the penitent, and he soon found peace. 'O,' said the Clergyman, 'while I have been seeking a prayer you have one ready.'

Haisthorpe (pop. 123) three miles and a half S.W. of Bridlington, is mostly the property of Sir H. S. Boynton. Here, for more than fifty years, services were held, and a good work carried on, in the house of the late Mr. Jabez Walker, shoemaker, who, at the time of his death, was a veteran in the cause, and the oldest local preacher on the plan. Some men cultivate one side of their nature, and one part of their duty, to the neglect of others. Mr. Walker was an 'all-round man.' He was intensely devout, and yet carried his religion into every-day life. Mr. Maynard, L.P., and for many years Mr. Walker's journeyman, paid the closest attention to the formation of his character, and his every motive underwent his most careful inspection. These two local preachers, who were as united as David and Jonathan, living in an obscure cottage, used to read, forty years ago, the standard works of Dr. Clarke, Dwight, Wesley, Cooke, Paley, Lardner, Stackhouse, and others. At length Mr. M. began business for himself at Bempton, where he did well. He had a long affliction to battle with, but then, as one said, 'God gave him battling grace.' He lived well, and he died well.

Haisthorpe.

For some time previous to his death, Mr. Walker's health, and that of his wife, had been very precarious, and the society was anxious to get a chapel, all previous attempts to secure a site having failed. In response to a numerously signed requisition of the inhabitants of the hamlet, Sir H. S. Boynton consented to lease them a piece of land for the purpose. On July 16th, 1888, foundation stones were laid by Mr. Walker (for Mr. Knaggs, farmer, a

generous helper of our cause for many years), Mrs. Butterfield, and Mrs. Foster. Quite a number of persons availed themselves of the privilege of laying bricks. A tea and public meeting were afterwards held in Mr. Tyndal's barn. Mr. J. B. Mainprize (son of the late Mr. V. Mainprize) took the chair, and addresses were given by Revs. T. Mitchell, R. Wyatt, W. Sawyer, E. Aston, and others. This rural event, so full of importance to the people, was somewhat marred by a heavy and continuous downpour of rain. Successful in the cottage, we trust the society will be still more so now that they have got that which they have ardently desired for fifty years—a chapel.

Mr. Walker's character was without a stain, and for sixty years his best and undivided energies were ungrudgingly given to promote the work of God. His funeral card tells us that he died Nov. 27th, 1888, aged 81 years.

Thornholm (pop. 101) is in the Parish of Burton Agnes, five miles S.W. of Bridlington. When our people missioned the place sixty years ago they could not get a house in which to preach, but Mr. Mark Normandale re-built his cottage, and our people worshipped in one of its rooms. The villagers flocked to hear the word, and the cause grew. He also provided a home for the preachers, which greatly annoyed Archdeacon Wilberforce (brother of the late Bishop Wilberforce), parson of the parish, and he tried to oust our people. He got the farmers of Haisthorpe, a mile away, to convey the people to church in waggons. For a few Sundays they enjoyed the ride, but soon returned to Mark's meeting. Annoyed at this, the Archdeacon asked Mr. H. Quintin to turn Mark out of his cottage if he continued to take in the Primitive Methodists. Thornholm.

'No,' replied Mark's Landlord, 'this is a free country. God forbid that I should interfere with any man's religion, and last of all with Mr. Normandale, he is one of my best tenants.'

Soon after, Mr. Simpson, the steward, said, 'I have heard complaints, Mark, of unruly meetings in your cottage.'

'When a preacher comes I don't ask him to speak loud or low, but leave him to speak as he thinks best,' was Mark's reply.

'Well, well, Mark,' replied Mr. Simpson, '*you know from what quarter* the complaint has come; conduct your meetings as orderly as you can, and I shall not interfere with you.'

Mental affliction incapacitated Mr. St. Quintin to attend to his affairs, and the management of the estate passed into the hands of Lady St. Quintin. She had great influence, and Mr. Wilberforce took advantage of this, and, with the assistance of Mr. L——, a professed Christian, made another attempt to turn Mark out of his house. He was carpeted with her Ladyship. He listened to her complaints, and then sought to defend himself, but was stopped thus: 'I was told not to argue with you, as you would be too many for me.' The stalwart man burst into tears, and so did Lady St. Quintin. Mark was *now* allowed to plead his cause, and this was the verdict: 'Go on as usual, Mark, and I won't disturb you.' Soon after her Ladyship died. Mr. L—— procured and drank a large quantity of brandy, from the effects of which he died three days after. The Archdeacon turned Papist, and started for Rome, but died before he reached it. Mark survived these enemies, lived to a good old age, and then died, at peace with God and men, having, along with his good wife, provided a preaching place and a preachers' home for about fifty years.

Mark Normandale.

Mark was a very robust and energetic Methodist. His employment as a carrier sometimes brought him into contact with the aristocracy. On one occasion some of his rich friends ventured to admonish him for his somewhat noisy and demonstrative religious exercises. Thus put on the defensive, Mark said, 'We are commanded to "Cry aloud and spare not."' The rejoinder was, 'Well, Mark, but that does not mean shouting.' 'Does it not?' said Mark. 'Then what does this mean: "Cry out and shout, thou inhabitant of Zion, for great is the Holy one of Israel in the midst of thee."' By this he both amused and silenced his assailant, and felt gratified at his own success.

Mr. Normandale had a well-nourished and portly frame. Once a local preacher, either while conducting service, or in prayer with the family afterwards, prayed that 'Mark might have as fat a soul as he had a body.'

At one period Mark, 'when his children were about him,' used to be the preacher's bedfellow. He and the Rev. A. F. Beckerlegge often occupied the same bed, and one night, when Mark was, like Amos Barton, 'snoring the snore of the sleeper,' Adolphus could not get a wink, and, starting up, he said, 'Mark, if you don't make less noise I'll pitch you out of bed.' 'You'll have the *heaviest* job you ever had in your life,' was Mark's reply.

This good man's eldest son, William, was for half a century one of our local preachers. His son George (father of the Revs. G. C. and J. W. Normandale), after forty years' labour, died in our Ministry, and his daughter, Mary, was married to one of our travelling preachers.

'Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good—
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.'

At Fraisethorpe, five miles S. of Bridlington, our people worship in a house, and have 7 M. and 1 C.L.

Several old surnames appear on the present plan, showing that the entail of piety has not been cut off; but those who bore those names forty years ago have gone to rest. The circuit has 38 L.P.'s, only three of whom were on the plan when the writer left the circuit forty years ago. Then our ministers were cold-shouldered; now they are often found in the pulpits of other churches. The present quarter's plan bears the following names as 'specials:' Revs. W. B. Whiteley, M.A. (Baptist), E. Smit and R. Wyatt (Congregationalists), and R. Dimond (Meth. Free Church).

This circuit has had few munificent givers, living or dead, to help in its arduous and difficult work. It is always to be regretted when a circuit has to depend on two or three wealthy individuals to sustain the work of God. A well-constituted church, in which all the members contribute their share of toil and money, is the healthiest state, and the surest promise of permanent success. A local newspaper says: 'The Primitive Methodists of Bridlington and the neighbourhood are actively at work.' The same zeal and self-denial which this circuit has displayed in the past will place it in a position of strength and safety among the Wolds circuits.

CHAPTER VI.

DRIFFIELD CIRCUIT.—CIRCUIT TOWN.

DRIFFIELD, anciently called Deria-feld, is 19 miles from Hull, and 36 from York. Here stood the castle of Alfred, King of Northumbria, and here his Witenagemote (Parliament of Deria) often met. In 705 Alfred was buried at Little Driffield—Deria-feld—the field belonging to the King of Deria.

Driffield.

He was taken from the castle to the church, a wooden structure a mile away, along a splendid avenue of gigantic elm trees, planted by Ida, King of Deria, who landed at Flamboro' with a fleet of forty ships (547). Alfred generally resided at Driffield during the fishing season, for the neighbourhood has, from time immemorial, been famous for its beautiful fishing streams. These, together with the care of the ova and the rearing and watching of the young fish, have, for many years, been entrusted to Mr. Cass, one of our members. Full of quaintness and good humour, he is a favourite with the members of the fishing club. He has some splendid breeding becks, and under his management the gentlemen have some of the best fishing in England. The town (pop. 6,000) is clean, healthy and busy, and we have heard Commercials say that they effect more sales in it than in any other town of the same size in England.

Driffield is at the head of, perhaps, the largest circuit in the Connexion. In the town there is a large chapel, lofty schoolrooms, a fine suite of class-rooms, and every convenience for church work. There are four resident ministers, and the congregations are probably the largest in the town. In 1887 the society opened a mission room in North Street, one of the lowest parts of the town. In Feb., 1889, Miss Shaw, of Etton, conducted a fortnight's revival services here. The room was crowded nightly, and eleven conversions took place.

Mr. Clowes preached in the old Theatre, Thursday, Jan. 11th, 1821, and again July 19th of the same year. Mr. Oxtoby soon joined him. The news of their visit spread like wild fire. Village

after village was visited. The news was carried far and wide by carriers, potters, pedlars, and ballad singers. Mr. Byas, a retired farmer, on whose farm Johnny had worked, was residing at Driffield. He went to hear his old servant preach, was impressed, and soon after obtained salvation, and became a generous helper to the society. Young people, like G. Bullock, were drawn to hear Mr. Oxtoby by his cheerfulness, eccentricities, and manifest anxiety for their salvation. 'How are you getting on with your preaching?' asked Johnny in 1822. 'Not very well.' 'Now,' said Johnny, 'thou must sow good seed, and harrow it in by faith and prayer.' In the homes of the rich he was always a welcome guest, and to the poor and sick he was kind and sympathetic. One day a poor woman with a bad knee asked him to cure it. He replied, 'Thou expects me to do what only God can do: no, it's no use me starting without *thou* hast faith in God. If thou hast faith, then come to me, and ah'll help thee.' She had faith, and was healed. Indoors and out of doors, by night and by day, he was ever at work Meeting a backslider on the road, he said, 'Hast thou seen a wandering sheep come this way? One has wandered from the fold, and I'm told he's somewhere in this direction.' 'I am that sheep,' said the man. They fell to prayer, and the man was saved. Johnny says, 'The Lord is not tied to times or places: He can set souls at liberty on turn-pike roads as well as in fine chapels.'

Early Progress.

Driffield became a circuit town in 1837, after being a Branch of the Hull circuit for sixteen years. It comprised about sixty places, grouped together, in a purely rural and agricultural district, within a radius of twenty-five miles. The plan, fifty years ago, was a ponderous document, embracing what are now the Bridlington and Hornsea circuits, and a very few of them would have covered the side of a Wolds nook. About 1,000 copies used to be sold During the last 68 years 272 separate quarterly plans have been printed by the circuit, at a cost of not less than £500. We wish some good old mother on the Wolds would bring from her treasures her copy of these plans, many of them yellow with age, and allow us to paper our study with them! Fifty years ago the circuit had a mission at Glasgow, in Scotland. We may add that the two

circuits named above have rivalled the mother circuit in enterprize and success. One year the Driffield circuit sent a larger sum (£17 6s. 9d.) to the Beneficent Fund than any other circuit in the Connexion. Indeed, we used to be as proud of our big circuit, before its division, as the resident Presbyterian minister of a small island of the Hebrides was of his parish when he prayed in his little kirk: 'May God bless the adjacent islands of Great Britain and Ireland.'

More than fifty years ago this circuit extended itself by leaps and bounds. During the united ministry of the Revs. T. Holliday, A. Smith, and W. Lonsdale, the members agreed to pray for the conversion of 100 souls during one quarter, and at its close more than 100 increase was reported, many of the converts becoming the staunchest supporters of our cause for more than half a century.

The First Members.

The town members were remarkable for spiritual power. They were Puritanical and self-denying in dress and mode of life, and exerted a great religious influence in the neighbourhood. They believed in fervent prayer meetings, lively class meetings, soul-stirring love-feasts, camp meetings, and in preachers baptized with Pentecostal power. Bibles, hymn-books, magazines, Conference minutes, and the few books then written by our preachers, were willingly bought and eagerly read. They prized their quarterly tickets, and often pasted or pinned them in their Bibles or hymn-books for years together, and when dying asked to have them put in their coffins—not like the coin of the Ancients, to help to pay the ferryman to ford them across the Styx (the last river), but as a proof that they wanted to take as much Primitive Methodism with them as they could. Some people, unconnected with any church, say, 'There will be no Church people, no Baptists, no Independents, and no Methodists, *as such*, in heaven.' Why don't they add, 'and no nobodys?'

Mrs. Wood, wife of the late Mr. T. Wood (see page 43), and the mother of children who have done good service to Primitive Methodism, was a pious, hard-working Christian; intelligent, well-read in the sacred Scriptures, could tell a rich Christian experience, and had great power with God in prayer. She was the daughter of Mr. T. Taylor, one of our earliest members, who, some time

previous to his death, lost all power of recollection. His wife, who had been his companion for forty years, said, 'Do you remember me?' But he heeded not her loving words or tender caress. 'Do you know me, father?' asked Mrs. Wood. There was no response. Mr Wood, remembering that the love of a believer is 'stronger than death,' bent over the dying saint, and shouted in his ear, 'Do you remember Jesus?' In a moment a smile, in which his spirit took its flight to heaven, lit up his furrowed face, and he said, 'Do I remember Jesus? yes, He is all my salvation and all my desire.'

Revival Scenes.

During 1841-2 a great revival took place under the ministry of the Revs. H. Campbell, J. Harvey, W. Gledhill, T. Newsome, J. Self, and R. Ducker. The five last-named were unmarried, and they all lodged together with Mrs. Bell, 'who kept a mangle.' Revival services were begun in Jan., 1841, and were held in the town at five a.m., at mid-day, and in the evening, and were continued till July. An extraordinary influence fell upon the congregation and the town generally, and the circuit committee requested the preachers 'to dispense with texts, firstly, secondly, and thirdly, for a time, and give off-hand addresses.' 300 in the town, and 200 in the villages, were added to the church, and the fruits of that revival remain to this day.

At the Driffield camp meeting, 1842, the Rev. J. Harvey preached from 'The barley cake, tumbling into the host of Midian.' At the night love-feast a young man, a noted convert, giving his experience, said, 'Bless the Lord, it is thirteen weeks to-day since the barley cake bowled into me.' After Mr. H. had preached this sermon at a village a young man cried for mercy, exclaiming, 'I want a slice of this barley cake!' Thank God he got a good *one*, was made happy, and went on his way rejoicing. In 1842-44 the circuit increased from 1,132 to 1,350 members, and the quarterly income from £75 17s. 8d. to £171 18s. From 1863-5 there was an increase of 169 members. In the winter of 1876 the Revs. T. Whitehead, R. W. Monkman, H. Woodcock, and others, conducted revival services, when upwards of fifty found peace with God. Whilst these services were being held our children felt a deep

interest in the work, and even after they had gone to bed would remain 'awake till father came home,' when, standing at the top of the staircase, they would ask 'How many souls have been saved to-night?' If we said, 'one, two, three, four,' as the case might be, it was the sign of a happy evening down stairs and unbroken slumbers in bed.

The Driffield society has been noted for the steadiness of its piety. Some folks are lost to the church unless there is some sensational excitement going on. They run after some emotional orator, and unless you can stir them up to that peculiar flutter which they call 'hallowed excitement,' they are as dead as a stone. They are religious butterflies, or like certain insects which sleep during winter. The Driffield members have learnt to wait upon God, and that, too, with encouraging results. Bullock, Sellars, Taylor, Wood, Rennison, Goodine, Owston, Reed, Thompson, Wrigglesworth, Jennison, Collinson, Miller, Foster, Bannister, Nipe, Booth, Holmes, Lancaster, Barrett, Leadley, Hornby, Emmerson, Petler, Atkinson, Ross, Railton, Hardwick, Stabler, Jackson, Lawson, Temple, Puckering, Lyon, Harrison, Wright, Russell, Dove, Smith, Verity, Cook, Latus, Hume, Fell, Merryweather, Longbottom, Elvidge, Feasby, Dewson—a band of men and women who, at different periods during the last seventy years, have lavished upon the cause their loving energies and liberal gifts. Most of our officials, members, and hearers belong to the middle and respectable working classes. Asked to begin a Benevolent Society (1876), the late Mr. Wood said, 'We don't need one.' Two of our ministers—T. Whitehead and R. Harrison—were elected, at different times, members of the School Board, the latter, we believe, at the top of the pole, and consequently Chairman of the Board. We have 800 H. and 264 M., who contribute about £50 quarterly to the Circuit Fund. They can understand and appreciate the best sermons our ablest ministers preach, and don't scruple to say when they are instructed and blest.

We have seen that one of our first preaching places in Driffield was the old Theatre. When a similar conversion took place in another town, one who had a genius for epigram and poetry made the following playful verses upon it :—

'He who with vigilance and care,
Turns o'er St. Matthew's leaves,
Will find that once a house of prayer
Became a den of thieves;
But now the case is altered quite—
Oh! transformation rare—
This modern den of thieves to-night
Becomes a house of prayer.'

It would be a great blessing to our land if all our public houses could be turned into coffee palaces; all our music halls into places for Christian praise and prayer; all our football fields into camp-grounds, and all our theatres into preaching places.

After a while a chapel was erected. Having raised the shell, they were in straits how to furnish it with pews. Mr. Byas, hearing of their embarrassment, helped them out of their difficulty by a loan of £350. Filled with gratitude for the good he had received amongst our people, Mr. Byas, some time before his death, cancelled the promissory note, thus making the trustees a present of £350. This was a great help to the cause for many years. All church debts are bad, for they cripple progress. This chapel was enlarged thrice to meet the needs of those who wished to hear the word of life. Chapels.

The present chapel was built in 1876, under the superintendency of the Rev. T. Waumsley. Great difficulties had to be met and overcome, for it was a gigantic effort for a poor people to make. A few aged officials took no part in the work; nor did they express a strong wish that their younger brethren should succeed in their 'wild scheme.' Indeed, one of them said, 'Before many weeks Hardwick and Railton will be in York Castle; of that *I'm sure*.' God, however, kept these brethren and their co-trustees on the right side of the castle—the outside. The effort was a great success. Ct. £5,000, debt £1,800. The late Mr. J. Wright, of Hull, was the architect of this imposing chapel.

There is a good organ, an excellent organist, with sense and taste, Mr. R. Dossor (son of Mr. Dossor, of Cranswick), a good choir, and 'an utter absence of drawl and drag.'

This society has been largely recruited from the Sunday School, now numbering 436 scholars. Many members in our large towns —Hull, Leeds, Sheffield, and London—were first taught religion in this school. Mr. H. Taylor was in the school from three years of age till he reached manhood. He and some other lads were very rebellious, and their teacher, Mr. Silversides, unable to subdue them, wept and said, 'Boys, I can bear it no longer; let us pray.' They all fell on their knees. The teacher wept, and so did the lads; and Henry dated his conversion from that passionate outbreak of grief.

Sunday Schools.

During the winter of 1876 we used to meet the scholars in the schoolroom on Friday evenings to explain the Connexional Catechism. As many as eighty attended. We rarely derived more satisfaction from any part of our work than we did from these talks with the children. They used to look at us like a number of young birds waiting for nourishment, and it taxed all our powers to satisfy them. We were sometimes tempted to begrudge the time devoted to preparation, thinking we could use it to greater personal advantage, but the thought, 'I am doing something to help the children to understand the Bible' was always sufficient to make us feel ashamed of our selfishness.

It was a grand sight at the School Anniversary to see the chapel crowded with 1,400 children and adults. On one of these occasions we ventured to adopt the Socratic mode of instruction—question and answer—and the congregation seemed delighted at the correctness of the children's answers. To indoctrinate the minds of the young with the truths of the Bible is the best way to make them good, useful and abiding members of the church.

The late Mr. Thomas Jackson was for many years superintendent of this school, and was succeeded by the joint superintendency of the late Mr. Maynard, and Mr. Isaac Miller, who still survives. These men deserve honourable mention, for they rendered valuable service to the school, and served the cause in many other ways. At the annual demonstrations, when the schools paraded the streets, ours numbered the largest. When, at the Queen's Jubilee Festival, 1887, our school was found to number 100 more scholars than any other in the town, a gentleman said, 'What a splendid

school you have, 440 scholars and 50 teachers!'—a remarkable fact, when we think of the competition that takes place in this little town of 6,000 inhabitants. Mr. David Railton has been the superintendent during the last twenty-seven years, and for upwards of twenty years has been in attendance every Sabbath, except six, when he was delegate at Conference or district meeting. Sunday School work is the joy of his life.

Young people are in danger, especially at Martinmas time, of yielding to coarse pleasures, and it needs caution and skill to guard the young life and feed it wholesomely. On Friday, Oct. 2nd, 1868, the young members in the circuit had a red-letter day. After processioning the streets, singing the songs of Zion, they went to the schoolroom, where 550 sat down to a rich tea, provided by the ladies of the society. Profits, £60.

Many marriages and funerals used to be solemnized at our chapel. In 1863 the registrar told the Rev. C. G. Honor that our Ministers had four marriages to every one solemnized at the parish church. Mr. H. conducted the first funeral in the new cemetery in this town, and also the sixteenth, and he then found of that number eleven had been conducted by Nonconformists. The late Rev. W. Gledhill, an aged bachelor, whose rich flow of humour was often exuberantly manifested, lodged in the house adjoining the chapel, and was often called to perform the marriage ceremony. One day a man, approaching seventy, called to see 'the Parson,' and, after a respectful bow, this conversation ensued :— Marriages.

'Please sir, I've called to see if you'll marry me in the morning?'

'No, I won't! If ever I marry anyone it shall be a woman.'

'I mean, sir, will you marry me *and* a woman?'

'No, I won't! for then I should have three of us to keep.'

The poor man was puzzled to know what to say next, so Mr. G. said, 'I have no objection to read the marriage service,' and next morning he solemnized the marriage of the hoary-headed gallant and his venerable bride elect.

The writer once united a rejoicing couple—devout and venerable Wesleyans. The bridegroom was belated, and rushing to the altar rails, hat in hand, said, 'Let us have a bit o' prayer.' Reminded that prayer would follow, he at once fell upon his knees, and began to pour out his soul thus: 'It is good to be here!' Asked, 'Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife?' he said, 'Yes, O yes. Bless the Lord; I've come on purpose. It's good to be here.' The man bore a name, and belonged to a family well known in the circuit.

Surprise has sometimes been expressed, in some circuits, why more of our people are not married in our chapels. One cause is the fewness of our chapels licensed for the solemnization of marriages, and the great distances to be travelled. We know circuits, embracing an area of forty miles, with but one chapel legally registered for the purpose of marriage. But numbers who have not this difficulty to plead, get married at the Established Church. Of course there is no compulsion in this matter, and people are at liberty to have the ceremony performed where and by whom they prefer. Many entertain antiquated and superstitious notions about 'the sacredness of being married at the church.' 'Our parents were married *there*' is as binding on some people as if a divine law had been given that they must not be married elsewhere. This prejudice determines thousands, which persuasion can no more remove, than soap and water can change the sable hue of an Ethiopian. But why should this prejudice be cherished by so many of our people? We presume that such persons have been taught in our schools and instructed in our congregations; that they were baptized by our ministers; when sickness was in their houses, or some infectious disease, horrible to look at and dreadful to come in contact with, these selfsame ministers were called to administer consolation; and when a beloved parent or an affectionate brother or sister was smitten down by death, was it not a Primitive Methodist minister who went with them to the sepulchre, where unconsecrated ground permitted of their doing so? But when a marriage contract is to be performed, the service of a clergyman of the State Church is eagerly obtained! Now why is this done? It cannot arise from any legal difficulty, for a marriage at one of our chapels is just as valid, in point of law, as a

marriage at the Established Church. Nor do we charge the parties of whom we write with great disrespect when they call in the aid of a stranger to whose ministry, perhaps, they never listened oftener than once or twice. For we know that it is a greater honour and a more responsible thing to go to the 'house of mourning than to the house of feasting.' And a greater respect, in a certain sense, is shown to a minister of the Gospel when he is called to a funeral than when called to a marriage festival. It is a far more responsible thing for a minister to visit our families when they are in trouble than during the bright and sunny days of joy. But so far as the parties of whom we write are concerned, we would ask, are they not guilty of an act of ingratitude towards their own ministers, and of unfaithfulness to their principles as Dissenters, in acting in the manner of which we write? The example set by such persons is not calculated to raise our church in the estimation of the young and rising race who dwell under its 'shadow.'

To the unmarried members of our community we would say, the strongest feeling of attachment and mutual esteem ought to exist between ministers and people. The form of marriage used in Primitive Methodist chapels is as binding, religiously and legally, as that used in the Established Church, and your own ministers are as capable of performing the nuptials as any Episcopally ordained clergyman in the land. Whenever, therefore, you get wed, if you would honour the church of your choice, and the ministry under which you sit, and not be truant to your principles, take care to be married by your own minister, and, if possible, in your own place of worship.

It has been said that Methodist preachers have no homes. They lodge a few years within their abodes and then move on, and others come to rest in the beds, occupy the chairs, sit at the tables, and cultivate the few yards of garden-ground which a generous people sometimes supply. And some have said, 'Why should a preacher's family want a nice house? It will only make it harder to leave.' But they *do* like a nice house, notwithstanding the brevity of its occupancy. Unscrupulous officials, themselves rolling in wealth and ease, have been known to denounce preachers because they

refused to leave houses no bigger than an artizan's for houses of still smaller limits! Nothing adds so much to a preacher's comfort as a good, clean, roomy house in a healthy locality.

Preachers' Houses.

The Driffield officials have generally looked well to the housing of their preachers. The late Mr. Thomas Jackson, a most worthy representative of the Primitives of the days gone by, was for many years both house and circuit steward. He was tall and stout, a strict disciplinarian in his family and in the church, and inspired within us youngsters reverence and respect. He used to pay rent and taxes himself, kept an inventory of the furniture, and when additions were needed he displayed the most rigid economy, but always bought good, substantial articles. He would sometimes say, 'Now, what do you *need*?'—never, 'What do you *want*?' 'We shall not be very flush of money this quarter, still, what you need you shall have.'

Circuit Steward.

As a circuit steward he took care that the preachers never left the quarterly meeting without their salaries. Some circuit stewards are not over-filled with courtesy and consideration for preachers' feelings. One of these, in a large town, used to pile up the circuit's income—notes, gold, silver and copper—in rows, answering to the number of preachers to be paid, in the open board, as though he would tempt a lot of poor men, unaccustomed to the sight of money, to a breach of the tenth commandment: 'Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's goods!' When he handed their stipends he did so without saying a word, and shovelled it along the table as indifferently as a cashier shovelled him a pile of gold at the bank. Mr. Jackson, though reserved, and to strangers seemingly austere, was a kind as well as a faithful man, and would sometimes say to a newly married preacher: 'Mind and spend that money well. It will have to last thirteen weeks—a long time. A penny saved is a penny earned.' In a word, he was mindful of the duties of his office, and discharged them in such a way as to inspire general confidence and esteem in both preachers and people.

Mr. Isaac Miller, a veteran in the cause, is the senior, and Mr. David Railton the junior circuit steward.

In the autumn of 1876 two new houses were bought for the preachers, at a cost of about £1,000. A house adjoining the old chapel in Mill Street was bought out of the £350 which Mr. Byas gave to the trustees. The trust deed stipulated that the money should go to provide a suitable house for the superintendent in perpetuity. When this house was sold, the Charity Commissioners stepped in and required the trustees to invest the amount (£240) in a house for the superintendent preacher 'for ever.'

The two houses—and beautiful houses they are—are situated in a quiet street leading from the main thoroughfare, five minutes' walk from the railway station. Each house has three rooms and a dairy on the ground floor, and five bedrooms overhead. There is a flower garden in front and on one side of each house, and a small vegetable garden behind, securing a double dose of quiet. At early morn in spring and summer the thrush, the blackbird, the lark, and other singing birds make the surrounding gardens, meadows, and fields melodious. There is, indeed, a combination of comforts which have moved the hearts of preachers, in city pent, with envious longings. Those houses go far to compensate the preachers for the long journeys which they have to take, amid the cold and wet of winter, to their distant appointments. Surely Mr. Byas will be had in everlasting remembrance by yet unborn preachers.

During 1879 Driffield witnessed one of the most active crusades on the part of the Episcopal Church ever known. The resources of that crusade were many. The vicar, the Rev. H. Newton (now Canon), a man of wealth, goodness, and activity, followed an aged vicar, of slender talents and a stammering tongue.
Wealth, youth, ability, the charm of bachelor curates, Faithfulness.
the influence of active ladies, the almost unbounded
generosity of the vicar, manifested in gifts to the poor, were all put to use. It was said that several tradesmen, blessed with a dissenting parentage, yielded to the fashionable current, and left the chapels and went to church. Dissenting congregations were sensibly diminished, but our own people held together well. The activity of the good vicar and his helpers awakened their diligence, and their fidelity to Primitive Methodism bore the strain well. 'How is it,' asked one of the curates, 'that we cannot keep the

people? We get them to our mission services, and just when we think they are become changed in character, they leave us and come to you Methodists.' The strength of the Church is not in its legislative enactments, not in its worldly endowments, not in its social status and privileges, but in the holiness, zeal, and devotedness of its members. So long as the services of our Driffield friends remain full of vital force and holy zeal, they need fear no great reduction in membership or social influence. Dr. Greaves, when President of the Wesleyan Conference, said, 'Those who work the hardest will, in the long run, make the most impression among the people.' We trust the day is far distant when Driffield Primitive Methodism will be pushed aside for any other organization.

No one who heard Mr. Clowes preach his first sermon in the old Theatre could, by the most erratic flight of the imagination, have supposed that, at the end of half a century, Driffield would be the head of a circuit with 1,400 members. And the circuit is still 'lengthening its cords and strengthening its stakes.' The *Driffield Observer* recently said:—'Primitive Methodism has perhaps done more for the evangelisation of the East Riding of Yorkshire than any other of the Christian churches. Scorned and persecuted in its early days, it has resolutely struggled with opposing forces, winning victory after victory, drawing some of its persecutors into its own bosom, and is now a successful and honoured agency in the cause of religious truth. With unflagging energy chapel after chapel has been erected, and services are now held in almost every hamlet in the East Riding, however small. Primitive and Wesleyan Methodism may perhaps equally share the honour of providing the means for the conversion and the religious training of the previously neglected rustic population. Chapel after chapel has been erected, all the later ones, as at Garton, Wetwang, Wansford, Little Driffield, Watton, and Beswick, being ornaments to the villages, as well as the means of the spiritual life and training of the people.'

CHAPTER VII.

DRIFFIELD CIRCUIT.—THE VILLAGES.

THERE are, what we used to call, *seven routes:* East, S.E., West, N.W., South, S.E., West. Let us begin with the

South Route:—Hutton-cum-Cranswick is three miles from Driffield (pop. 300). Here we have 37 M., 28 S.S.S., 8 S S.T., 2 L.P., 2 C.L., 70 H. Mr. W. Barker and his wife; T. Hill, C.L.; W. Pattinson, L.P.; Matilda Ward, and others rendered great help to the cause here. In 1860 a tumble-down barn-like place, in which our people had worshipped for many years, was displaced by the present chapel. Ct. £144, Acc. 100. The foundation stone was laid by the late W. Hodge, Esq., then Sheriff of Hull. He spoke of those happy days when his father entertained Mr. Clowes, when that Evangelist paid his first visit to his (the speaker's) native village, Kilnsea, in Holderness. His father was saved; nor had the entail of piety been cut off, five sons and two daughters being members of the Connexion. He (the speaker) owed what good he possessed to the Connexion, and he could never do enough for it. He and his brother (H. Hodge, Esq., J.P.) came to Hull each with a bundle of clothes and a few shillings in his pocket, took front seats in Mill Street chapel, promised the Lord a tenth of their income, gave two shillings each out of their first week's wage (£1)—a capital investment. He was not insensible to the honour his townsmen had done him in appointing him Sheriff of Hull;* but he felt it a greater honour to stand by the side of the Rev. W. Garner, who had been his guide, philosopher and friend for forty years. He gave £20.

At the opening of the chapel Mrs. Lonsdale (now Mrs. Harland) preached in a tent to 600 people, who afterwards sat down to tea. Several souls were saved on the following Sabbath.

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* Mr. M. Denton says:—'I remember the initials of Mr. Hodge, along with those of his wife, being put on the Hull plan in 1833. He became a local preacher of great acceptance and usefulness. He rose to be Councillor, Alderman, Sheriff, and twice Mayor of Hull, the third Port in the United Kingdom.'

Cranswick is four miles from Driffield. When Rowland Hill approached Stamford, in Lincolnshire, he exclaimed, 'The angel of the bottomless pit might fly over this town and say, "All these souls are mine."' Much the same might have been said, seventy years ago, of Cranswick; for there vice was at its deepest, lowest, slimiest ebb of degradation. Cranswick.

Our pioneers began their work on the beautiful green. Afterwards a cart-shed was secured as a preaching-room; next, a barn-like place in Dove's Court. Its acoustic properties were bad, and tins of all sorts and sizes were suspended from the ceiling to aid the sound of the preacher's voice. At length the society removed to a small chapel in Norris yard. The present chapel was built during the superintendency of the Rev. J. R. Parkinson, in 1864. Ct. £700, Acc. 300. It has on its front the town clock. Rev. J. T. Shepherd was told by a man in the street: 'Squire Nicholson, of Watton Grange (who, along with his family, used to attend the Sunday services here), had promised to pay *three-thirds* of the cost of the clock, and that *the rest of the price* was to be contributed by the Railway Company and by public subscriptions.' Here we have, M. 64, S.S.S. 74, S.S.T. 10, L.P. 5, C.L. 4, H. 250—one fourth of the population.

Many wonderful transformations of character took place: drunkards became sober; liars, truthful; bands of robbers were broken up; and Mr. G. Bullock once preached on the very ground where a large quantity of stolen property was concealed, including seventy hams; scourging tongues were cured, and the outward leprosy of impure lives washed away.

Goodness is often hidden, like the jewel in a toad's head, in humble persons living in very obscure places. At Cranswick, for seventy years, we have had a succession of men and women who have ungrudgingly given time and substance to the cause. T. Escrit, Mr. and Mrs. Bowes, senr., Mary Jennison, Mr. and Mrs. Gruer, Mr. and Mrs. Ramsey, Mr. and Mrs. Petch, Mr. and Mrs. Bielby, R. Dickinson, and Mrs. Jane Witty, were some of our earliest members.

Mrs. Mary Petch (grandmother of the Rev. J. Scruton), with nine children, one an infant in arms, used to labour at camp-

meetings the Sunday through, borne up by the joyous excitement of soul-saving power, and go to the wash-tub next morning with arms as stiff as a poker. She had a persecuting husband, and when Mr. Oxtoby was leaving the circuit he said, 'Thou must keep praying, Mary, the Lord will convert thy husband, and he will be a good man for many years.' One night, while she was pleading with penitents, he locked the door against her, and she had to shelter in a neighbour's house. Soon after, at midnight, he sprang out of his bed, and on his knees in the middle of the room, to use his own words, 'he roared for mercy.' Heard by his pious neighbours, they rose from their beds and prayed with him until he obtained pardon. He became member and trustee, and he and his wife died in the Lord beyond eighty-five years of age. Mrs. Petch was for fifty years the 'village doctor,' and excelled in the healing art. While trying to heal her patients' bodies she did not forget the cure of their souls, but led scores to Christ. Later on there were Grace Pinkney, tall and of fair complexion, a good singer, and an eloquent speaker, and whose rich experiences helped to lift others out of Doubting Castle. She had her struggles —a large family and a persecuting husband—but God helped her in her difficulties, and in death she shouted 'Glory.' The village was stirred with emotion at her death and burial. Mrs. Crosby, missionary collector. W. Bowes, L.P., C.L., who for forty years has worked as hard for the cause as he well could, and his wife, a worthy woman, praying, working, and attending all the means of grace, always awake under the preaching of the Word, whoever might drop off to the land of Nod. R. Dossor, a Nathaniel-like man, and his wife, in whose house it was a pleasure to abide. Mr. J. Jordan and his wife, formerly Miss Gore, a talented speaker. The late Mr. and Mrs. Leafe, parents of the first wife of Rev. J. Scruton; Mr. and Mrs. Barmby, T. Bradley, H. Nicholson, A. Brewer; Robt. Jefferson, bass singer in the choir, and a L.P., who often discoursed in rhyme and verse; R. Welburne, a L.P., half an hour's talk with whom helped to enrich one's Christian experience. 'Kitty' (Christopher) Pearson, the choir fiddler, looking hale and strong the other night, as the society presented him with a copy of the New Hymnal, in recognition of his long and useful services. Willie Milner, a good labourer in the cause till consumption cut him down. The society used to go out singing at Christmas for the Sick

Fund. Whatever became of the Circuit Fund, the Sick Fund was always well replenished. One year they could not form a singing company, so Willie and John Scruton started by themselves. They sang at *forty* farm houses, the inmates rising from their beds to contribute to the sick poor. They prayed in those farm houses that were remote from a place of worship. They started early on Christmas Eve, and got home next morning at six a.m., and were ready to start again at ten a.m. on another ten miles' singing excursion for the Sunday School. They got £3 for Christ's sick and poor. Willie died shouting 'Glory.' J. Train, who, for almost forty years, has been a C.L., devoted to the weal of the society; and, finally, J. Potter, who for twenty years has been an acceptable C.L. and L.P.

Mr. T. Escrit, however, may be regarded as the founder of our cause here, and led one of its classes, at seven a.m. on Sundays, for fifty-five years. He was one of the most pious, gifted labourers and useful laymen we ever met with.

Look at Thomas as a farm-servant. When eighteen he entered the service of the late Mr. Moore, of Burn Butts, a farm two miles from Cranswick, and remained, with the exception of two years, to the end of life, a period of nearly sixty years. He got a situation as warehouseman in Leeds, and it was with mutual regret that 'the master and his man' parted, and with this promise from Mr. Moore, that Thomas's place should be kept open for him if he did not like his new situation. He tired of town life after two years, and returned to his old master, remarking, 'I am glad to be at home again.' In going to and from his toil daily (Sundays excepted) he walked upwards of 150,000 miles. Mr. Moore says, 'Knowing him as I did all my life, I can truly say that I never saw the least difference in him. We all looked upon him as a dear friend, and when he died we felt his loss most keenly. Although he was a Primitive Methodist, he was far too true a Christian to be a bigot, and used to say, "It is not what a man calls himself, but what he is, that decides his character;" and Thomas lived up to this rule in everything he did. I enclose his funeral card and photo; the latter you will kindly return as soon as convenient, as it is the only one we have, and we value it very much.'

When Mr. Moore, sen., was taken ill, and his life was despaired of, Thomas advised Mrs. Moore to send for the clergyman to talk to Mr. M. about his soul; but she requested Thomas himself to go and sit by his side, and talk with him and pray for him, as she had every confidence in his sincerity. She knew he was a good man, and admired his simple piety. Mr. Moore died in 1864, and in the large *cortege* which followed his remains to the village churchyard, Mr. Escrit was seen to be one of the chief mourners, with his long white locks flying in the breeze. At Mr. Moore's death and funeral Thomas expressed a wish that when he died he should be buried at his master's feet, and the family gladly buried him as near as possible to his late master.

When the present Mr. Moore succeeded to the Burn Butts Farm, Thomas remained with him, and the entire family showed their appreciation of his worth by treating him with every mark of reverence and respect. When unable to work, or even walk to the farm, they sent him daily, as long as he lived, a supply of food from their own table.

Look at Thomas as a saint! Mr. M. Denton says, 'He was a man of sincere, simple piety, a godly man in every sense of the word. Worldly people had confidence in his integrity and uprightness, and he was distinguished as the 'Primitive Methodist Bishop.' His life was such that what he said had a favourable hearing from those to whom he addressed himself.' The Rev. J. Scruton, who knew him for forty years, says, 'He was the most beautiful specimen of a farm labourer I ever met with or heard of.' Miss Moore says, 'Thomas was a most consistent Christian, and a general favourite amongst his fellow workmen, although he always gave kindly but firm rebuke if he either heard or saw anything that he did not think to be right.' His wife was anything but a help to him, but he never turned aside, nor was he guilty of any inconsistency during the whole of his career. One morning he left his wife in a precarious state, and on his way to the farm he turned to a little mound by the road side to pray for her. After her death he still turned aside for prayer, as he used to say, 'with his face to the rising sun.' Mr. Moore says, 'His footprints are still to be seen; for some of his friends seem to have pleasure in keeping them from being grown over.'

Mr. T. Naylor says, 'Walking in the direction of Burn Butts, I saw the grass trodden down, and the footprints of a man's boots sunk three inches in the ground, and I asked a friend, 'What do those marks mean?' 'They are the marks of Tommy Escrit's feet; for fifty years he stood there, as he went to his work, and prayed for grace and help to do his duty, and at night, on the same spot, he thanked God for His presence during the day.' That spot was Thomas's Bethel, of which he could say, 'God Almighty blessed me there.' An annual camp meeting has been held at that place by the Cranswick society as a token of respect to the saintly old man, and is known as 'Thomas Escrit's camp meeting.' Mr. M. Denton says, 'In 1882 I attended the camp meeting and preached by request. It was a memorable meeting. Thomas was sitting in an arm-chair in front of the waggon. Mr. and Mrs. Moore favoured us with their presence in the lane. We became their guests that day. Fifty-three years before Thomas and I worked as servants on the farm.'

In 1876 Thomas wrote a poem. We give eleven verses :—

'In winter's cold I've had to tramp,
'Midst drifting snow and drenching rain,
With hedges high and gypsies camped
And sheltered in Burn Butts lane.

And in the more reviving spring
I've travelled on from day to day,
Till the peewit on her wing
Bespoke the winter gone away.

Cold winter gone, the hopeful thrush
With voice melodious and clear,
Sang sweetly in the hawthorn bush,
So welcome to the traveller's ear.

Now summer came, when days were long,
And the sun shone bright and clear,
When the lark repeats her song,
And the pretty birds appear.

Across the fold she twittering flies
(In the English tongue called swallow),
She's crossed the seas by instinct ties,
The waters deep or shallow.

And in the pleasant month of June,
When cuckoo cry in early morn,
The little warblers sang their tune,
The traveller only seems forlorn.

After telling of the thousands of miles he had walked 'Tween Cranswick and Burn Butts,' he continues :—

But soon my travels they must end,
Like those that's left the world before;
I must into the grave descend,
And travel to Burn Butts no more.

That's a place endeared to me
Through length of time and favour found,
And though a poor old man I be,
Their kindness more and more abounds.

Fifty-three years have passed away—
That length of time I've laboured there;
It only seems like yesterday
When past with present I compare.

Some say that I'm a good old man,
While others, they say, no;
But I must do the best I can,
I'm sure to reap what here I sow.

And when I bid this world adieu,
And be as though I had been not,
I hope, dear friends, to meet with you
Where every sorrow is forgot.

Look at Thomas as a preacher. In person he was remarkable. His dreamy eyes, long flowing hair, well-built frame, bishop-like appearance, half weird and half winning, made him a striking figure in any congregation. The first time we saw him at Cranswick we thought he was a minister, and his intelligent attention, very much to our discomfort, did but deepen the impression. As a preacher he had a rich store of Bible knowledge, much common-sense, a mellow voice, and deliberate utterance, which secured him an attention few preachers could command. Miss Moore says, 'He was no writer, and his principal reading was the Bible, but his preaching was most intelligent and impressive.' Indeed, his appearance was that of a country clergyman, and, as a matter of fact, his pulpit efforts would have done no discredit, either in manner or matter, to any D.D. or Bishop of any denomination.

For years his hearing was impaired, and he generally sat in the pulpit, a relic of a former generation, a father in Israel, a pattern of pure devotion, and a prompter to the officiating preacher. The last time we preached at Cranswick Thomas sat at our side in an arm-chair, with a trumpet to his ear. We don't wonder that the

Rev. J. Scruton should say, 'He was a genius and a natural orator, though coy and shy. He was a man of the Bible, a man of eloquence, and a man of God.' He was respected and venerated by his employers, the model of Primitive Methodists in Cranswick, and the true Bishop of the parish. His funeral card reads thus: 'In affectionate remembrance of Thomas Escrit, of Hutton Cranswick, who died January 13, 1885. Aged 87 years. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."'

Two brothers, Johnson and Samuel Sanderson, were, for some years, members at Cranswick. They had been wicked, rough, uneducated cattle dealers, somewhat unscrupulous in striking bargains, and obtained considerable wealth. Johnson, six feet high, was a man of sinews and thews. He was converted years before his brother, and regularly attended the means of grace. During preaching he often shouted aloud, and always said, 'Amen, *Amen*,' when the sermon was *long*, and '*Amen*, AMEN, AMEN,' when it happened to be *very long*. We then knew he had got more than enough.

Samuel, an old man when converted, and ignorant of the alphabet, used to go almost daily to young Scruton, who taught him to read the New Testament. On the day when this young man walked from Cranswick to Leven, after being appointed to Hornsea circuit (1860), to preach his first sermon as a P.M.P., 'Old Sammy' accompanied him a mile on the road, and at parting wept bitterly and loudly, with a shrill, woman-like cry. This rescued brand knelt and prayed in almost every house he entered during the last five or six years of his life. These two brothers, Johnson and Samuel, died in the faith and hope of the Gospel years ago.

Another remarkable convert was Michael Grice, a half-witted, swearing drunkard, whose apex of enjoyment was to roll drunk on the highways. He was a ratcatcher, and did not know a letter of the alphabet. He got an A B C Book, and at the end of two years he could read the New Testament, and had committed many verses, paragraphs, and whole chapters to memory. He joined the church, attended all the services, and laboured in cottages and in the open air with great power. He often prayed hours together

in cow-sheds, stables and pig-styes, and sometimes spent all nights alone in the chapel, without light or fire, on his knees, saying, 'Me and the Lord had a good time.' He carried his religion wherever he went. 'Me and the Lord are going to such a farm, or to such a town,' he would say. It was always 'Me and the Lord.' He always prayed at the farmhouses when he went for his wages. 'We'll pray a bit, master,' or, '*Me and the Lord* will talk together a bit, master,' he would say, and in a moment he was on his knees, and his voice uplifted in prayer; and many of the farmers for miles round felt the unction of his supplications. Some of these sinners sent for him when they were dying, and said, 'We get more good from your prayers than from all other means.' Eventually he was baptized by immersion, at Driffield, in the presence of a large audience. He married soon after, and went to live in the county of Durham. He prayed in the Baptist chapel, as he used to do at Cranswick, and told the story of his baptism. The deacons wrote to Driffield, and satisfied as to the truth of his story, employed him as a scripture reader and missionary. He was living at Gateshead Feb. 11th, 1889, but had been blind for years. He was then doing much as he did at Cranswick in 1860.

When metal is cast into the furnace it remains for a time perfectly black, and yet all the time the temperature is rising. So it often was at Cranswick; months would pass away without conversions; religious inertia was hard to overcome; but all the while there were a few souls restless, pleading and gradually rising to that state of fervour which is the sure precursor of a revival.

One winter cottage prayer meetings were held 'by house row,' and all classes, rich and poor, good and bad, flocked to them. Scores were converted at these services. In spring and summer farmers, foremen, waggoners, labourers and ploughlads, held meetings in the lanes and along the hedgerows, and their songs could be heard over the fields and through the villages miles away. Black Bob, Catton Jim, Gil Simsons, G. Dowson, W. Pattison, G. Sanderson, all big men and notorious sinners, wept at the foot of the Cross, found forgiveness, and some of them became messengers of mercy to others.

Revival Scenes.

In 1860 we conducted a fortnight's revival services at Cranswick, afterwards protracted to eight weeks. We began by giving a lecture on 'The Great Revival' then spreading in Ireland. It was the depth of winter, but we held prayer meetings at five a.m., and sometimes sixty persons were on their knees pleading for pardon and purity. John Scruton used to rise at four a.m., and after lighting the chapel fire, ran round the village knocking up the members for the early meetings. We sang round the village every night, and the mass of the people were awakened. The Spirit came, not in drops, but in floods. An extraordinary power rested upon the village. One night twelve persons were converted at the Wesleyan chapel and eight at our own. Rev. J. Scruton says: 'Four young ladies were converted under one sermon preached by the Rev. H. Woodcock—Jane Smith (now Mrs. G. Taylor, of Rise, near Hornsea); Miss Macdowell (now Mrs. R. Weatherill), both still on the way to heaven, and training their families for God; the two sisters, Mary and Margaret Sissons, of Cranswick, who lived well for some years and then died in the Lord. Six stalwart young men one night, and ten on another, found peace. The power that rested upon us when Mr. Woodcock preached from "Keep thy soul diligently," and "The barren fig tree," can scarcely, if ever, be forgotten. Eighty souls found salvation during this revival.'

One day, when young Scruton was 'singling turnips,' he told Harry Lovell how God had saved him and made him happy. They were to sleep together that night, but Harry stood weeping, with his elbows on the window. John sprang out of bed and prayed till his mate got saved. Twenty years after Mr. S. met Harry at Flambro,' a gamekeeper, with a wife and family. He was the first to pray at the after service, and invited Mr. S. to tea next day, when he said, 'Mr. Scruton, I will shoot you two of the fattest rabbits on the estate to take home with you, in memory of the turnip field, twenty years ago.

It would require the focalisation of miraculous power to prevent the introduction of some objectionable features into such revivals as took place at Cranswick. In 1860 shouting became a mania among the young farm labourers; one would sing every few minutes:

'I want to be an angel, and with the angels stand.'

'But,' said the preacher (this was at the Wesleyan chapel), 'if God had wished you to be an angel He would have made you one. Instead of wishing to be what you are not, thank Him for what you are—a saved sinner.' The writer was asked to rebuke, 'very gently,' the exuberant excitement. No sooner had he knelt down to pray than half-a-dozen began to shout, 'Send the glory,' 'Give him power,' 'Scatter darkness.' We paused, and when silence was obtained said, 'Dear friends, God is here, Christ is here, the Holy Spirit is here. There is no darkness in the meeting except in your own minds; now don't trouble the congregation with it, or you will damage the meeting. When I ask for a blessing you can say "Amen."' Johnson Sanderson undertook to regulate the responses. 'Say after me,' he said, and the youths adjusted their feelings, with rare skill, to the impromptu arrangement, and the service became orderly. Alas! we saw a time when at Cranswick we should have welcomed, as a help, the spontaneous responses of young and old. Better have wild life than a death-like stagnation. Better have wild-fire than no fire at all. The revival was, to use a familiar expression, a tidal wave, lifting the people above the ordinary level of Christian life.

The late Rev. C. Kendall (1880) secured two young Evangelists, Thomas Wilson and Isaac Naylor, to conduct services at this village. Scores of penitents pled for pardon, and, believing, found it. One day the Evangelists were visited by a clergyman,* who manifested a lively interest in their work. He deplored the paucity of conversions, but knew he could count, at least, two whom he had led to Christ during the past twelve years'—a degree of success far too slow for Isaac's fiery temperament; so falling on his knees, he prayed, 'O Lord, Thou seest we are but simple lads, but, Lord, we mean souls, and if we cannot get more than two in twelve years, give us the sack, Lord.'

* On market days the venerable Abbey Church at Selby is open to visitors, and while labouring in that town, Isaac and Tom, and a few friends, ascended the tower. Feeling near heaven, Isaac proposed prayer, and soon the market people were startled by hearing the well-known melody, 'We'll lift up the banner on high,' as if coming from the skies. Hearty prayers followed, and the party descended just as the warder and curate were approaching to ascertain the nature of the strange proceedings.

One night, at Cranswick, they had opposition from the devil. A common show had entered the village, and as our people went singing past —

'We'll lift up the banner on high,
The glorious banner of love,'

the showman beat his drum and blew his trumpet, another played a street organ, a third made unearthly noises upon another instrument, while the clown, with besmeared face, black trousers and slops, and a high narrow-pointed hat, mocked the processionists as they sang past. The louder the saints of God sang the praises of Emmanuel, the louder sounded the discordant notes from the devil's camp. When the singers had gone about fifty yards, the showmen ceased their din. The saints of God now faced about, and returning to the front of the show, sang with a loud voice, 'We'll lift up the banner on high,' &c. The showman, in a rage, seized his drumsticks, and with great force struck his drum, another man blew his horn, and the organ joined in chorus, along with other din-making instruments. The songs of Zion fairly outdid the hideous sounds of the showmen. The gazers, disgusted with the mockery of the show party, joined the procession, went to the chapel, where fourteen penitents sought mercy. It would take a skilful human devil to beat Isaac and Tom. Eighty souls were converted during this first visit, and often since these Evangelists have done good work at Cranswick.

For nearly seventy years the Cranswick society, the largest and strongest in the village, has held on with varying success.

Watton is two miles from Cranswick (pop. 250). We have 13 M., 1 L.P., 1 C.L., 80 H. Services have been held here since 1824; during recent years in a cottage on the Sabbath; at 'The Grange,' occupied by T. Nicholson, Esq., on work-nights; while years ago the class met at the foreman's house, at 'The Abbey,' eighteen of the servants, at one time, being members of the society.

All the preachers made their home at 'The Grange,' and usually went to tea. When told that all was ready for the service, the preacher saw a sight worth remembering. Entering the large kitchen we saw a number of forms for sixty or seventy occupants: Mr. and Mrs. Nicholson, thirteen children (one now the wife of the Rev. W. Pigott, D.D.), the governess, domestic and farm servants,

who, together with those from the surrounding neighbourhood, often made sixty all told. Taking his stand behind a table, the preacher saw, hanging over his head, sides of bacon, hams, chaps, and other porcine delicacies, by the score, which, if an abomination to the Jews, are relished and consumed by the Wolds people.

The prayers and singing were generally lively, and *not* long, and it was easy work preaching. Sinners were sometimes saved under the Word. Rev. J. Scruton for years, while in his teens, harvested at 'The Grange,' and one night he left the field and went into the kitchen to preach the Word and bind up sheaves for the Lord. The waggoner was saved, and years after he wrote Mr. S. thus:—'They have put my name on the plan, and the other night I preached in the kitchen, at 'The Grange,' where I heard you, and nine souls were converted.' At these three meeting-places our people used to make melody with the songs of Zion, and gave many a shout for joy as one and another started for the kingdom.

It has been said that the winds and the waves are apt to be on the side of the ablest navigator, and the Rev. C. Leafe, superintendent of the circuit (1887), seems to have the power of pressing all things into his service. What others had failed to do, he did. He induced the landlord of Watton, T. Bethell, Esq., of Rise, who had insight to appreciate the three P.'s—Prayer, Pluck, and Perseverance—to grant a site on which to erect a chapel. On Friday, Oct. 7th, 1887, foundation stones were laid by Mrs. Luke White, of Driffield, T. Nicholson, Esq., and his son, Mr. D. Nicholson, each placing £5 on the stone. 250 sat down to tea in a barn, and then disported themselves in the beautiful grounds at 'The Grange.' D. Marshall, Esq., and Luke White, Esq., presided at the night meeting. The chapel cost £150, and was opened debt-less. It contains a fine American organ, Mr. H. Nicholson being the organist. This remarkable success was largely due to the exertions of Mr. T. Nicholson and his family.

Successful at Watton, Mr. Leafe was scarcely less so at Beswick, about midway between Driffield and Beverley. For forty years our people suffered great inconvenience, the owners of the village persistently refusing a site for a chapel. They worshipped now in one cottage, now in another, which were inadequate to their requirements. How often were

Beswick.

they heard to say, 'Oh, mister, we shall *never* get a chapel! not we.' And many a Mr. Much-afraid replied, 'I am afraid not.' We should not like to count the hours some of them spent in talking about the needed chapel, or experience the dreams of failure by which, during forty years, their sleep, at times, was rendered unrefreshing. Some aged members used to wish for 'lengthened days,' that they might see a chapel built, but died without the sight! T. Dawson, H. Ward, G. Teesedale, the Barmbys, Mr. Becket, and others struggled hard, and gave liberally towards the rearing of this house of prayer.

Mr. Leafe, 'a one-thing-at-a-time' sort of man, having succeeded at Watton, tried his hand at the neighbouring village of Beswick. After repeated interviews, he begged a site for a chapel of Lord Hotham, who owns the whole village. Great prep-

New Chapel. arations were made for the laying of the foundation stone on Easter Monday (1888), and the success was unparalleled. The day was fine, and being a public holiday, there was an immense gathering from all parts of the circuit. Mrs. Pettler, of Driffield, laid the foundation stone, followed by memorial stones laid by Mrs. Harrison, Miss Pickles, and Miss Leafe, the last on behalf of J. Knaggs, Esq. Bricklaying followed. The bazaar, filled with all sorts of goods, a credit to the ladies and an astonishment to the people, and which commanded a ready sale, was held in a barn behind the stately old mansion of Mr. Daniel, a poet of no mean celebrity, and Squire Draper, 'The Nimrod of the North.' Tea was provided in Mr. Dugalby's waggon shed, consisting of seven room-steads, closed in by stack covers in front, with an opening at the top to admit the light. Two long tables stretched the whole length of the building. Another tea was provided in Mr. Heward's barn. Both places were furnished with an abundant spread of those good things for which the Wolds are famous all over England, and little Beswick did its best to uphold that reputation. Every available spot was filled again and again, and 600 guests, with sharpened appetites, showed wonderful appreciation of the viands. The chapel cost £240, and before the day closed they had got £259 5s. 6d., leaving a balance of nearly £20. The chapel was opened on August 8th, 1888. Acc. 100. All the sittings are taken, and more would be if they had them. Pop. 300, 23 M., 1 L.P., 1 C.L., 80 H.

For half a century our societies at Watton and Beswick stood bravely to their purpose, and have got what will make their hearts happier, their lives brighter, and their labours more fruitful of good—chapels of their own in which to worship God. Surely landowners, like Squire Bethell and Lord Hotham, who give land on which to erect places of worship, or money to help to build them, make a wiser investment of their wealth, and have a stronger claim to the gratitude, affection, and fealty of their tenantry than if they used it in multiplying hares, partridges, pheasants and hounds.

Lockington is eight-and-a-half miles from Driffield (pop. 400). Most of our early members long since fell asleep in Jesus—exchanged the sword for the palm and the helmet for the crown; some fell away; others, though at times few in number, were faithful. The influence they could not acquire by social position was won by their goodness. In 1862 Lockington. they asked the late J. Hall, Esq., of Scorbro', for a bit of land on which to build a chapel. Church influence tried to baulk them of their object. Mrs. Sneerwell and Mr. Backbitem gained an interview with the Squire, and assured him that there were good and sufficient reasons why the plot should not be granted. 'It's no use,' he replied, 'some of my best workpeople go to that chapel.' The plot was granted. The chapel Ct. £250; present debt £50. We have 30 M., 29 S.S.S., 9 S.S.T., 2 C.L., 2 L.P., 100 H.

Fifty years ago a converted lad, a tailor, was sent one Saturday to take a pair of trousers to the foreman of a farm called 'Scorbro' Coy.' On reaching the farm he was alarmed at hearing the waggoner, a muscular man, six feet one inch in height, round every sentence with an oath. He had in his hand a whip, which, with his great size, terrified the boy. But buttoning his jacket tightly round him, and preparing to bound across the yard, he looked the blasphemer in the face and stammered out, 'You should not swear,' and then darted off, lest the whip should be applied to his back with all the ability its owner possessed. In his flight he stumbled on the back of a pig, hid under some straw, and the creature, naturally enough, made off with him, and sent him some yards further, which the lad thought a providential deliverance from an

unmerited chastisement. Safe across the yard, he looked round and saw the waggoner standing, apparently amazed, the whip dropped at his side. Why? The lad's words had entered into his heart 'like nails in a sure place, fastened by the Master of assemblies.' He went into the house, but could eat no supper. He retired to bed, but couldn't sleep. He rose next morning, but could eat neither breakfast nor dinner.

'What's the matter?' inquired the foreman.

'I can't forget that lahtle lad telling a big sinner like me not to swear. He's made me fair miserable, and ah can't eat.'

A Wesleyan class-leader, who worked on the farm, being told of the waggoner's distress, applied balm to his wounded spirit.

'The Lord wants to save thee, and if tho'll gan we me to class, He'll do it.' He went, and got some relief.

'Now I mun gan and see the lad what reproved me.'

Next Sunday he went to a class-meeting at Arram, and knelt at the side of the lad who reproved him. For a moment the lad thought of the whip, but soon found that the man, with tears in his eyes, was pouring out his thanks in a way the youth can never forget.

On Wednesday, at midday, the waggoner entered the tailor's shop. 'Ah'v oft been here, but ah niver com like this afore.'

'Well, what does thou want? Coat or trousers?

'Neither. Ah want that lad an' you to pray we me, or else I shall drop into hell. What a sinner ah is!'

They all prayed, and while the lad pleaded for the man the master pointed him to the Lamb of God.

The man praised God and said: 'Ahv left hosses and plough in the middle o' the field, for ah couldn't gan a bit further; but the Lord a'll take care o' em, though they are three miles off. But O! the peace ah feel. God bless thee, my lad;' and with a heart full of love, and eyes brimful of tears, he returned, to find horses and plough where he had left them. He used often to say, 'They hadn't moved a foot. The Lord tuke care o' em.'

The foreman, who slept in the same room as his master (a bachelor), now became concerned, and at night he knelt, praying.

The old gentleman stood aghast, and said, 'Lord o' mercy! What's matter? Tho' hessent robbed ony body or murdered ony body, hes thee? Thou's a'lus been a good, decent chap, and thou needn't mak all that row. We've slept togither eighteen years, but we sall hev to part if thou gans on at that rate. Thou's dean nowt rang that thou need dea that.' The foreman found peace.

Soon after the master's heart was softened, and he used to say: 'O, these Methodists are good 'uns; and if there be a good chap id world, it's our Harry.' There was hope in the master's death.

In less than two years the lad heard both waggoner and foreman preach the Gospel. On June 9th, 1862, while conducting anniversary services in the Hull First Circuit, the youth, then a man in the prime of life, told the above story. A person at the close of the service informed him that the tall waggoner whom he had led to Christ, in such a strange way, had become a missionary, and that the last time he saw him he was standing, tall and erect, preaching the Gospel.

Who was that youth? and who was that waggoner? The youth was Mr. John Everingham, who has been for forty years a useful and popular Primitive Methodist local preacher at Market Weighton, in the Pocklington circuit. The young waggoner became a distinguished Wesleyan missionary.

The late Rev. Jeremiah Dodsworth was at one time a farm labourer at this village, when the servants were charged with a tithe on their boxes. In defence of the servants he objected to the imposition levied upon them, and refused to pay. The Rev. John Blanchard had him committed to the East Riding county jail, at Beverley; but he was released, and we believe Mr. B. paid him £20 damages, and the oppressive tax was discontinued. *(See Cobbett's 'Country Parson.')*

South-west Route.—Lund is nine miles from Driffield (pop. 460). The society, which has been prosperous for fifty years, numbers 55 M., 50 S.S.S., 11 S.S.T., 2 L.P., 3 C.L., 150 H. —one-third of the population, exclusive of the children. The members, united and hard-working, often reminded us, by way of contrast, of the two horses of which a Woldsman used to talk: they agreed in one thing—one was perfectly willing to do all the work, and the other as willing that he

Lund.

should do it. It has been at Lund, '*At it, all* at it, *always* at it.' They have not relied upon sensational revival services, or sought to obtain some recently converted clown or reformed prize fighter, of London fame, but have held special services among themselves, or secured some agent in their own Connexion, of good reputation. It used to be called 'The Athens of the Wolds,' and at one time had eight local preachers—Messrs. Horsfield, Stather, Stabler, Gee, Grant, Hardbattle, Duke, and others. Hornby, Simpson, Prescott, Collier, Rudd, are a few names of persons who worked hard in this little society many years ago.

New Chapel.

The old chapel (B. 1839) had long been too small to accommodate the people. A site for a new chapel and school was secured, and early on the morning of Good Friday, April 18th, 1871, all sorts of conveyances, filled with people, began to pour into the village to witness the laying of the foundation stone by the venerable Mr. Collier, a member of the society. It was a touching sight to see him, supported by two grandaughters, with tearful eyes and faltering tongue perform the ceremony. 1,000 persons sat down to tea. When the entire takings (£150) were stated at the night meeting the Doxology was sung again and again by 1,000 voices—the largest religious gathering ever known in the village. In 1873 a harmonium (Ct. £20) was put into the chapel, and an electro tea and coffee service presented to Miss Horsfield (the late Mrs. Prescott), as an expression of appreciation of her services as the instrumentalist. We trust this society will be in the future what it has been in the past —'a tree of life,' the fruit of which shall be for meat, and the leaves for medicine.

Mr. Collier.

Mr. Collier (son of Mr. C. mentioned above) is a farmer of the old type, and has done well for his 'sen' and family. Many of his sayings were (we write in the *past* tense, though we believe he is still living) as remarkable for the abundance of common-sense they contained as for the broad Wolds dialect in which they were uttered. He was a clear-headed old man, sparkling with rude wit and humour, and put his common-sense thoughts into compact sentences, which made even grave preachers laugh.

True Yorkshur bred an' born, he bore its stamp an' seal,
Yet full ov earnest truth, an' straight from heeard ta heel
E noations quaint an' odd, ov low an' humble birth,
A diamond left et ruff, a man ov sterlin' worth.

A mind weel stored wi' facts, a frend whom wonce yo' met
E converse grave or gaay, yo' cuddn't soon forget;
E language broad an' plain, e figger tall an' strong;
Whoa nivver changed a word ov hiz owd mother tongue.

'I'm just fowks what I am,' he often uzed to saay,
'Ther's nowt stuck up e me, it izzn't e ma waay;
I don't like fowks 'at sham, an' reckon ta be grand,
I'm fond o't nateral soart, 'at give yo' t'heart wi' t'hand.'

Good stories, fun, an' jokes, he lov'd 'em an' could tell
A tale e pure 'hoam spun' but few men could excel;
It cam upon yo' straight, unvarnished, crisp, an' dry,
Net e'en a word waz harsh, he woddn't hurt a fly.

He had his trials to bear, his losses to sustain, and his struggles to 'mak.' 'But,' said he, 'when sorrow coomes to the deear (door) it's tahme enuff to ax it to come in. Ah often feel as dull as ditch watter when ah can't get te meetin'. Nea song of lark owr head, or blackbod e bush, is holf so sweet ta me as hearin' a bit o' singin' at our pratty lahtle chapel. Ah like ta heear ma farm lads whistle at wark; it leetens toil and shortens tahm; and a bit ov good singin' helps yan to bear yan's burdens when crops are poor and corn cheap. Ah've bin thinkin' ov yan promise all day: "Ah'll never leave thee." That's good medicine, mister, for an owd man. It gives me leight i' darkness, a friend when ah'm hobbling into field, and it allus helps me when ah needs a bit ov help, and that's often.

'How did you leaave Billy Petch, who hes as clear a heead and as sound a heart as ony hereabouts? Why, he's been preaching noo mare then twenty years, and ah liked him better last Sunday neet than ivver ah did afore. He allus knocks off his sarmon in about holf an hour. He's allus sommat gude to saay, short and to the point like, and when he's said it he gi'es ower and sits doon. Billy is a sticker 'tid cause, and ah'll be bun for't you'll be as happy at his hoose as in a palace. (The writer made his home with Mr. P.) And what a wife he hes, as industrious a body as ah wish te see, but varry delicate. She's not won o' your shilly-shally women, but a worker at home an' id cause. She can driss like a lady and work like a kitchen-maid.'

'Neabody maks mich now-a-days; corn's cheap and trade bad, and what wi' rates and yan thing or another, iverything is confoundedly low and varry lahtle is to be getten Ah's afeard our wheelreets have eneef te dea te keep mill grinding—as for balance at bank, that's out o' question.'

'Ah say, mister, chicken-hearted lads nivver did owt that's worth owt. A bit o' good religion gi'es a lad a rare start in the world, and puts him into rare fettle for doing the wark God has gien him. Some of us aud chaps hes a bit o' sense, but it's like some corn our lads hev put in barn te-day—it wants threshing oot. Eddication dis that, and ah see plainly that nowt else will. A tahme will come when a daft ploughlad, if he dissent know a bit o' science, will hev hard wark te get a pleace. An' if we can get a good heart alang wi' a good head we're about reet, eh, mister? But when a chap gets a heead full o' knowledge and a heart full o' wickedness, it often maks a bit of a puppy o' him, dissent it, mister?'

Returning from the preaching service one cold winter's night, we found Mr. C. ill in bed, and at once went upstairs to offer up a short prayer.

'You've had a good tahme to-neet?' said Mr. C.

'Never a better,' we replied.

'Yes, ah knew the ship wad float, for ah was pumpin' all the tahme, fra seven to eight o'clock. God, mun, hears the prayers of a poor limping au'd chap like me. Ah sud think you had a bit o' music; that lahtle Miss Horsfield dis run her fingers ower that 'armonum till it seems to talk. Bonnie lass! ef she was in a big toon she'd arn mony a sovern wi' singin' an' music.'

'I'm afraid you're having a hard struggle this cold, bleak weather?' we said, as we listened to the soughing of the wind and the patter of the rain on the window.

He replied, 'Yes, yes. Ah've had mony a 'ard struggle, an' a lot of sludge and muck doon here, but by an' by I shall get a white shet weshed in the blood of the Lamb. This rheumate racks me sorely, but some day ah sall cast away me owd stick, straighten this poor owd back, walk as upright as a rail, and skip aboot like

the lambs. Ah saw a lark t'other day soaring up t'id sky, 'igher and igher, and quiver and sing as only a lark can, an' ah thowt, "O! birdie, ah sall yan day rise higher and sing sweeter than thee."'

Having prayed with him, he said, '*Noo gang thee doon*, an' get a good warm supper, for thou'll need it efther sludging alang those mucky roads all day amid cowd, an' wind, an' snaw, an' rain. Praise the Lord, ma lad, He's been good to me; He's spreead me taable and filled me cup for ommost seventy years, an' it fairly maks me heart beeat an' me eyes fill when ah think at ah can shelter yan o' God's servants. *Noo gang thee doon*, an' get a good supper, for thou'rt as welcome as a prince.'

Twice he had told us to '*gang doon*,' but we knew that the right time to do so hadn't come. At length, with his face flushed and his eyes bright, reflection of the joy within, he said, 'Now thous' put me neetcap on (offered up prayer), an' ah sall rest weel;' then seizing our hand with a grip, he said a third time, '*Noo gang thee doon stairs*, tak ma owd chair, and stick it right afore the fire, and warm thee caud feet. Will thee hev a drop o' drink hotted? it'll put a bit o' colour i' thee feeace an' warm thee caud limbs. But laws, thou's a teetotaller! Maybe thou's reet, an' ah wish ivverybody wad follow thy example i' that point. Now that's me honest mind, Maister Woodcock. Ah think all oor praichers are teetotallers noo, for ah hav'nt seen yan of um tak a drop of a dozen years or mare. *Noo gang thee doon*, an' get a good tuck oot. There's as good a bit o' beef as ivver man teasted, an' some as good milk as ivver cam fra a coo. As ah tell'd lahtle Coulbeck (Rev. C. T. Coulbeck, of Hartlepool), our missionary deputation last year, when he stared at the dinner, "Ah'd boil a bullock before praichers should want." *Noo gang thee doon*, an' tell Mrs. to fill owd woman (hot-water bottle) wi' 'ot watter, an' put it into bed. Stick thee cowd feet again her, an' she'll help to keep thee warm. Tell maid to hot warming-pan, and not scorch sheets, for we gat them new fra Beverley only t'other day. And fling thee coat acroos thee legs; for nowt's better than a cool heead and warm feet. *Noo gang thee doon*,* and we slowly left the room, resolved to do our best in obeying his oft-repeated orders, 'gang doon,' &c.

* Should our old friend see and read the above, we are afraid he will give the writer a castigation as severe as that which the Ettrick shepherd's wife administered to Walter Scott, when he dared to publish some of her unwritten favourites: —'There was never ane o' ma songs prentit till ye prentit them yoursel, an ye hae spoilt them athegither. They were made for singing and no for reading; but ye hae broken the charm now, and they'll never be sung mair. And the warst thing o' a'; they're nouther right spell'd nor right setten down.'

Etton is twelve miles from Driffield (pop. 500). This society is in a prosperous state, having 36 M., 26 S.S.S., 9 S.S.T., 1 L.P., 2 C.L., 100 H. R. Witty, T. Plowman, T. Wood, and T. Shaw have been the working bees in this little hive, and, along with some of their offspring, have brought sweetness out of the rocks as surely as Sampson brought honey out of the dead carcass. They have had to contend with influences adverse to Primitive Methodism, but they screwed their courage up to the sticking point—stood like the beaten anvil to the strokes of the hammer.

Etton.

Kilnwick (pop. 200) We have 22 M., 1 C.L., 1 L.P., 60 H. For years we have worshipped in a room kindly granted by the church friends. The society grows.

West Route.—Kirkburn is three miles from Driffield. We are the only Dissenters in the place, and for sixty years the hungry have been fed, the thirsty satisfied with the water of life, and hundreds of desponding souls have been delivered from 'Doubting Castle.' We can never think of Kirkburn without remembering Messrs. Cass, Wilson, Noble, who worked well in the cause. The society is strong to-day, for out of a population of 150 we number 35 M., 2 C.L., 50 H.

Kirkburn.

Bainton. Amongst those who have helped to keep this society green with spiritual verdure we may name T. Welburn, F. Hensby, W. Storr, and T. Binnington.

Mr. W. Storr (master shoe-maker) came from York to Bainton in 1854. He was a useful L.P., and often walked twenty miles on the Sabbath. He and his good wife, now (1889) in the 74th year of her age, entertained a preacher. He was a man of rich Christian experience, which deepened as he drew near his end. A short time before he died—Feb. 9th, 1876—he said to his youngest son, pointing upwards, 'The inhabitants never say, "I am sick."' Almost his last expression was, 'Going home.' His eldest son has been for some years a reporter on the regular staff of the *Times*. Two other sons became ministers, of whom more by and by.

Bainton.

Thomas Binnington (master carpenter), a man of 'a meek and quiet spirit;' shrewd and clever; sexton of the parish church; a

class-leader; a never-wearying and never-declining worker in the cause, who, many years ago, was a sort of lightning rod for storms to strike on; but he came out of them all, and he is now enjoying a mellow serene old age, loved and respected for his fidelity to what he deemed right. The society numbers 23 M., 1 L.P., 1 C.L., 70 H., Pop. 400.

North Dalton is six miles from Driffield (pop. 480). Here we have had a vigorous society for sixty years, with some noble workers: G. Lyon, R. Barr, S. Loft, and D. Scott. It numbers at present 36 M., 3 C.L., 90 H.

North Dalton.

On June 6th, 1841, the Rev. R. Ducker led a love-feast here. At its close six souls were saved; one of them, the biggest drunkard in the parish, had not been in a place of worship for years. When he got home his wife scolded him for being out so late. He fell on his knees, and began to ask God to convert her soul. She ran to a neighbour's house, saying, 'For God's sake come, our Jack has gone mad, and he will kill us all.' Jack prayed on, till his wife fell on her knees, and before morning she also was made happy in God. Six weeks after, Mr. D. received a letter from the leader, saying, 'Jack and his wife stand fast in the Lord, and sixty souls have been saved. The village is not like itself. Instead of drunkenness and swearing, there is heard all over hymn-singing and prayer.'

The late G. Lyon, L.P., more liberally endowed with brains than beauty, was a remarkable man, a farm labourer. He was the cleverest mental arithmetician we ever met with. One day we said, 'George, we have 10,749 local preachers, and suppose they walk on an average six miles each per Sunday, how many miles would they walk in twelve months?' He gave the exact number in less time than it took to ask the question. He had a marvellous memory, and when he had not time to make a sermon he found no difficulty in committing one to memory. We heard him give Robert Hall's sermon on *The Spirituality of God* (text: 'Now the Egyptians are men, and not God; and their horses flesh, and not spirit'—Isaiah xxxi, 3) without the omission of a sentence. His pronunciation was not perfect, nor were his pauses always in the right place, but he

grasped the discourse—splendid as it is—in its entirety. Dr. Wood heard it, and at the close said, 'Wonderful, wonderful!' When the late Rev. J. Flesher heard George preach at Kilham camp-meeting he wept like a child. George could give the substance of almost every sermon he had heard for thirty years past. After the lapse of twenty years he heard the writer preach from a text a second time. 'You have *altered*, but not *improved* it,' was his sage remark. George was much respected in his native village, and by none more than by the clergyman, who presented him with a copy of the six-volumned *Commentary on the Holy Scriptures*, published by the Religious Tract Society. He died in the Lord.

Middleton.

Middleton is eight and a half miles from Driffield. For ages it has been the Wolds rendezvous for tramps, pedlars, cheap-jacks, beggars, and all kinds of waifs and strays of society—a fact which has not been without its influence on some of its inhabitants. Our early success was great. Long had the caverns of hell resounded over this demoralized village, but sixty years ago devils trembled as the guilty found pardon, the enslaved freedom, and the burdened rest.

Mr. F. Rudd (father of the Rev. F. Rudd) was a member of this society thirty-two years, and for many years its C.L. He was a L.P. thirty-one years, second to none in the Riding, and he maintained his popularity to the end. His last sermon, preached to a crowded congregation at Lund, was from these words: 'How wilt thou do in the swellings of Jordan?' Two days after he was taken ill—felt faint—sat down in his chair, and fell asleep in Jesus, having died of suffocation. No better friend to the cause was to be found in the circuit than good Mr. Rudd. He died Aug. 24th, 1850, aged 70 years.

Mr. George Grubb, who tenanted a large farm, on which he did well, was a devout man, and attended the means of grace well. He entertained the preachers, and would sometimes, when our Sabbath's work was very heavy, give us a ride on his pony, himself walking by its side. 'That's nice exercise,' we said to him one day. 'Very nice *occasionally*,' was the reply.

Miss Hannah Watts, connected with the old aristocratic family of the Dentons,* of Beverley, when thirteen years old, was converted at a class-meeting held in a cottage, and became a member of our society here. Soon after she removed, with her parents, to Liverpool, where she joined the Wesleyans. In 1840 she became the wife of the late Mr. Bairstow, of Huddersfield (head of one of the largest clothing firms in the West Riding), who, in addition to being a Town Councillor and a Guardian of the Poor for some years, held, at different periods, the offices of C.L., L.P., Trustee, and Circuit Steward, among the Wesleyans; and for twenty years Mrs. Bairstow worked at his side as C.L., visitor of the sick, and was rendered pre-eminently useful. She died triumphantly 1862. Her husband died 1888. A few days before his death his youngest daughter went to his bedside, and, stroking his forehead, said, 'Poor darling, I believe you are going home, but "There is a better world they say, O so bright."' The well-known hymn roused him, and looking up, he said, 'Ah! I remember when I first heard that hymn. It was in Northowram Chapel. I was preaching for them, and the Spirit of the Lord came down upon us, and we had a blessed time. I should like it sung at my funeral. Sing it so that everybody can hear it.' This last wish was faithfully carried out before his remains were consigned to the grave at the Huddersfield Cemetery.

J. Cooper and E. Dewson, L.P.'s, &c., rendered good help to the cause. Mr. Wm. Petch, who, as builder and architect, has done much to improve our Wolds chapels, is a man of good abilities and sterling character; a L.P., C.L., and Trustee; even, steady, consistent, thorough; and who has represented the circuit at District Meetings and Conference, has been our leading official here for many years. He and his wife entertain one of the preachers, and for years their daughter played the harmonium at our chapel. The late Dr. Wood made a home for the superintendent preacher, and entertained the deputation at the missionary anniversary. He attended our ordinary services, was a genial and well-informed gentleman, and an hour's conversation with him, after supper, was a pleasant break to the ordinary round of a

* See '*Walking in the Light*: A Memoir of Mrs. H. Bairstow.' By Rev. T. Smith.

preacher's life. He often gave preachers advice on the preservation of health, and sometimes medicine, *free*.

For many years our preaching-place was a stable-like structure, past a wheelwright's shop, up an uninviting back yard. The present chapel was B. 1864, Ct.£434, present debt £120. The society numbers 27 M., 32 S.S.S., 10 S.S.T., 3 L.P., 3 C.L., 70 H.

This village is one of the most irreligious on the Wolds. The people prize religion very highly—*as a mere ferry boat to convey them across the last river when every other mode of conveyance fails.* They attend God's house, but sit stolid and indifferent under the most faithful sermons. One party has tried curates, sisters of mercy, cricket clubs, and amateur theatres, but these did not mend matters. Prodigious efforts have been put forth, and much money spent in seeking to save the people, but with scant success so far as actual conversions go.

In October, 1881, Thomas Wilson and Isaac Naylor conducted a mission here. The villagers flocked to our chapel and filled it. The rector, the Rev. D. Blanchard, called at the house where the Evangelists were staying, and shaking their hands in the heartiest manner, said, 'I have come to wish you God speed in your work. There are in the village those I cannot reach, and you may do them good.' After some talk, the rector, at Isaac's request, prayed, and then left them with renewed expressions of his sympathy. Two days after he sent his curate (a tiny man, who walked about the village as though he were Peer and Pope combined) to ask 'If Isaac and Tom would go to church every morning during their stay.' Glad to reciprocate the rector's kindly feeling, they went, along with about thirty friends, to the Rectory, where the rector, standing at the door with a smile of welcome on his face, said, 'Come in, come in, come in.' They entered a private chapel, filled with our friends and the rector's servants. Isaac was in a high chair with a very tall back. The rector, who stood behind the desk, gave out, 'Jesus, lover of my soul,' &c., and started the hymn in a tune which the congregation didn't know. 'We don't know that tune, sir,' said Isaac. 'Very well, sing one of your own tunes,' was the reply; and the hymn was sung through to a tune which made the rector's face shine like a sunbeam. Prayers and a lesson read, and the servants dismissed, the rector said, 'We will

now have a Dissenter's prayer meeting. I will pray an extempore prayer, and then you can pray;' and a stirring meeting followed. Morning after morning similar meetings followed, until the curate, in the rector's absence, had the bad taste to speak against Dissent, and to uphold 'his church as the *only true church*.' One morning, the church prayers and lessons having been read, the curate prayed; then Isaac and others. Mrs. Naylor (Isaac's wife) raised her voice in prayer, which acted like an electric shock upon the curate, who shuffled, twisted, turned about, and wrung his hands as if suffering internal pain. Mrs. N. prayed for the rector, for his wife, who was an invalid, for the parishioners, and for the curate, who, by this time, presented a pitiable spectacle, for his lips quivered and his brow knitted. When Mrs. N. ceased, the curate sprang to his feet, and said, 'Let me give you the blessing,' and stretching out his hands with all the authority of a bishop, he pronounced the benediction, and then stammeringly said, 'I—I—I want to say something—a—ha—to you about—a—ha—the command of—a—ha—St. Paul, that a woman—a—ha—must keep silence in the church.'

With feelings of mortification, not unmixed with amusement, the people left the Rectory.

Next morning the curate and Isaac met in the street, when the following conversation took place:—

C.—'Good morning, Mr. Isaac.'

I.—'Good morning, sir.'

C.—'We missed you and your friends so much at prayers this morning. We had only the servants present.'

I.—'Sir! do you think we were coming to be insulted by you?'

C.—'What do you mean, Isaac?'

I.—'I allude to your ungentlemanly treatment of us, and the way in which you spoke of my wife's prayer at our last service.'

C.—'Well, you know, we don't allow women to pray in our church.'

I.—'I beg your pardon, sir, you do allow them so to pray.'

C.—'No, no, no; we do nothing of the kind, Isaac.'

I.—'Yes, yes, yes, you do! The women servants prayed yesterday morning.'

C.—'They prayed from the prayer book.'

I.—'Well! the only difference was this: they prayed from the book; my wife prayed from her heart, without the book. The latter was, in my opinion, quite as acceptable to God as the former, and I believe if Paul had been present he would have shown himself too much of a Christian gentleman to put his hand over the mouth of any Christian person, whether man or woman, when in the act of praying to God.'

After a few more words as to what Paul meant when he said, 'I suffer not a woman to speak,' the curate, with a supercilious air and contemptuous smile, said, 'I have something to say to you, Isaac.'

I.—'Speak on, sir.'

C.—'Well, I must tell you that *you* have no right to preach the Gospel.'

I.—'Why not, sir?'

C.—'You have not been educated at a college.'

I.—'Yes, I have been educated at a college!'

C.—'*Which* college have you been to?'

I.—'I have been to Calvary's College, and the Great Governor Himself gave me the grandest education that mortal man ever received. He taught me to read my title clear to mansions in the sky.'

C.—'I had over £1,000 spent on my education.'

I.—'Very poorly spent, too, sir.'

C.—'Again, you have not been ordained.'

I.—'O yes, sir, I *have* been ordained.'

C.—'*Where*, and by *whom*?'

I.—'At head quarters, sir, and by Jesus Christ.'

C.—'Yes, yes; but you have not had a Bishop's hand laid upon you in God's appointed way'—spreading his hands as he uttered the words, as if he himself had been a Bishop.

I.—'Yes I have, sir.'

C.—'What! (with astonishment), a real Bishop's hands?'

I.—'Yes, a real Bishop's hands.'

C.—'*When* and *where* had *you* a real Bishop's hand laid upon you?'

I.—'When I was in the horrible pit and the miry clay, Christ, the Bishop of souls,—the Bishop of Bishops,—laid his hands upon me and brought me up, set my feet upon the rock of ages, and

then told me to go and tell sinners what a Saviour I had found; and in spite of all the devils in hell, and all the curates out of it, I mean to do it, sir.'

C.—Bewildered and stammering, he said, 'Well, I—I—I have just one thing more to say to you, Isaac: The next village you go to don't clash with church services.'

I.—'Our only aim is to clash with the world, the flesh, and the devil.'

C.—'You have clashed with us. Last Sunday we had only a few people to preach to. Where were they? Hearing Isaac and Tom.'

I.—'Could we help that, sir? Were we to tell them to leave the chapel? Listen, sir. If all the Methodists in the village were to come to your church next Sunday would you tell them to go to their own places of worship, for you did not want them.'

C.—A smile, like a sunbeam breaking through a cloud, passed over the curate's face, and clapping his hands together, as though he saw the chapels emptied and the church filled, he said, 'O, no! I should be too pleased to see them, that I might win them over to the *true* church.'

I.—'You have a devil of bigotry in you as big as a calf.'

Here the conversation abruptly closed. The rector soon after did two things: dismissed his curate, and gave Isaac three shillings towards the purchase of '*The Seaside Gospel Tent Tabernacle*,' opened at Cleethorpes to-day, June 10th, 1889.

The men who read Thy law with care,
And meditate Thy Word,
Grow wiser than their bishops are,
And better know the Lord.

Let the dapper little curates in our villages bottle Egyptian darkness if they can; let them build magazines as reservoirs for the sunshine if they can; but don't let them try the experiment of making the 'water of life' flow in their episcopally cut channels only.

North Route.—Little Driffield is one mile from the circuit town (pop. 220). Here our preaching-place, for many years, like many others, would not stand the test of 'beauty' that is 'a joy for ever,' for it served the double purpose of sanctuary and stable. The crib remained for many years. The entrance abutted a manure-heap,

and the stench was, in summer, almost unbearable. Mr. G. Bullock, playing on his own surname, said, 'I couldn't feed out of *that* crib.' We are often told that we should be thankful for small mercies, and this was one of the occasions when this virtue was called into exercise. We preached some of our shortest sermons in that sanctuary. A man once said, 'Christ was born in a stable, and I was born again in a cottage next door to one.' Of this place it can be truly said, 'This and that man was born there.'

In 1878 the present chapel (Ct. £270, Acc. 200), an ornament to the neighbourhood, was built on the plot of ground on which our first missionary to the village preached 55 years before. The land was given by Lord Londsborough.

All wealthy Christians are not mammon worshippers and money grubs. H. Hodge, Esq., laid the foundation stone of this chapel. He said, 'When a youth he was led to Christ by our early preachers, who were grand messengers of mercy to the poor. 'Praying Johnny' put his hand upon his head, and told him to be a good boy. His (the speaker's) father was one of the earliest members of the Connexion. He himself had been a member of it fifty years, and he loved it more and more He had laid many foundation stones,* and though he couldn't make them a great speech, or even sing them a hymn, he could give them a donation. *There* was his talent, and he was learning how to use it.' £80 had been got at the close of the day's services. E. Temple and J. Smith worked hard in the rearing of this sanctuary. The society numbers 25 M. 2 L.P., 2 C.L., 50 H.

Garton, three miles from Driffield, was long one of Satan's fortresses, renowned for its ungodliness and vulgar wickedness. Our pioneers, however, made a breach in the devil's ranks. Gamblers, dancers, boxers, drunkards, poachers, football players, dog fighters, wife beaters, and pugilists—known by their cut faces, bruised limbs, black eyes, and other marks of the Devil's nobility—found peace with God,

Garton.

* Mr. Hodge gave £5,000 to the '*Henry Hodge Memorial Chapel*,' Williamson Street, Hull; built a mission room in the Grove's, Hull, Ct. £1,400, and also a small chapel at his native village; and has given many thousands of pounds beside towards the erection of chapels in Hull and other places. We have just received this death card :—'In loving memory of Henry Hodge, J.P., born May 18th, 1812. On July 14th. "He was not, for God took him."'

and for sixty years Garton has been one of the most sober, moral, and religious villages on these Wolds.

During Martinmas week, 1887, no drunken man was seen in its streets. Meetings were held almost nightly in our chapel. One man sold in three days fifteen copies of Dr. Brown's Bible (£3 each) to fifteen young men, all the sons of Methodist parents, the entire cost being £45. Pop. 510, chapel B. 1871, Ct. £478, Acc. 250, 60 M., 60 S.S.S., 10 S S.T., 2 L.P., 3 C.L., 170 H.

Wetwang is six miles from Driffield (pop. 620). Seventy years ago this was a besotted village, its inhabitants hateful and hating one another; but when our pioneers began to proclaim the peaceful tidings of mercy and love, wrongs were forgiven, evil habits abandoned, love to God and man created. Our members used to read their Bibles, and many of their prayers were interlarded with Scripture quotations. A farmer's wife received from her mother a handsome Bible, which was kept as a mere ornament, for she never read it, and her children were forbidden to touch it. But she got converted, and T. Boynton, a L.P., going to her house, found her reading it. Her husband said, 'Before my wife was converted she wouldn't allow us to touch that Bible, but now she'll scarcely allow it to go from the kitchen table, and if she has a minute to spare she is sure to be reading it.' Bible-reading is a characteristic of the Wolds Methodists. Wetwang.

Mr. Peter Knaggs came to Wetwang Fields in 1812, to a farm under Sir Mark Sykes, and remained there over sixty years. In 1821 Mrs. Knaggs found peace. In 1825 her husband obtained the same blessing. Both became identified with our people, provided a home for preachers, and took the deepest interest in the prosperity of our Zion. Mr. K. was a liberal supporter of the cause, and often gave as much as £50 at once. The Rev. S. Loxton says, 'I often recall to mind dear old Mr. Knaggs singing over the truths of the gospel.' Mr. and Mrs. Knaggs.

Mrs. Knaggs was a saint of Christly disposition. Though old and suffering when we knew her, she was as blythe as a young milkmaid. We fancy we see her watching the broth bubbling up in the 'Kiel pot' over the fire, beating up the contents with a

wooden ladle to prevent the 'lithing lumping,' and keeping time, by its movements, to a hymn she was singing. :—

Jesus sits on Zion's Hill,
He receives poor sinners still;
Would you serve this blessed King?
Come enlist, and with me sing;
I a soldier sure shall be,
Happy in eternity.

When the new hymn book was issued (1853), minus the above hymn, Mrs. Knaggs said, with an air of disappointment, 'Where is Jesus now? He used to sit on "Zion's hill," bless Him, but where is He now? I know where He is. He lives still *yonder*,' pointing upwards, 'and *here*, in my heart. Yes, bless Him, they may take Him out of the hymn book, but they can't take him out of my heart, nor shift Him from His throne on high. Call the men in for dinner, for the pot's a-boiling,' and giving the ladle a sharp turn, she sang, with a trembling voice :—

'Christ He sits on Zion's hill,
He receives poor sinners still.'

Thou good old saint, thou wert right. Other kings may abdicate their thrones, but the 'King of Kings' will never be recalled or dethroned. It is a blessed thought, amid the fluctuations of a fleeting world: 'Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for-ever.' 'I have *set* my King upon my holy hill of Zion.'

Mrs. Knaggs was a mother in Israel, and long since went to sing in the songful land. She liked preachers to rise early and break-fast with the family, and used to say that those preachers who were guilty of dawdling in the morning never made much out.

Her husband died in 1872. Just before he died he said, 'In my hands no price I bring; simply to Thy cross I cling.' One of his last utterances was, 'I used to pray three times a day, but now I pray seven times a day; indeed, I always try to keep a sweet sense of the Divine presence with me.' His generous grandson and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Walker, have provided a home for the preachers ever since Mr. Knaggs' death, and have been amongst the most liberal supporters of our cause in the Driffield circuit.

In 1870 the present Sir Tatton Sykes granted us land on which to build our present chapel, if not at a peppercorn, yet at the

nominal rent of one shilling per annum. In 1887 Mr. Knaggs, now of Driffield, gave £25, which made the chapel debtless. Here we have 88 M., 64 S.S.S., 20 S.S.T., 5 L.P., 3 C.L., 160 H.

Sledmere is eight and a half miles from Driffield. When our people first missioned this village the Wesleyans held services in a laundry at a farm occupied by Mr. Hicks. The late Sir Tatton Sykes did not like '*Turnabouts*,' and sometimes tested, in ways not to be commended, the mettle of those who made ducks and drakes of their religion. When told that the laundry had become a preaching room, he said to Mr. Hicks, 'You will have to pay me £3 more rent if you allow the Methodists to use that washhouse.' The services were given up. Soon after Sir Tatton said to some of his men, 'What do you think of Hicks' religion? It can't be worth much when he has sold it for three pounds.' Sledmere.

Soon after Mr. Sellars, a L.P. from Pocklington, held open-air services in the village, and in 1820 the first class was formed. In those days tenants were threatened with dismissal from their holdings if they entertained our preachers. A few collapsed; others could neither be coaxed nor threatened to act disloyally to their convictions. The firmness of the tenants generally subdued the landlords. Tom Hope, in whose house, we believe, the preaching services were at one time held, was a gem in the rough; a man with the right ring in him. He was incrusted with oddities, and his excellencies did not lie on the surface; they were like gold in the mine—hard to get at. One day the late Sir Tatton said, 'If you don't turn out those runabout preachers you'll have to give up your holding. Now consider the matter, and make up your mind.' Tom was not a willow type of a man, but had the courage of his convictions. At the next interview Tom is reported to have said, 'You have been a good landlord to me, Sir Tatton, and I should not like to lose my holding. I will do almost anything to please you, but God has blessed my soul under the Primitive Methodists, and I'll neither leave them nor turn them out.' Sir Tatton replied, 'Well, you're a good sort of a fellow, Tom, and you shall have a bit more land.' Others equally manfully resisted, tooth and nail, the threats of their employers. Many of them clung to Methodism at the risk of losing their situations, which meant losing their bread and butter.

Nancy Varey was, what her neighbours used to call, 'A character:' a specimen of a class of women to be met with on the Wolds—quaint, gaunt, sensible and good. She was born at Thwing, of poor and wicked parents, who lived a life little superior to the beasts browsing in the fields over which Nancy daily walked. They used to sit at the fireside on a Sunday and tell all sorts of stories, and set all sorts of riddles. Nancy used to say, 'I was browt up as igrant of God as the cleathes on my back.' She married young, and soon after her husband, a farm labourer, was smitten with affliction, and for many years he never did a day's work. She said, 'I had to gan into the fields and work beath winter and summer.' She had four sons. One became a local preacher; another emigrated to America. '*Owd Isaac*' might have had Nancy in his eye when he wrote:—

Nancy Varey.

'Lang sen she lost her husban' dear,
Which was a heavy cross to beer;
And then her son did cross the sea,
A fahn young man;
An' ah ne mare his feeace mun see,
It's ten to yan.'

Nancy was converted at Helperthorpe, but removed to Sledmere, where she took in our preachers, which brought upon her insults and abuse. The clergyman of the parish paid her a visit, and this is what took place:—

C.—'I suppose you have opened your house for Methodist preachers?'

N.—'I hev, for we stand in great need ov 'em.

C.—'But I say *they shall not* come.'

N.—'But ah tell you they *hev* come, and they are coming oftener—yance a fortneight on week neets and yance a fortneight o' Sundays. Lots o' fooaks are getting convarted.'

C.—'You shall hear of this again,' said the parson, indignantly.

N.—'Yes, ah expect ah sall, for if the divel can't kick up a row, he sets them to wark as can.'

Next day Nancy was summoned before Lady Sykes, who said, 'I want to speak to you about the Primitive Methodists; I hear you have opened your house for weekly meetings?'

N.—'Ah hev, and blissed meetings they are to us. Before our preaichers cam all the men in the village spent the Sundays in playing creeket, pitch-and-toss, and rat hunts, but now they flock to ma ould house. We are like herrings in a box, and lots are getting convarted.'

Lady Sykes.—'We were all converted when we were baptized.'

N.—'Nowt o' sort, me Lady! You can't mak me bel'ave that a lahtle water dropt frae the finger ends of a clargyman can regenerate a bairn's heart. Read thod (third) chapter o' John's gospel, me lady, "Ye mun be born agean."'

Lady Sykes.—'I want you to promise me, Nancy, that you'll turn the preachers out!'

N.—'Nay, ah carn't dea that.'

Lady Sykes.—'Why not, Nancy.'

N.—'Because God sent 'em, and ah carn't fight agean Him.'

Lady Sykes.—'You are setting all your best friends against you.'

N.—'No, no; God is ma best friend.'

Lady Sykes.—'If you will turn them out I have a bundle of things—dresses, blankets, sheets, and other things—which I will give you.'

N.—'Blankets or nea blankets, sheets or nea sheets, drissis or nea drissis, ah weant turn 'em out. Ah trust God; *He* weant let me want.'

Lady Sykes.—'Well, Nancy, *I feel I must give you these things*,' and taking them, Nancy went to her 'auld cot' with a happier heart than Lady Sykes did to her splendid chamber.

Soon after some 'fallen mutton' was to be given away, and Nancy went to the slaughter house 'to get a lahtle bit,' when the steward said, rudely, 'What do *you* want, pray?' 'Ah could eat a bit o' mutton, if you pleaase.' 'Perhaps you could, but you've got something about your house we don't like,' was the reply.

'Ah know what it is. It's holy water, and the divel hates that.' Nancy turned to go away. 'Come back,' cried the steward, 'you shall have a piece this time, but you're setting us all at defiance.'

'Ah'v nea intention o' deing that, nor hes the preaichers. They want to bring sinners to God,' said Nancy. The people were in earnest, and, let alone, the work of God grew and prevailed. 'Play well *your* part, *there* all the honour lies.'

Nancy was a great believer in the power of prayer. Before her conversion she once walked six miles to fetch a man to pray with a dying woman. She even prayed for others before she had begun to pray for herself. After her conversion prayer was her delight, and when far advanced in life, and a mother in Israel, she was remarkable for her faith and devotion. She used to tell us of going with one of her sons into a wood for a load of sticks. The horse became restive, and her son, alarmed, said, 'What can we do?' 'We mun get doon o' our knees and pray. We did, and the "hoss" went all reight efter that.' She loved the Bible, and used to say, 'I know it's the word o' God, bekase it suits milkmaids and grizle-faced auld women like me, as weel as you preachers, and rich ladies, like Miss Sykes. Every bit of it was 'sweet to her taste,' as saith David, and she went from verse to verse, and from chapter to chapter, like the bee in its flight, gathering honey from each. 'You're fond of the Bible, Nancy,' I said to her one day as she held the dirty, thumb-marked book in her hand. 'And ah'd need be,' she said, her wrinkled old face lit up with a glory within; 'the best way to keep out the caff (chaff) is to fill the bushel wi' corn.'

She believed the 'divil' did a good bit of his work at night, and took the precaution to sleep with her Bible at her bedside, as the likeliest means of driving him away. She would open it at a page containing some precious promise; 'for,' said she, '*I believe the divil can read*, and when his 'een sees a passage like *that*'—pointing her withered and not very clean finger to the words: "When the enemy cometh in like a flood, then will I lift up my spirit as a standard against him"—'he'll be thoroughly snubbed.' That was but our Saviour's rebuke of the devil, translated into Nancy's own language: 'Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of the Lord.'

Nancy was rich in experience, and ever ready to talk about the deep things of God.

Miss Sykes, the amiable, generous, and pious daughter of the late Sir Tatton Sykes, took a deep interest in the spiritual and temporal welfare of the poor on her father's estate. How often did we meet that lady, mounted on horseback, riding from village to village, on her errands of mercy—visiting schools, cottages, &c.

All religious good done in the world is not done by singing lively hymns and even offering up fervent prayers. The gospel has a large practical side, and says, 'Bear ye one another's burdens.' This is what society needs to heal its wounds, to regenerate its life, to sustain it in present calamity, and to guide it with hope into the great future. On one occasion Miss Sykes issued a sheet of directions—'How to spend a day well'—to be hung up on the walls of the cottages, and amongst other things it said: 'Do one good thing for God every day.' 'How do you like the directions?' enquired Miss Sykes of Nancy one day. 'O, they are good, *varry good, as far as they gang*, but, Miss, they dean't gang far eneuff. You advise us to do one good thing for the Lord each day, and ah think we owt to do ivverything for the Lord, for Paul says, "Whether we eat or drink, or whatsoever we do, we're to do it all to the glory of God." Besides, Miss Sykes, you dean't say owt about Jesus and the Holy Spirit; and as ah've often said, all our doings amount to nowt, ah, Miss, an' less than that, if we're not weshed in the blood and filled with the Spirit. Paul says,' and she turned to her worn and well-used Bible and read these words: 'Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to His mercy hath He saved us, by the washing of regeneration and the renewing of the Holy Ghost.' Miss Sykes knew Nancy too well to be offended by the plainness of her remarks. Many a poor old woman at the wash-tub has a clearer insight into the meaning of God's word and a richer experience of its blessings, than some who have received an academical education. 'The entrance of Thy Word giveth light; it giveth light unto the simple.'

Nancy had her likes and her dislikes. When she had heard a preacher preach from Psalm viii., 3-4—'When I consider Thy heavens, the work of Thy fingers,' &c.—she said, 'He went up into the starry countrie, and nivver com doon till he wanted to gan yam (home). Johnnie Oxtoby wad a' scorned to preech such a sarmon.' 'But,' said one, 'Mr. Oxtoby did not know so much about astronomy as Mr. G.' 'Didn't knew owt aboot astronemie!' exclaimed Nancy; 'ah! Johnnie could get ho'd o' the Tree o' Life and shak it till he mead us shout, "Glory! Hallelujah!" That's best astronomie ah 'no owt aboot.'

When we last saw Nancy her work was nearly done, and she could do little more than sit by her fire and knit. But morning, noon, and night she searched the Scriptures with constant and ever-increasing delight, and in her broad Yorkshire, repeated their messages of trust and grace for the counsel, comfort, and conversion of her neighbours. Strange to say, however, although her house joined hard by the cottage 'synagogue,' and though she regularly attended class and prayer meetings, she was rarely seen at a preaching service, especially when young men preached. When asked why she did not attend she would reply, 'What can they, bairns, teach me? I was convarted before they were born.' She evidently thought that while her Bible was 'a well of water, springing up into everlasting life,' the 'praichers,' who were either unborn or suckling when she was saved, had long since been pumped dry; and perhaps they had!

Nancy died as she had lived, trusting in God, I think, in the year 1881, aged 89 years.

For sixty-eight years our people have suffered from want of a suitable place in which to preach the gospel and teach the young. The late Baronet, barring his attitude towards the Methodists—let us hope conscientious, but shortsighted and narrow—was a sort of 'Francis de Coverley'—'a fine old English gentleman,' but persistently refused to grant a site for a chapel in which the Methodist toilers, 'within his gates,' could worship God. At Sledmere we have three preaching places, one in the village, one at Pry Cottages, and one at Mill Cottages. Our people hold two preaching services every Sabbath, and one once a fortnight on work-nights. The itinerants average ten sermons a quarter, four on Sabbaths and six on work-nights. The society numbers 50 M., 2 L.P., 1 C.L., 100 H., and sometimes contributes £5 a quarter to the Circuit Fund.

Conversions.

Horse-trainers and grooms often live in a state of practical heathenism; but at one time we had in this society at Sledmere (where the late Sir Tatton had his training stables, making the village at times to resemble a horse fair) horse-trainers, jockeys, grooms, a postboy, stableboys, a butler, a coachman, a gardener, a cowherd, as well as shepherds, labourers, woodmen, tailors, blacksmiths, joiners, bricklayers,

laundresses, dressmakers, and scullerymaids. The late Sir Tatton gave one of our members a very handsome gratuity for having first trained, and then sold, one of his splendid horses at a high price.

The present Baronet has been a generous contributor to the Established Church, of which he is a devout member, having spent £150,000 in building and renovating churches, and securing to each parson on his estate a stipend of not less than £300 per annum. Some men try to condone the sins of their past lives by endowing churches, chapels, and charitable institutions *when dying*. Sir Tatton made a good use of his wealth while comparatively young.

Sir Tatton has always treated our people with more than kindly 'toleration.' He has never debarred them from any rights and privileges because they were Methodists. Indeed, he has been unstinted in his praise of the work done by the Methodists, Wesleyan and Primitive, on his estate. He said to one of our officials, 'If it had not been for the Dissenters the English people would have been heathens, and they are worthy of a site on which to build a chapel in every village in the land. Most of the religion between Malton and Driffield is to be found amongst the Methodists.' He granted land upon which to erect two chapels—Wansford, 1864; Wetwang, 1870; and also for the enlargement of the Garton chapel (1871), and, we believe, gave some aid in the erection of our neat little sanctuary at Fimber.

Sir Tatton, years ago, expressed his willingness to grant us a site at Sledmere if the clergyman of the parish were willing that a chapel should be built. Our friends waited upon him, and asked 'if he would stand in the way of a chapel being built.' He replied, 'I am surprised you should ask such a favour. Before we left college we were made to swear we would never allow a Dissenters' chapel to be erected in the parishes of which we might be the 'cures,' but do all in our power to prevent such erections. Besides, there is a good church, and you *ought* to attend it.' 'But,' said our friend (whose statement we are quoting), 'you don't preach the gospel, sir! You mix a little truth with a great deal of error; you burn candles in broad daylight, and tell young people that baptism and confirmation make them Christians.' Thus was

dashed from their lips, at the very moment when they seemed about to taste it and drain it, 'the cup of hope,' and for twenty-five years we have been boycotted by clerical intolerance.

The crying need of this quiet rural spot is a Methodist chapel. Many of our members, tottering towards the grave, have sent up the yearning cry: 'Lord, give us a chapel.' If there is any village in England in which a Primitive Methodist chapel is needed it is Sledmere. *And there is going to be one.* The Rev. C. Leafe, with characteristic energy, prayerfulness, and perseverance, has brought this long-sought-for object within sight of a triumphant issue, as will appear from the following letter:—

'18, Lockwood Street,
Driffield, March 8, 1889.

My dear Woodcock,

It is true that Sir Tatton has presented me with the best site in Sledmere on which to build a Primitive Methodist chapel. I had a severe battle to fight, *not with Sir Tatton*, but with *the clergyman of the parish*. I felt it was the will of God that I should ask Sir Tatton for land, about a year ago, and I got the answer while on my knees in prayer that I should succeed. One Sunday, last August, I had been preaching at Wetwang, and remained all night. I was in prayer most of the night. Next morning I got up at five o'clock and went to Sledmere, and found Sir Tatton in his garden between six and seven o'clock. I told him my errand, and that I knew God had sent me to him. I had no sooner told him what I wanted than he said, "I will give you land to build a chapel on if the clergyman be willing, but I cannot unless he be willing." I went to the clergyman and told him my business, and that Sir Tatton was willing to give me ground for a chapel if he, the vicar, was willing. He paced up and down the room in a rage. I told him the consequences if he stood in the way. I said, "There are about fifty men and women praying about it," and that it had been revealed to me, in prayer, "that if you stand in the way of us getting this land for a chapel the Lord will take you out of the world." He appeared somewhat alarmed, and said he would consider the matter over and let me know in a day or two. In a day or two I got the answer, saying that he would not put anything in

the way ; that we could have a chapel, for he was quite willing. I went to Sir Tatton and told him the clergyman was willing. "*Then I will give you a site, and the best I can find you,*" replied the Baronet. We are going to build this summer (1889), and we shall raise all the money. We opened Beswick and Watton chapels free of debt, and we shall do the same at Sledmere. The above are the facts of the case.

Kind love,

C. LEAFE.'

Before this page meets the reader's eye we shall have, in Sledmere, a beautiful chapel, an ornament to the village ; a home for our members, scattered over an area of three miles ; and a centre of spiritual life and evangelistic effort in a neighbourhood that affords scope for Methodistic agency. 'Thine eyes shall see Jerusalem a quiet habitation. There the glorious Lord will be unto us a place of broad rivers and streams ; wherein shall go no gally with oars, neither shall gallant ship pass thereby. For the Lord is our judge, the Lord is our lawgiver, the Lord is our king ; He will save us.'

Fimber is nine miles from Driffield. Seventy years ago this hamlet had an unenviable notoriety for dog fighting and badger baiting, then popular sports on the Wolds. On Sabbath afternoons the people used to congregate to see which dog could soonest fetch a badger from its hole, or else to play at cricket. If, during any work-day, a badger could be got, or a cricket match arranged, the ploughs were left in the furrow, and the flails on the barn floor—*idle*, for play they would. Fimber.

When a Dissenting minister preached in a cottage the barbarians crowded the place with their heads covered, and gazed at him with looks of indescribable curiosity. Soon after Mr. Oxtoby preached, and several of the ringleaders in sin were converted and their sports abolished. As if by magic, parents began to teach their children to read and write. A Wesleyan chapel, our preaching place, and a day school soon followed. The village became noted for its sobriety, thrift, intelligence and religion—produced, in fact, some clever tradesmen, mathematicians, grammarians, geologists and astronomers. It has to day, Pop. 180, 21 M., 18

S.S.S., 6 S.S.T., 2 L.P., 1 C.L., 80 H.; the chapel Ct. £198; Acc. 150. We hope the Horsleys, Coopers, Cunliffes, Denneys, and others will, for ages to come, remember how much they owe to Methodism.

West Lutton.

West Lutton is eleven and a half miles from Driffield. Our earliest preaching-place was in the house of Wm. Thomas, a poor man who picked up a livelihood by 'scraping the roads.' After much anxious and wearisome waiting they got a chapel. While begging for it Robert Cass said to Mr. Smith, 'I believe we shall find money on the road-side if we can't get it from the pockets of the people.' They got it in the ordinary way.

In 1863 a new galleried chapel, holding 300 people, three-fourths of the population (410) was erected. Ct. £601; present debt £90. The people are widely scattered, and it is almost impossible to get a good congregation. The Wesleyans have a good chapel here. Many of our early friends 'were not allowed to continue by reason of death,' and the rising generation has been scattered by the perpetual tide of emigration. A Connexional day school was held here for some time, but the paucity of the population prevented it becoming a success. We have 25 M., 21 S.S.S., 10 S.S.T., 4 L.P., 2 C.L., 60 H.

The late G. Cherry, who suffered much because he was a Methodist; J. Holtby and his son William, T. Midgley, E. Fairley, J. Huffing (an employ at Elmfield College, York), G. Prince, W. Kilvington, R. Belt and his family, S. Sowden, Nancy Smith, Elizabeth Milner (mother of the Rev. J. Milner, of Wakefield), and others, boldly stood by the cause, and rendered it what help they could, when friends were few and foes many.

Mr. Belt.

The late Mr. Robert Belt (blacksmith), L.P. and C.L., was our leading official for many years. He was a man of real piety, consistency, and force of character; a very assertive and irrepressible sort of man. When going one Sunday morning to his appointment at Pry Cottages, accompanied by a few of our friends, he saw the late Sir Tatton Sykes in a field, stubbing up thistles. 'I'll go and speak to the Baronet,' said Robert. 'No, don't, you'll only make him angry,'

said a friend. 'I feel it my duty to go,' was the reply, and, leaping over the gate, he approached the Baronet, and told him, in language as forcible as the strokes of his sledge hammer, of the wickedness of the act, of the influence of his example, and of the punishment that would overtake him if he did not repent. 'Go away,' said Sir Tatton, 'and mind you don't do something worse before night,' and then reminded him of D—— S——, who stole a lot of sheep one Sunday night *after* he had been preaching. 'But,' said Robert, 'that is no excuse for you, Sir Tatton; two blacks don't make a white,' and again warned him of the consequences of Sabbath desecration and the neglect of Christian ordinances. Robert returned to the road, closely followed by the Baronet, who said to a labourer, 'Who is that man walking before you?' 'He is Robert Belt, the blacksmith at West Lutton; he is a ranter preacher, and I dare say he is off preaching somewhere now.' Sir Tatton thought no worse of Mr. Belt for his sharp and timely rebuke; nor did the latter think any worse of the Baronet for his rather *un*knightly retort. Indeed, Sir Tatton made the best *amende honorable* he could. He had not previously employed Mr Belt, but in the course of a few days he sent him a good order, and his patronage was, for some time at least, continued. In this encounter the Baronet came off, we think, second best.

We always admired Mr. Belt for his pluck, strong common-sense, business-like qualities, and Christian character. He certainly was self-willed, but his failings leaned to virtue's side. 'Be thou chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny.'

> There's noan sa blind bud they can see
> Sum fawts i' other men;
> I've sometimes met wi' folk 'at thought
> They saw sum i' theirsen.

For many years we had a preaching service at Helperthorpe, a small hamlet between West Lutton and Weaverthorpe, where the three brothers, Robert, Richard, and William Esh, sons of a devout father, lived for some years on good farms. They were members with us, made homes for the preachers, and rendered material help to the cause. Mr Richard was one of the greatest readers, and one of the best informed farmers, we ever met with. We sold him an old copy of *The Enclyclopædia Britannica*, more than twenty

vols., for £3, and on visiting the circuit some years after, found that he had nearly read the entire work.

Weaverthorpe is twelve miles from Driffield (pop. 650). Our pioneers waged a terrible war with the uncircumcised Philistines at this village, which, like Cranswick, Garton, and Fimber, was famous for boxing, fighting, rat hunts, and badger baiting. Many were transformed and saved. God

> 'Healed the bleeding wounds, and soothed the pain,
> And brought back life and hope and strength again.'

A chapel was built in 1841, Ct. £180. The society numbers 25 M., 30 S.S.S., 8 S.S.T., 3 C.L., 3 L.P., 90 H. Mr. Robert Cass (shepherd), a C.L. and L.P., exerted a good influence in this neighbourhood. He had the happy knack of eliciting from his members a real and hearty response to his methods. He suffered a long affliction, and the Rev. Mr. Bailey, vicar, who often visited him, was present when he died. He preached his funeral sermon, and made this statement in the church: 'I never visited Mr. Cass without being blessed, and always found him in the same trustful, peaceable state of mind.' Mr. Anderson and his wife, who made a home for one of the preachers; J. Thornburn, R. Bays and his wife (both L.P.'s), J. Walker, and others, have long been good workers in this society.

Weaverthorpe.

Butterwick, fourteen miles from Driffield—the extreme point of the circuit. We used to worship in a cottage; latterly in a loft. Pop. 150, M. 24, C.L. 1, L.P. 1, H. 40. E. Vasey, L.P. (son-in-law of Mr. R. Cass), and H. Stephenson, men possessed of 'an even strong desire, a calmly fervent zeal,' have rendered steady service for many years. This place has been famous for its contribution to the Missionary Fund, sometimes raising into teens of pounds.

Butterwick.

North-east Route.—Ruston Parva. Pop. 200, M. 16, C.L. 1, H. 40.

Kilham is six miles from Driffield, and has a pop. of 1,200. The late Mr. G. Hardy (father of Mrs. Shepherd, wife of the Rev. J. T. Shepherd, Doncaster), was one of our earliest converts here, and used to take in the preachers, both travelling and local, for many years before any other permanent home was provided. Vulgar people used to say, 'They

Kilham.

will soon eat all the young farmer's bacon,' This prediction, however, was not verified; for many years after, as the writer can testify, it was the regular home of the itinerant ministers and open to all others. The barrel of meal did not waste, or the cruise of oil fail.

In 1860, during the superintendency of the Rev. W. Garner, while the writer was his colleague, a galleried chapel was erected here. Ct. £457, Acc. 250. We had many days' tramp 'wiv poor owd Micheal Gibson,' a notability on the Wolds, in begging for this chapel; but, alas! for a while, it was like searching for a needle in a hay stack. One lady, said to be 'wo'th a lot o' money,' gave us nods, smiles, curtsies, congratulations, commendations, and good wishes, but no money. When she refused us the smallest copper coin in the realm we refused to accept her good wishes, which, as Michael said, 'Bean't be wo'th yan farden. Pity wi'out relief is like mustard wi'out beef.' Soon, however, where we expected indifference, if not opposition, we met with patient consideration and practical sympathy. If we happened to get a five-shilling piece Michael thought it was a streak in the dawn of a *golden* harvest. The society numbers M. 77, S.S.S. 110, S.S.T. 32, L.P. 5, C.L. 4, H. 150.

Mr. E. Anderson, who assisted at the camp-meeting at Mow Cop, 1810, displaying a flag fixed on a pole as a rallying point for the people, was a native of this village. He was the author of *The Sailor*, a popular poem, which has passed through several editions. During his last years he was a member of our Mill Street Society, Hull. He died in 1843, and sleeps the sleep of the just in the graveyard of his native village. We have often stood by that grave and thought, with gratitude to God, of the progress of the work which he helped to originate. H. Jordon, J. Barker, Jas. Barker, D. Lyon, C. Wright, and J. Knaggs are amongst our most useful officials.

Mr. T. Dixon, L.P., of Leeds, was, in 1860, a leading official at Kilham. His son, the late Mr. T. Dixon, L.P., of the Leeds second circuit, was a man of God, whose absorbing passion was to save souls. It may truly be said of him as it was of Joseph of Arimathea: 'He was a good man and just.' Smitten with affliction, he said, 'I am fully trusting.' Willing to live if he could

serve the cause, he was quite willing to suffer and die. Just before he died his father asked him, 'Is Christ precious?' He replied, 'He is, father.' So widely was he known and esteemed that our people in and around Leeds raised nearly £50 for the benefit of his widow and children. At Morley, a neighbouring circuit, we raised £4.

Langtoft. Langtoft, six and a quarter miles from Driffield (pop. 600). The chapel was built 1839, Ct. £182, It is debtless, owing chiefly to Mr. Henry Wilson (now of Scarbro'), who owned a farm here, and rendered much help to the cause. The Wesleyans have always been very strong here, while we have been relatively feeble. At present, however, we number 36 M., 35 S.S.S., 4 S.S.T., 1 L.P., 2 C.L., 70 H.

Anderson Crawforth was a member of this society twenty-seven years and a C.L. twenty years. 'He was a faithful man, and feared God above many.' For secret prayer, visiting the sick, reproving sinners, attending the means of grace, and pleading with God for penitents, he had few equals. When dying he said, 'I do believe. Glory! I do believe. All is well; all is well.' He then exclaimed with rapture:—

> 'The voyage of life's at an end,
> The mortal affliction is past;
> The age that in heaven they spend,
> For ever and ever shall last.'

Hundreds of people, some of whom travelled many miles, met at his grave to pay their last tribute of respect to his memory.. *(See P. M. Mag.*, 1853, p. 399.)

Nafferton. *East Route.*—Nafferton is two miles from Driffield (pop. 1,230). For many years we worshipped here in a dilapidated building, and at times our cause was small and feeble. In 1858 the Rev. W. Garner built a commodious galleried chapel at a cost of £460. The society soon enlarged itself, and, filled with a warmer ardour and a brisker life, the cry was often heard, 'What must we do to be saved?' There are at present 91 M., 96 S.S.S., 21 S.S.T., 5 L.P., 4 C.L., 200 H.

The leading official at this place, for many years, was the late Mr. Newsome Barker (brother of the wife of the Rev. J. R. Par-

kinson, of Worksop), while other members of the family rendered efficient assistance. In course of time George Cherry, Alfred Hodgson, and other tradesmen, went to live at Nafferton, and the responsibility, which had for a long series of years chiefly devolved on the Barker family, was shared by several others. Nafferton became the head of a circuit, but nine village societies found it difficult to support two ministers, and they again became united to the Driffield circuit.

We had two or three characters here years ago. 'Stiv' (Stephen) Steel was a man of dull wit and benumbed faculties, but possessed of an intensely religious nature. Simon Simple was a Solomon in comparison with 'Stiv.' He would often pray, 'Lord, they have necks of iron, and sinews and brows of brass, but Thou can break 'em.' We believe he once exhorted a congregation 'to open their mouths and shut their eyes, and see what God would send 'em.' 'Open thy mouth wide and I will fill it.' He walked all the way to London and back (begging his bread) to see Smithfield, where the martyrs sealed their testimony with their blood. He knelt, prayed, wept, kissed the ground, and then returned to tell what he had seen and felt.

'Poor Stiv.'

'Stiv' was a sort of cattle driver; but if 'he who drives fat cattle should himself be fat,' then 'Stiv' had no right to drive cattle. He was often penniless and without means to fill his deplenished purse. He would scarcely have endorsed the old saying, 'Occupation is the armour of the soul; its surest defence against temptation.' He said, 'Work dis'ent agree with me;' others said, 'You don't give it a fair trial, 'Stiv.' Speaking at a love-feast at Nafferton (where everybody knew that he did not like work), he said, 'I often think of the day of judgment, and wonder how I shall stand; but,' said he, with evident delight, 'I shall never have this sin to answer for—*robbing a poor man of a day's work*. Harvest is coming on, when I hope to get a good place, where there will be plenty to eat and but little to do; then I shall get on well in religion.' 'Stiv' seemed to have the same idea of heaven as the old woman of whom the poet sings:—

> 'Here lies an old woman who always was tired;
> For she lived in a house where no help was hired.
> Her last words on earth were: "Dear friends, I am going
> Where no washing's done, nor churning, nor sewing;

Where all things will be just exact to my wishes;
For where they don't dine there's no washing of dishes.
I'll be where loud anthems for ever are ringing,
But, having no voice, I'll be rid of the singing.
Don't mourn for me now, and don't mourn for me never—
I'm going to do nothing for ever and ever."'

Poor 'Stiv' 'rests from his labours, and' — — —.

Wansford is three miles from Driffield. Pop. 200, M. 8, S.S.S. 24, S.S.T. 2, L.P. 1, C.L. 1, H. 30.

Our fathers were often compelled to build chapels in back lanes and streets. It is now felt that the most conspicuous spots ought to be occupied, not by public houses, or amusement halls, or even by political clubs, but by places of Worship. Our Wansford chapel was built in 1864, Ct. £213, debt £50. It was built on a site of land granted by Sir Tatton Sykes, on a lease of ninety-nine years, at a ground rent of five shillings per year. The estate being entailed, Sir Tatton was unable to grant it as a freehold. He was not ashamed of what he did. He did not wish to thrust us into a corner. He believed that the gospel would be preached in the new sanctuary, and that happier hearts and bettered lives would be the result of our labours. But we will allow the Rev. J. R. Parkinson to tell his own tale. He says:—

Wansford.

'The late Mr. G. Bullock and myself waited on Sir Tatton about the grant of the land. He said that he was a Churchman, and that neither he nor his family had granted sites for Non-conformist places of worship. He would, however, consider the application, and inform us of the decision to which he had come in the course of a month. There were at that time 1,000 members in the Driffield circuit. They were informed that Sir Tatton was considering, and they were requested to pray that he might be influenced to consider aright.

Sir Tatton Sykes grants land for a New Chapel.

'Before the end of the month I was informed that Sir Tatton had decided to grant us a site, and I was requested to meet him at Wansford on the day and hour named in his letter. I did so, and we were directed by the steward of the estate to a narrow and obscure lane, leading to some field, at a considerable distance

from the centre of the village. The steward then remarked, "I think *this* would be a suitable place for a chapel." Sir Tatton said, "Would not a more central site be desirable?" On my stating that it would be much more convenient, he walked out of Cattleholmes Lane to, perhaps, the most suitable site in the village, and then he said, "You can have your chapel here." He then enquired the size of the plot of ground we should need. When the quantity of square yards was named, he thought it insufficient, and recommended us to take more land. We did so, leaving the spare ground in a proper position for future enlargement.'

Kelk. Pop. 270, M. 39, S.S.S. 30, S.S.T. 9, L.P. 3, C.L. 2, H. 80. Chapel B. 1861, Ct. £115, debt £45. This is a good and vigorous society.

Gembling, seven and a half miles from Driffield. Pop. 110, M. 14, S.S.S. 20, S.S.T. 4, C.L. 1, H. 30. The chapel B. 1845, Ct. £82, debt £40.

Frodingham is six miles from Driffield It is a dull, dispirited village, and the population (680) has been decreasing for years. An old man said to the Rev. J. Burroughs, 'I've been reckoning things up, and find that whereas we used to have twenty-four farm-houses in our parish, now there are only eight.'
'Indeed,' said Mr. B., 'what has got the two-thirds?' Frodingham.
Now mark the reply: 'Some have tumbled down; nobody would repair them, so they have disappeared; others have been turned into cottages, and the land thrown to other farms; some are standing empty, and much of the land that was ploughed is now grass.' All that means less population, less trade, less labour, less money, and less influence and help to the cause of God. Many of our friends have had to seek their bread elsewhere.

Our society, fifty years ago, was favoured with gracious revivals. On Nov. 15th, 1840, the Rev. J. Harvey (now of York), preached here, when six men were converted, and a great revival followed. One of the six was Harry McCue, Harry McCue. a prize-fighter and boxer. He once fought a battle of two hours duration, at Lund, with Deaf Burke, who won the belt as champion fighter of England. Early in the day conveyances, from Hull and the surrounding neighbourhood, brought

hundreds into the village. The combatants and their supporters, having entered the field, a ring was formed and the fight began. Harry had tremendous strength, but little skill in the pounding art. He gave Burke some hard blows, and soon knocked him out of the ring. At the second round Burke knocked Harry out. The people soon bet ten to one on Harry, but Burke, at a signal from his friends, soon brought the fight to an issue. Harry was badly pounded and thoroughly beaten, and Burke was declared the champion.

At another time Harry fought seven men at one standing. They injured him much, and for a time he was blinded. When he could no longer see to fight, they threw him into a straw-yard and sent for his wife, a strong woman, who used to back Harry in his fights. When she saw his pitiable plight, she said, 'Oh, Harry, thou art a bad 'en, but thou art the best husband I've got; come along, lad.'

Harry used to go nightly to the 'Pigeon Pie' and the 'Wild Goose' public houses, not to eat the pie and the goose, but to spend his money, and so enable the landlord's family to enjoy these and other luxuries. Soon after his encounter with Burke he spent some pounds (all he had) at a public house in Driffield, and then wanted 'a quart on credit.' The landlady advised him to go home. He took her at her word, and, sorely mortified, resolved to be a 'teetotal,' and kept his pledge. Then, instead of going the next Sunday to a public-house, he went to our chapel at Frodingham, and was saved. He went to live at Pocklington, and became a member of our society, and a scholar in the Sunday School. There he was taught the alphabet, acquired a knowledge of easy words, and learned to read the New Testament. He lectured on religion and temperance, and became very popular. The Rev. J. Toulson heard him give his lecture—'Closing Public Houses'—in the Temperance Hall. He said, 'Suppose they were closed to-morrow, you would ask, What about the publicans?' 'Oh,' said Harry, 'I have a fine business for them. They shall have a donkey and cart, and go up and down the country gathering all the rags and bones they have made during the last forty years.'

He attained to popularity as a L.P., and his services were in much demand. He was a good singer. When he preached at Bridlington we were struck with his great size He was about six

feet high, with a large bony frame. His wife used to help him to sing.

Harry and his family emigrated to America, where he became identified with our cause. When the Rev. W. Gledhill returned from Canada in 1861, he stated that he had travelled where Harry lived; that he was doing well for both worlds; living on his own farm; that he often spoke about '*The Pale Horse Sermon*' (Rev. vi., 8), which the Rev. J. Harvey preached, and under which Harry was saved; and that he (Mr. G.) performed the marriage ceremony for one of his daughters. The Rev. T. Crompton, who knew Harry at Frodingham, told, during his visit to England, that he often met him in Canada, and gave some of Harry's old friends specimens of his singing. Was not this a brand plucked from the fire?

The society numbers 55 M., 39 S.S.S., 7 S.S.T., 4 L.P., 2 C.L., 100 H. Mr. R. Huntsman (blacksmith), maintained a good report for fifty years, and then went to live in Hull, where he died; H. Dixon (farmer and wool merchant), D. Ploughman, G. Hardwick, P. Noble, A. Pinder, S. P. Smales, J. W. Garton, R. Proctor, all L.P.'s, have worked, in different ways, to extend the cause of God here.

John Nicholson, after filling the office of C.L., L.P., S.S.T., &c., died in peace. He was a farm labourer, and early in life his wife died and he was left with eight children, which subjected him to trials and privations. In old age his master, for whom he had worked twenty years, was very kind to him, and on visiting him found him rejoicing in hope of the glory of God. He said, 'All's right. The Lord is the strength of my heart and my portion for ever.' 'How is it with you?' was asked. 'On the Rock,' was the reply. He died Dec. 20th, 1850.

Beeford is two miles beyond Frodingham (pop. 680). Our earliest preachers met with persecution here. On one occasion a number of roughs drove a kicking horse into the congregation, to annoy the people. Some young men, however, who sympathised with the preacher, made noises in the horse's ears by clapping their hats, which so frightened the animal that he turned upon his owner, who was obliged to take him away immediately. The people were left in the peaceable

Beeford.

possession of the ground, and hundreds flocked to listen to the preacher when they heard of the intentions of the persecutor. On another occasion, when disturbed, the constables appeared, and, being reminded that on taking office they were sworn to keep the peace, they at once took the persecutors in charge. When Mr. Bullock next visited the place, a God-fearing man, who sympathised with the movement, assisted the preacher in getting a place in which to preach, and a congregation to fill it. Many souls were saved, and a liberal collection made on that day. At present we number 41 M., 45 S.S.S., 6 S.S.T., 1 L.P., 3 C.L., 80 H.

Our present chapel was B. 1873, on the site of the old one; Ct. £460, debt £130. When this chapel was in course of erection, the late Canon Trevor entered an action in court against the trustees, for an alleged encroachment on certain glebe land which he held in trust. Mr. S. Waddy, Q.C., appeared for the plaintiff, instructed by Messrs. Ayre and Thorpe, Hull. Mr. Mills and Co., of Beverley, defended our people. The Canon valued the land at four shillings. Mr. Mills stated in court its real value to be about fourpence. Mr. Waddy made an eloquent statement, and the plaintiff made sure of a favourable verdict. Mr. Mills said the action was to recover £50 damages, and to saddle his clients with a large sum in expenses. The case was an extraordinary one, and would not have been brought into court except by one determined to put down Dissent. The men who measured the land forty years before were as trustworthy as Mr. Tiffen (a witness for the plaintiff). It was for the jury to decide whether his clients had encroached upon the land or not. The Judge recommended the defendants to pay a small acknowledgment yearly for the land. 'No,' said Mr. Mills, 'we will fight it out to the last.' At Mr. Mills' recommendation the jury visited the ground in dispute, with two 'showers' for each side. They made their measurements, and the jury found a verdict for the defendants.

Court Trial.

The Canon brought on a second trial on these grounds :—

(a) That the verdict of the jury upon the last trial was against the evidence. *(b)* That the said verdict was perverse. *(c)* That the plaintiff was taken by surprise in respect of a portion of the evidence given at the last trial. *(d)* That the plaintiff will be prepared with fresh evidence, discovered since the last trial.

Mr. Ayre contended that the evidence against the verdict strongly preponderated. Mr. Mills said, 'No case had been fought in that court to such bitter extremes. An eminent Q.C. had done his best to secure a verdict in favour of the plaintiff. The jury had measured the land and decided in favour of his clients. What better evidence could the jury have than their own senses? His clients had been damaged; they had suffered, and were still suffering. A pamphlet had been published in favour of the plaintiff which, he thought, must have had its origin in a lunatic asylum. The jury had measured the land, and their verdict was that there had been no encroachment. A thousand times the worth of the land had been spent in costs and trials without end, and yet the plaintiff was not satisfied.

The pleading was not without its pleasantries :—

Mr. Mills.—'You had an objection to having the chapel built?'

Canon Trevor.—'No; I said it looked better *down* than *up*, at the time the old chapel was pulled down.'

Mr. M.—'You would not give them a Bible, as your predecessor did?'

Canon T.—'Yes, I would give *them* one; *no one needs it more*.'

The Judge.—'I have come to the conclusion that there is no ground upon which to grant a new trial.' (Loud applause, which was suppressed.) Mr. Mills asked for costs of defendants, which his Honour granted.

Mr. Mills made a gallant defence; silenced the guns and spiked the cannons with which it was sought to demolish our partly-built citadel; won, in fact, a glorious victory. The late Canon (for he is dead) was a man of dignified manners and impressive countenance; a man of great learning, an Oriental scholar, the author of several very clever books, and, we doubt not, a 'faithful shepherd' to his own flock. But when tried in the 'balances' of the legal court he was, like Belshazzar, 'found wanting.' He had to pay all costs, said to amount to £200. Popular feeling ran strongly against him, and he was glad to get safely out of the town at the close of the trial.

Mr. Waddy, who is no less distinguished as a preacher than as a barrister, soon after this trial, speaking at our missionary meeting, in Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle, said, 'The other day I was pleading

against you Primitives; to-night I am pleading for you, and I am happier in the chapel than I was in the court.'

For months the village of Beeford was in a state of war. A summons was issued against the builder for putting his apparatus upon the property, and his having to remove it caused the wall to be built irregularly. Mr. Alexander Pinder, a trustee, was almost worried to death by summonses, threats, and warnings 'to cave in;' but he served our cause well through this trying ordeal. The architect, the late Mr. J. Wright, of Hull, wrote him, saying, 'Glad you are in good spirits, Pinder. Don't fear for me; it would take a very large "Canon" to frighten me, for we have right on our side.'

The Beeford society numbers 41 M., 45 S S.S., 6 S S.T., 1 L.P., 3 C.L., 80 H. J. Petch (now of Scarbro'), P. Jordan, A. Pinder, D. Jordan, all L.P.'s, and B. Robinson, some of whom have been removed by death and migration, helped to keep the fire burning in this society years gone by. During a revival a young man was converted who, not gifted with the power of prayer, often prayed in public. When at a loss for words he would pray: 'Lord, help me to pray.' One night an old man said, 'And the Lord help thee to give ower.' This society gave the youthful Thomas Watson to our ministry.

We do not wish to represent the Driffield Circuit as 'perfect and entire, lacking nothing.' It has its spots and blemishes which it would be easy to satirise and admonish, if not to correct. This circuit is not overdone with worldly wealth, and each society is expected to contribute its share towards meeting the expenditure. Some societies act most generously; others do not. In 1876 (after Nafferton had become the head of a station, with nine villages), the quarterly outgo of the Driffield circuit was about £110, requiring from each of its 940 members (inclusive of collections) an average of 2s. 4d. each per quarter. Some of the societies raised this sum and more, others fell miserably short. One quarter Driffield averaged 3s. 3d. per member; Fimber, 3s. 11d.; Lund, 3s. 1d.; Cranswick and Middleton, 2s. 8d.; three places, 2s. 6d.; two, 2s. 5d.; six, 1s. 8d.; four, 1s. 6d.; two, 1s. 3d.; and one place not more than 1s. 1d. per member for thirteen weeks. The result was a deficiency of a few pounds for the quarter; indeed, the small contributions of some of the societies, and the back-

wardness of some of the leaders to enforce Connexional rule, was a source of annoyance and pain to all parties.

The Methodist plan of contributing weekly to the support of the ministry is good enough, and, except in cases of extreme poverty universally practicable. Our rule on this point runs thus :—'Each member, who can afford it, is expected to contribute one penny a week, or more, at the class-meeting, and a quarterly subscription at the renewal of the tickets. And in order that the necessary expenses of each station may be met by its ordinary income, without aid from the Missionary or any other Connexional fund, those members who can afford are affectionately and earnestly recommended by the conference to increase their contributions. It is expected that those whom the Lord has blessed with this world's goods will manifest their gratitude to God, and their love to His cause, by a cheerful and proportionate monetary liberality.' (See Prov. xi., 25 ; Isa. xxii., 8 ; 1 Cor. ix., 9-11, and xvi., 2 ; 2 Cor. ix., 7.)

'The leaders are expected to give a copy of the society rules to each member, and to urge them to pay their pence weekly.' Such are our rules. But no law can put itself into execution ; no rules, however excellent, will work unless persons are found to work them. Leaders are sometimes backward to urge members to contribute the 1s. 6d. per quarter. One society was remarkable for well-attended means of grace, hearty responses, and scanty contributions to the circuit funds. One member always paid 'his penny' when he was at class—once a month. Another gave sixpence for his ticket, but nothing weekly. Another suffered from 'rheumatie' and loss of appetite, and always gave his penny when nights were fine and he could attend—unmindful of the fact that preachers, all the while, were walking long distances, which tend to create keen appetites. The Rev. J. Wood, M.A., was appointed to bring this matter before the members, which he did vigorously and well. His address, epitomised, was : 'Those who shout lustily ought to give liberally.' Surely it is not too much to expect that members should faithfully and honourably discharge their duties, seeing that we make less claims on their monetary resources than any other Christian church.

At one village, after the introduction of the offertory box, the Sundays taking was 1s. 11d. On the following Sabbath the

preacher, in announcing the sum, said, 'Last Sunday's offerings were £1 11s. Well done . . .' 'No,' shouted a man, 'one shilling and elevenpence.' One zealous Iconoclast threatened to pull down the box. On the following Wednesday the same preacher was in the pulpit, his subject being, 'The Bible our guide in everything.' Did they believe it? 'Yes.' Did they believe this, "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out?" 'Yes.' And this, "Ye are not your own, but bought with a price?" 'Yes.' And this, "On the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store as God hath prospered him."—Cor. xvi, 2 . . . The opposition cooled; the offensive box was left unmolested, but the offerings did not increase. Primitive Methodism has done more for that village than, perhaps, any other on the Wolds. Our members are a credit to religion; they are industrious and thrifty; they are not strangers at the Bank, nor totally unacquainted with 4½ per cent. interest paid by trustees, and we rejoice in the fact. How is it they are so niggardly in supporting the cause of God? The answer will have to be given some day.

The general atmosphere of the Driffield circuit, during the five years the writer was permitted to labour in it, steeped his soul in gratitude to God that he was allowed to spend a bit of his best strength amongst its members. Under skilful management the little spots and blemishes are disappearing. One of our good officials wrote to the Rev. J. Wood soon after he left the circuit in 1862, 'Our new preachers take well, and get big congregations. But then, new brooms always sweep clean.' The reply was amusingly characteristic: 'Glad to hear it, but it is the old brooms that know where the dirt lies.' The reply was a mere joke, for Mr. Wood knows that there has never been much 'dirt' to sweep up in the Driffield circuit, whose career furnishes a splendid illustration of the Apostle's maxim: 'Let us not be weary in well-doing; for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not.'

CHAPTER VIII.

BEVERLEY AND SURROUNDING VILLAGES.

THE Rev. J. Verity was, perhaps, the first of our preachers who visited this ancient town of 10,000 inhabitants. On August 27th, 1820, he preached to a large and peaceable congregation. Soon afterwards, by the Mayor's orders, the Rev. W. Driffield, while preaching in the Market place, was seized by two constables, pulled down, dragged along the streets, and taken before the magistrates. After a short examination he was courteously dismissed. The famous Lorenzo Dow, of America, and Mrs. Dorothy Ripley were imprisoned for preaching on the same spot. Afterwards Mr. Clowes took up his cross, and endeavoured to persuade the unsaved to be reconciled to God. The treatment he received was better than he anticipated. Persecution.

Towards winter (1820) a small room was taken, which soon filled. In 1823 a society was formed; their meeting-place was a dancing-room. One Sunday two constables entered to break up the meeting, and the late Mr. J. Jenkinson was taken before the magistrates next morning and charged with making 'a riotous noise.' He was required, by a £20 bond, to appear at the Quarter Sessions. He appeared, but his case was not brought on.

In 1825 a plain chapel, with gallery at one end, was erected on a historical site. The first Nonconformist chapel in the town was built there before the days of the Commonwealth. There was a heavy mortgage, and the trustees, all poor men, were soon in difficulties. Indeed, it was thought that the premises would have to be sold; but help came. Two ladies, sympathising with the society, suggested that special efforts should be made to reduce the debt on the chapel, and engaged to act as treasurers. To encourage the poorest to do what they could, they undertook to accept as low as a farthing per day, and promoted the object by their own liberal patronage. The Circuit Quarterly Board gave £2 and lent £5. The Rev. J. Flesher, during a begging tour, got £50. A tea-meeting was also Chapels.

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The following is a statistical account of forty societies on the Wolds, forming parts of the Hull, North Cave, Pocklington, Malton, Filey, and Scarbro' circuits :— †

	Ch.B.	Ct. £	Debt. £	Pop.	M.	S.S.S.	S.S.T.	L.P.	C.L.	H.
Hull First Circuit :—										
Beverley	1868	2471	1058	10000	380	460	75	20	15	600
Walkington	1879	410	310	700	20	70	8	—	2	90
Cherry Burton	1851	155	55	500	14	30	7	1	2	70
Weel	1860	80	—	150	8	18	4	—	1	40
Aike	1885	109	—	80	13	—	—	—	1	60
Hull Third Circuit :—										
Wawne	1860	116	—	—	33	—	—	—	2	100
Hull Fifth Circuit :—										
Anlaby	1864	171	—	500	25	33	5	2	2	40
Willerby	1828	140	20	150	32	64	11	2	2	50
Hessle	1877	1700	650	3000	77	109	20	6	3	200
Ferriby	1878	958	500	500	38	71	18	—	2	120
Swanland	1850	98	—	300	26	78	7	—	2	80
North Cave Circuit :—										
North Cave	1870	804	350	1400	66	65	19	4	6	90
South Cave	1877	806	200	1000	67	57	11	12	6	100
Elloughton	1867	440	135	600	48	48	8	—	5	80
Newbald	1878	788	464	900	38	62	15	7	4	60
Welton	1869	408	140	800	17	34	8	1	1	35
Ellerker	1850	160	90	450	28	33	7	—	2	50
Gilberdike	1846	122	30	450	14	28	5	—	1	30
New Village	1827	110	40	800	21	45	6	2	1	50
Broomfleet	1861	136	—	300	14	30	5	2	1	35
Do. Landing	—	—	—	—	12	—	—	—	1	20
Hotham	1869	204	95	350	21	39	7	2	2	35
Brantingham	—	—	—	—	16	—	—	—	2	30
Pocklington Circuit :—										
Huggate	1849	180	100	550	33	45	7	4	2	100
Fridaythorpe	1857	128	28	320	22	29	8	1	2	70
Market Weighton	1860	370	40	1880	58	81	17	8	4	150
Malton Circuit :										
Leavening	1849	100	65	391	48	28	14	—	2	100
Ackland	1857	105	60	207	25	—	—	2	2	100
Duggleby	1833	120	—	240	16	39	9	3	1	50
Scarborough Circuit :—										
Snainton	1868	680	90	800	50	114	19	2	3	120
Sherburn	1866	200	20	700	29	26	6	1	2	60
Filey Circuit :—										
Flixton	1841	140	—	400	22	60	10	—	2	100
Staxton	1847	200	60	300	20	40	10	—	2	80
Reighton	—	—	—	250	11	—	—	1	1	30
Folkton	—	—	—	—	5	—	—	—	—	—
* Filey	1871	4000	1200	4000	269	250	50	26	26	600
Muston	1824	200	15	400	30	—	—	2	4	80
Hunmanby	1841	250	—	1200	36	74	12	—	3	120
Gristhorpe	1861	170	—	150	18	—	—	3	1	60
Cayton	1822	180	—	500	30	—	—	1	3	100

* These five places, though not on the Wolds, are so near them that they are generally called 'Wolds villages.'

† Will the reader observe the following abbreviations :—C., Chapel ; B., Built ; Pop., Population ; Ct., Cost ; Acc., Accommodation ; M., Number of Members ; S.S.S., Sunday School Scholars ; S.S.T., Sunday School Teachers ; L.P., Local Preachers ; C.L., Class Leaders ; H., Hearers.

a great success. The trustees thanked God, and took courage. In course of time the chapel became too small. Side galleries and a singers' pew were erected. We often saw this chapel crowded; people used to faint under the heat, and had to be taken out, and on one occasion a person expired while the writer was preaching.

In 1867 the old premises were taken down and the new chapel and schools erected on the old site, at a cost (exclusive of the old materials) of £2,471. Acc. 700. The style is Lombardic, and the interior arrangements are said to be about perfect. The foundation stone was laid March 25th, 1867, by Master W. H. Hodge, son of W. Hodge, Esq., Hull, who was present at the ceremony. The opening services began Sept. 24th, 1868, a special train being chartered to convey people from Hull. 1,300 sat down to tea, and £130 were got during the day. The Rev. B. Stansfield, resident minister, was successful beyond all expectations in begging, &c. The chapel filled, and more than paid its way, from the first. There is a good organ and an excellent choir, of which Mr. John Reed has been choir-master for twenty-two years. The choir is very popular, and often renders gratuitous services at anniversaries for miles round, both to our own and other denominations.

Beverley has had many good men, of whom Mr. Francis Rudd was one. He was converted in 1828. He often helped to hold meetings in the open air. Once a persecutor, on horseback, attempted to rush into their midst. They prayed to God for help, and He proved stronger than 'the horse and its rider.' For fifty years he was a C.L. and L.P., very popular, and in oft demand for special services. His religion was not occasional, but habitual. In the sanctuary he helped to rear he was a regular attendant. On three occasions he was a delegate to District Meetings and Conferences. Some of his last words were, 'I am all right with God.' The writer preached his funeral sermon to a crowded congregation April 30th, 1882. Good Men.

Mr. W. Edmandson, 'a tower of strength that stood four square to every wind that blew,' as Tennyson said of the Duke of Wellington. In 1835 T. Cussons, Esq. (tanner), in whose service our friend had been three years, came to reside in Beverley, and William came at the same time, and remained until the close of life, a period of thirty-four years. He united with our society,

and became S.S.T., C.L. and L.P. He was a man of solemn visage and of a serious spirit. His preaching was highly acceptable, all his sermons being full of Gospel truth. He was also well-known as an Oddfellow, and held all the offices he could fill in connection with that Order. He was also a pledged abstainer from all intoxicants. The untimely death of his only son, John, a fine young man, while boating on the river Hull, seriously affected his health, and grief, perhaps, caused the illness that terminated in death. His was a mind in which no meanness lurked. He was simple, devout, conscientious, benevolent, industrious, truthful and respectable—a man whom friends might be happy in remembering and safe in imitating. He died Oct. 7th, 1867. Two days after he was interred, 'thyme' being strewn on the coffin ere the earth hid from sight all that was mortal of our friend; age 67. His funeral sermon was preached in the Wesleyan chapel, to a crowded congregation, by the Rev. C. T. Coulbeck. Mr. Edmandson and his wife were mutual helpers of each other's holiness and joy. The latter departed this life Nov. 2nd, 1888, aged 77 years. Their only daughter and her husband, Mr. W. Dewson, clothier, of Driffield, have long rendered unstinted aid to our cause.

Mary Bielby was born at Beverley Dec. 18th, 1811, and in her girlhood she became a member of our society. She was remarkable for her Christian fidelity, and often, during the casual meeting of a friend, she would utter words of instruction, admonition, or encouragement, which were made a blessing to others. In 1834 she entered our ministry; but feeling herself too feeble for the work, retired from it, and in 1835 she became the wife of Mr. M. Denton. In 1853 a malignant form of typhus fever attacked her children, and two sons and one daughter, within a month, were buried in the same grave. This trial called forth much sympathy. The Rev. J. A. James, of Birmingham, sent her a letter of condolence and a book, *Comfort for Christian Mourners.* Her spirit was crushed, but she sought divine help, and following the remains of her last son to the grave, she said, on entering the church, 'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.' Soon after she sank into a state of gloom which resisted all permanent relief. She shrank from the society of her Christian friends, but spent whole nights on her

knees with God. As her end drew near she had no raptures, but some of her last words were, 'Jesus, to Thy dear wounds I fly;' 'Come in, my Lord, come in.' March 8th, 1876.

Mrs. Wilson (formerly Mrs. Mozey) was a woman 'mighty in prayer.' She lived well and died triumphantly. So did her friend, Mrs. Rebekah Burton. Sixty years ago she dressed in Quaker-like fashion. She, along with her first husband (Mr. G. Ireland), and others, overpowered by divine influence, sometimes fell prostrate in the vestry. Mrs. Rudd, Mrs. Gardhan, Mrs. Reed, have provided, for many years, comfortable corners for the travelling preachers residing in Hull. Mrs. Lundy and Miss Burton were useful members many years.

Mr. Matthew Denton is the oldest member in the Beverley society. His father was a butcher, with a good business, but adverse fortune reduced him to poverty, and Matthew had to go and gather sticks, and then, carrying them through the town streets, sold them at fourpence per bundle. He attended our first camp meeting, 1824, and remembers seeing Rev. J. Flesher and T. King in the pulpit at the opening of the chapel, 1825.

His step-mother, inconsolable at the loss of a child, went to our preaching-room, and found that which met the demands of her awakened conscience, and afforded the comfort which her affliction needed. Matthew became troubled about his soul, and one day, when working in a field, he decided to give his heart to God, and soon after, in a shed, found peace (1826). He began a new epoch in his life. His dormant faculties awoke. A thirst for knowledge seized him. While servant to a butcher, and after the family had retired to rest, he used to sit up to read and write by the dim light of a candle, which he concealed during the day. Soon after he became a L.P. The circuit (now formed into six circuits) was wide; labourers were few, and journeys long; and often, after walking twenty miles, along heavy country roads, amid the bitter blasts and piercing cold of winter, preaching twice or thrice, Matthew, on reaching home, found his father's door shut against him, and he had to shelter and sleep in a hay-loft.

In 1827 Mr. D. and others were on their way to hold a camp-meeting in the Westwood, Beverley. He says, 'We were met in

Old Waste by the chief magistrate, who seemed not a little disconcerted by the apparent irregularity of the proceedings. He ordered us at once to leave off singing in the public streets, so we had to tramp along in silent procession to the camp ground. The mayor at that time was Capt. Robertson, father of the Rev. F. W. Robertson, of Brighton. He afterwards manifested a more kindly feeling. I received from him, after his removal to the South, two or three most friendly letters, a volume of sermons, and a sketch of his son's life, for perusal, before committing it to the hands of Rev. Stopford Brooke, from which his life and letters were taken.'

Mr. D. was, we believe, the first of our laymen to publish a book. He has written, *Anecdotes—Religious and Moral*, four vols., and contributed to our large magazine, *Histories of Primitive Methodism* in Beverley and in the Hull, Driffield, Filey, Scarbro' and London circuits, &c.

Mr. Denton, more than fifty years ago, preached in the Mill Street chapel, Hull, then our only chapel in that town. Descending from the pulpit, Mr. Clowes, one of his hearers, placed his hand on the young preacher's head and blessed him in the name of the Lord. It is also one of the joys of his old age that he knew 'Praying Johnnie.' Once, when Mr. Oxtoby was at Beverley, he visited the Minster, and said, 'It will be useful at the millenium, for every part of its spacious apartments will, in my opinion, be filled with devout worshippers.' During sixty-two years Mr. Denton has served the Connexion in almost every office. He has been a member sixty-two years and a L.P. fifty-six years. In 1886 he became a member of the Deed Poll, at the Derby Conference.

A relative, who had amassed a fortune in Jamaica, persecuted him much because of his Methodism, but Mr. Denton did not shrink from the cross, nor, to use the words of Milton, 'Bate one jot of heart or hope, but looked right onwards.' His persecutor became his patron, and left him an easy competency.

In 1857 a ballast engine ran into the train in which Mr. D. was coming to Beverley, and the compartment in which he sat was made a wreck. The man who sat next to him was killed; another had his leg broken; and our friend had a narrow escape of his life. We saw him borne on a stretcher along the street, and never knew

before how much he was respected by the people. Consciousness returned, and his life has been spared till now (1889). At the time of the accident Mr. D. was reading, *Our Home in Heaven*. 'Surely,' he says, 'the eye of the Lord was upon me for good. I think God sent His angels to take care of me.' He got some compensation from the Railway Company, and soon after, we are told, preached from, 'I will sing of mercy and judgment: unto thee, O Lord, will I sing.'

Here, as elsewhere, the S. School has been a feeder of the church. Some opposed its formation, as being unnecessary, but it began July 5th, 1836, and soon numbered 200 scholars, many of them becoming seat-holders, members and officials. The axiom, 'Catch the parent by first catching the child,' was often illustrated in this school. A little girl, on her return home, said, 'O father, do go and hear Mr. Harland; he has been talking so *nice* about a little man getting up into a tree to see Jesus.' He went to hear Mr. H., was convinced of sin, sought mercy the next Sunday, and standing before his family, said, as he lifted up his hands, 'Bless the Lord, He has pardoned my sins.' That father was the late Mr. J. Markham, for many years the superintendent of the school, who died in the faith and hope of the Gospel. Mr. E. Anderson, superintendent of the school, once told the scholars that if they were good they would 'eat the fat of the land,' when a little boy raised his hand, and pulling a wry face, said, 'Teacher! I don't like fat, but lean.' Sunday School.

The society has long been one of the strongest and best in the Connexion. When the writer last laboured in the circuit (1879-1883), the society numbered more than 400 members. A glorious revival took place during three winters, in which the Revs. J. Stephenson and B. Fell rendered distinguished service. One of the converts said, at an experience meeting, after we had preached one night, 'Two years ago I got into the kingdom, and, thank God, *I got well into it*.' We have had some splendid workers here, and the society has been distinguished for its evangelistic fire and force. Mr. Denton, his excellent wife, C.L. and an exhorter; J. Gardam, L.P. and C.L., as steady as time and as true as steel; W. Widdup, R. Dewson, T. B. Meadley, W. Escreet, R. Boulton, T. Welburn (formerly of Crans- Officials.

wick), W. Glister, J. Constable, J. Hogg, B. Maw, F. Lorenz, G. D. Sellers, W. Scarr, N. Gray, D. Dawson, W. Bulmer, a man of marvellous energy and enthusiastic spirit; O. Bullock, son of the late Mr. G. Bullock—these twenty men are all local preachers. While Messrs. Suddaby, T. Clubley, J. Richardson, W. Usher, W. Scott, R. Brown, W. Purdon, J. Arksey, M. Walker, A. Wells, J. Fox, N. Wood, W. Baker, W. J. Swaby, and the Rev. J. Borroughs, are doing what they can to feed the flock. Mr. Pape was a useful official; a busy bee himself, he had but scant patience with drones. He gave to the Salvation Army one of its best captains. He often wished *we* were like his son; but it could not be. 'Every man after his own order.'

There are three branch societies in the township—Molescroft, Woodmansey, and the Norwood mission room, built 1881, and since used as a Sunday School as well as for preaching. With much persevering toil, especially in the open air, and with a success rarely surpassed, our Beverley friends have gathered together a church of 380 M., 460 S.S.S., 75 S.S.T., 20 L.P., 15 C.L., 600 H.

When the writer laboured in Beverley, in 1857, a rude, devil-dare sort of a lad, Bill Rippon, was converted. His rough nature underwent a wonderful change, and for many years he has occupied a respectable position in Earl's shipbuilding yard, Hull. Speaking at a love-feast at Beverley, in 1881, he said, 'First they called me "Punch Head," then "Bill," then "William," and now almost everybody calls me "Mr. Rippon." That's what religion has done for me, converted a Punch Head into a Mr.' In 1888, at their annual sale of work, Mr. Rippon made a speech and gave a donation.

A quaint, talented old gentleman, Mr. E. Dial, a L.P. of the Methodist Free Church, and whose name was a household word for miles round Beverley, often took the chair at our public meetings. Some one had said, 'Primitive Methodism will die out.' 'It may,' said our friend, 'but when I see the Pope of Rome walking in pattens to celebrate high mass in Beverley Minster, and a man with a paralysed arm poising this solid globe on the tips of his fingers, I'll believe Primitive Methodism will die out, and not before.' Our Beverley society will not die, but live.

Aike, called in the vernacular, 'Yak-a-back o' Arram.' It lies, as the natives say, in the end of the world. There is only one road into it, and you must return by the way you enter. It was in a benighted condition so late as 1882. The people rarely saw the clergyman, except during a very brief service on a Sunday afternoon, and when a farmer's wife saw the people lolling on the grass one Sunday, she said, 'Here we are in the midst of a Gospel land, but worse than many heathens. Won't the Primitive Methodists come and preach to us?' Our people had missioned the hamlet many years before, but failed to get a foothold. The Rev. W. R. Bird preached the first sermon, followed by G. Lamb, J. Stephenson, and H. Woodcock. A barn was borrowed, and the people filled it. Soon a society was formed, and services regularly held in a cottage. Mr. Smith, a godly porter on the N. E. R. at Lockington, was appointed C.L., and looked well after the interests of the new society. Aike.

After a time a new chapel was wanted. All the land belonged to two persons, Lord Hotham, and Mr. Runton, a resident farmer. The first would grant no site for a chapel, but Mr. R. generously promised a lease for ten years, at a nominal rent, and at the expiration of that time to make it renewable on the same terms. A very neat wooden chapel was built, and the entire costs raised, the Rev. W. R. Bird preaching the opening sermons.

Wawne. The Rev. B. Fell says, 'We have a most flourishing Band of Hope and Temperance Society. All the members of society, and most of the hearers, are abstainers. We seldom remove a member from the books for any cause save death or removals. It is one of the most flourishing village societies I have known. A great revival took place two winters ago, but large numbers of young men have since removed; hence the membership is somewhat low at present. The temperance annual demonstration is quite an event, and attracts hundreds of people.' Wawne.

The chapel was built during harvest, when villagers were busy in the fields, and the foundation stone services were delayed till the roof was on, when the late H. Hodge, Esq., of Hull, placed the stone in a hole that had been left in the wall. The Rev. C. G. Honor says: 'I was preaching one Sunday at Jarratt Street, Hull,

and announced a bazaar in aid of the effort, emphasizing the statement that *anything that could be turned into money* would be acceptable. At the close of the service, Mr. Knowles followed me into the vestry, and asked me whether I would take some *artificial manure*, of which he was then a manufacturer, for the bazaar. I was very much amused at the offer, but told him I would adhere to what I had said in the pulpit. He generously promised me a ton of artificial manure. Procuring a sample, the next Tuesday I went to Beverley Market, where, standing among the corn factors, I looked out for a customer. Two or three farmers smelt my sample and sneezed; but, while acknowledging that it was "good stuff," said their turnips were sown, and it was too late for them to use it. Presently the portly form of Mr. T. Nicholson, of Watton Grange, emerged from the crowd. I button-holed him, and asked him to buy my manure. He, however, insisted upon knowing what I had done to necessitate my leaving the ministry, and earn my bread by selling manure. I retained my gravity some time, and tried to push a sale; but it was all in vain, and it was not till I told Mr. Nicholson how I came to appear on that scene that he would smell my sample. As the prospect of helping to build a new Primitive Methodist chapel was a strong inducement to him to become a purchaser, he smelt more than once, and had to pay for his temerity by a violent attack of sneezing. However, he gave me £6 5s. for my manure, and subsequently bought another half-ton which Mr. Knowles gave me at the same rate.'

New chapel.

The late Mr. W. Hobson was a much valued official here. The Rev. R. Harrison says, 'He is worthy of being remembered. Well would it be had we one hundred thousand in our church like him.' A writer in the *Primitive Methodist* says, 'Mr. Hobson was converted to God under the ministry of the Rev. Henry Woodcock, at Sutton-on-Hull, in 1857, and since that time he had been connected with our society at Wawne. For twenty-seven years he was the class-leader, society steward, chapel steward, and trustee. His house was always open for the servants of God. His last years were times of great physical suffering, during which he manifested great patience and resignation. He was ripe and waiting to be gathered. His remains were interred in the churchyard at Wawne,

on Saturday, October 15th, 1888. Rev. G. Wilkinson, the vicar, conducted the service, after which Rev. B. Fell announced a hymn and gave a short address. At the close the vicar expressed regret that he had not observed Mr. Fell in the church, or he would have invited him to have read the lesson.'

Willerby is a hamlet on the slope of the Wolds, about five miles west of Hull. Good Jane Foston was one of the first to provide a home for our preachers when homes were scarce, sleeping herself on a bed of straw. She was also liberal even to lavishness. In her old age and affliction she lacked no good thing; rich and poor vied with each other in supplying her needs. This she deemed a providential reward for her love and support of the cause of God. Almost her last words were: 'I'll put my trust in Jesus. Though I walk through the valley,' &c.

Willerby. Early Friends.

This hamlet was the birthplace of the Dodsworths, who said, 'This people shall be our people,' &c. The father was tall, sinewy, stern, upright, practical, and trained his children to habits of thrift and uprightness. As the writer stood at this old man's side, a short while before he died, he said, 'I am climbing up Jacob's ladder, on my hands and knees, and there is not a spell, from bottom to top, that I have put there. It was built by mercy—all mercy.' Mrs. D. was a Christian, of a 'meek and quiet spirit.' Their son, Richard, was a L.P. and C L. in Hull; Gregory, a man of delicate health and refined sensibilities, was a C.L. and L.P.; and Jeremiah was one of our most popular ministers and ablest writers for many years. One sister was a thoroughly Christian girl, with bright face and beaming eyes, full to the brim of human sympathy and love. She was nurse in an English family, in Paris, at whose house Louis Phillipe, King of the French, used to visit *incog*. She said he was the kindest gentleman she ever knew, and, 'If he was not a Christian I never saw one.' One night, when seeing him to the door, he said, 'I wish I were half as happy as you seem to be.' Louis resided in a little mansion at Twickenham, and though he lived in the most economical manner, he said the years he spent there were amongst the happiest of his life. Miss D. became the wife of Mr. Rudd (now of Christchurch, New Zealand), and they gave one son to our ministry, the Rev. T. F

Rudd, of Sydney, Australia. Mrs. W. Locking, a devoted C.L., of Hull, is another of Mr. Dodsworth's daughters. The wife of Mr. Terry, butcher, Aldershot, 'caterer to Her Majesty, the Queen,' is the daughter of Mr. G. Dodsworth, and, along with her husband, has rendered much help to Primitive Methodism in that great military depot. Few families have reaped more advantage from Primitive Methodism, or done more for it, than the Dodsworths.

Hessle. Mr. Clowes preached his first sermon at this village, near the 'old pump,' and a man is living (1889), hale and strong (Mr. J. Brown, L.P., of Hull), who fetched a chair on which Mr. C. stood while speaking.

This village was the birthplace of the late Mr. John Ellerthorpe, *The Hero of the Humber*, whose gallantry in rescuing forty lives from drowning has been chronicled in *Heroes of Britain in Peace and War*.* It was while 'Little Jack' was listening, with upturned face and tearful eyes, at the 'old pump,' to Mr. Clowes, that his heart was touched, and he 'sought a place of prayer.' In 1846 John saw, from a placard, that Mr. C. would preach at Mill Street Chapel, Hull, and, sailor-like, he went home and bluntly said to his wife, 'Why, that old Clowes is living; let's go and hear him.' He was impressed by the sermon, and before the next Sabbath he had taken two sittings in the chapel. Soon after he obtained peace, and for thirty years his name was a household word in Hull. It is a noteworthy fact that this man's eldest son has for some years been the *Foreign Editor of the London Daily Telegraph*, one of the most envied and lucrative positions in the newspaper world.

Hessle.

In 1880 revival services were conducted by the Rev. W. R. Bird. The members covenanted to pray for 200 souls, taking as their motto, '*More Power*.' At every spare moment they were to offer up that prayer, and their salutation of each other was to be, 'More Power.' Handbills stated that 200 souls were wanted for Christ during the services. One gentleman, who had no faith in this revival, crossed off the two ciphers, so that from his window the bill read: '*Wanted* 2 . .

A Great Revival.

* *Heroes of Britain; in Peace and War.* Vol. ii., page 1—6. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin, London.

souls for Christ.' At first no fruit was seen, but the power of the church was surely augmenting. Every house was visited, public houses not excepted. A noonday prayer meeting was largely attended. Open-air services were held nightly, as many as forty going from Hull to assist. On the fourth day ten found peace, and by the end of the services 227 had sought mercy. A few facts may be stated. A servant from one of the public-houses called on a shopkeeper, who expressed surprise at seeing her in her best clothes. She said, 'They hadn't a customer *in* all the week, and there was nothing to do.' He said, 'How's that?' She replied, 'Everyone has gone to the Primitive chapel and got converted.' It was stated the publican went to a magistrate to know if the services couldn't be prevented. Very soon after he removed. But towards the close of the services the wife of this worthy sent for Mr. B. to pray with her, and in the bar, where many a Bacchanalian scene had been witnessed, the minister might have been heard pleading with God for the conversion of the publican and his family. Men fell on their knees in the street, and cried for salvation. Several whole families were saved. During the six weeks the neighbourhood was under a deep religious influence, and men, women, and children came long distances to the services. Clergy of the Church of England, and ministers of all denominations, shared in the blessing. The Rev. Mr. Deck, vicar of St. Stephen's, Hull, was present one night, and expressed his delight at what he saw and heard. The chapel was packed every night. Many of these converts are members of Christian churches in and around Hessle, and a few are useful officials. Mr. Bird attended most of the services for six weeks, worked hard, and often tramped home to Hull after midnight.

Ferriby. The late Mr. W. Hunter was an incarnation of the best type of a village L.P. for fifty years, and sounded out the Gospel with a full-chested note. The late Mr. T. Jackson (blacksmith), was a well-read layman. Go when you might, you would be sure to find some standard theological book on his table. He liked to hear a good sermon, and did not believe that the Holy Spirit would supply the deficiencies of a man who had *neglected* to prepare for the pulpit. 'I haven't a sermon,' said a L.P. one night, 'but I will give you

Ferriby.

my experience.' 'We have heard it before,' responded Mr. J., 'and don't want to hear it again. If *you* havn't a sermon, *I have one in my pocket*, and I'll read it.' We forget which of the two officiated that night.

Swanland. Years ago the Rev. Newman Hall used to spend his vacations at this village. One night he heard the voice of prayer, in our chapel, and turned in, unobserved, as he thought. The members prayed all round, when Bro. Purdon, looking towards the pew in which Mr. Hall was ensconsed, said, 'Perhaps our good Brother will pray with us.' He did pray, and the little incident furnished Mr. Hall with a good story, pleasantly told at one of our Metropolitan missionary meetings. One touch of grace makes the whole world kin.

North Cave Circuit.—'Mr. Clowes visited all the villages in this circuit, and addressed vast multitudes, sometimes in the open air, but generally in barns, for it was the winter season. At almost each place he formed a society, and established principles of discipline in conformity with those of the Connexion.'

Solomon says, 'Answer a fool according to his folly,' and, for once, we acted on his advice. Passing along Welton, we invited a number of farm youths, lolling on the grass, to accompany us to the meeting. 'Ah,' said one, 'you preachers gobble up all the bacon.' 'You are mistaken; we get precious little bacon in this neighbourhood, for the people eat that themselves, and keep the *hams* for us,' was our reply. That pleased the clodhoppers, so we continued; 'If I can judge by the size of thy jaws, thou can eat more bacon in a day than I could in a week.' 'That's true, Mister,' said one, 'he's the biggest gourmandiser in the village.' 'Now come with me,' we said. 'We will.' They went, behaved well, and soon after some of them became members of society.

Scene at Welton

In 1881 'Isaac and Tom' conducted a series of revival services in this circuit, and hundreds were saved.

One night they and a few friends planted themselves on the green, opposite a public-house, at Welton. The villagers turned out almost *en masse* to listen. Isaac said, 'What will your ways of dissipation and drunkenness do for you? Give you aching heads, heavy

hearts, empty pockets, bare pantries, blasted hopes, wretched homes, darkened prospects, wasted lives, and, at the end, damnation.' At this moment the publican flung up his window, and putting out his head, cried out, excitedly, 'All lies, Isaac, all lies.' A verse was started, and in procession they went towards the chapel. A little man (who did for the publican what he durst not do for himself) rushed among them with two glasses of ale, saying, 'Sup, Isaac, sup.' Isaac wanted none of 'the Devil's broth,' but went on singing. The village blacksmith, of stalwart limbs, and a frequenter of the public-house, with great force struck the bottom of the tray with his foot, sending the glasses and their contents far and near, adding, as he doubled his fist, 'If you molest Isaac I'll knock you down.' The man, pale as a ghost, picked up his tray and sneaked into the public-house, amid the laughter of the people, Several souls were saved that night, amongst them the blacksmith.

Great Revival.

It was bruited abroad that the devil's agents meant to try their strength next night, and our people, in groups, came from the surrounding villages to share in the fight. 'The devil's din' was soon heard on the green; but his agents were not to have all their own way. Two deep, and with clasped hands, the saints turned at bay on the sinners that dogged them. They marched in procession, singing, 'Open, open, open, and let the Master in,' till the devil's camp was hemmed in with a circle, four deep. The louder the bandsmen played the louder the saints sang 'Let the Master in.' The players got confused, put their instruments under their armpits, and, with heads hung down, presented a pitiable sight. The drummer got muddled, and instead of beating time to the band, beat it to 'Open, open, open, and let the Master in.' He tried to break through the circle, but they hemmed him in till the service closed.

Forty years ago there was at this village a Unitarian chapel, endowed; congregation, six. One of our old members, aggrieved, left us and joined the Unitarians. He soon returned, saying, 'There's nowt for a poor sinner at that shop: no Saviour to die for him, and no Holy Spirit to renew him. The Bible is vary lahtle better than an old song; as for heaven, they're not quite sure about that! Ah can doo as weel wi'out that religion as wiv it.'

Unitarianism is a dead carcase, and no breath of life from heaven above or earth beneath can breathe life into its dry bones.

Another night, while on his knees in the open-air, at Ellerker, a big navvy (at the publican's bidding) began to beat Isaac on his back with a thick stick, uttering the most awful curses. Isaac suffered great pain, but continued to pray for his persecutor. A gentleman, who saw this sight, insisted that the man should be brought before the magistrate. When the man ceased, Isaac seized him by the hand, and looking him in the face, said, 'God bless you. I love you, and wish you were saved. The man's eyes filled with tears, and pulling Isaac by the coat, said, 'Just a word, sir. I am very sorry, and hope you will forgive me.' Isaac said, 'I freely forgive you, and hope you will seek God's forgiveness of all your sins.' Why do the wicked persecute the righteous? It is no doubt due to the hereditary hatred of the evil of good. 'They that would live godly in Christ Jesus must suffer persecution.'

Persecution.

Pocklington.—Mr. Clowes visited this town in 1819, and preached in the market-place to a vast multitude, and at night spoke in a barn with every prospect of success. Pocklington became a circuit town in 1821. The Rev. Samuel Tillotson was stationed here in 1823. On his arrival in the circuit, with his wife and family, he was met by a female, who informed him that there were neither house nor furniture for him. He remained in the circuit one year, and saw much good done. We should never forget that to the Pocklington circuit the Connexion was indebted for three of its earliest and best labourers—W. Sanderson, T. Wood, and J. Oxtoby.

CHAPTER IX.

OPEN-AIR SERVICES.

OPEN-AIR Evangelism fell into disuse soon after Mr. Wesley's death, but about 1807 it began to resume its place by a few zealous Wesleyan laymen, some of whom became the founders and early preachers of our Connexion. Primitive Methodism was born in the open-air. Nor should it be forgotten that a Woldsman, Mr. E. Anderson, of Kilham, took a prominent part in the Mow Cop camp-meeting, 1810 -the first of that series of open-air efforts which culminated in the establishment of our Connexion. A friendly critic writes: 'We understand the Connexion's *forte* lies in home mission work and the holding of camp-meetings.' Its young fresh life was spent in the fields and lanes and on the commons of old England. It was a rough bringing up, but it grew hardy and strong Whatever changes our great men—we mean the men who push themselves to the front -may make in our Connexional economy, we must stick to that which was our earliest and distinct characteristic, and which, perhaps, more than anything else, contributed to our usefulness, growth, and prosperity: we must carry the Gospel to the people if we mean to keep in touch with the masses of society.

One of the first camp-meetings on the Wolds took place at Battleburn (1820), three miles from Driffield, Mr. G. Bullock and T. Wood being speakers. Tradition says a great battle was fought there, and that the contending parties faced each other on each side of the stream. The news of this meeting spread like wild-fire, and camp-meetings began to be held on uncultivated moor lands, on desolate hillsides, in lanes and fields, and on village greens along the Wolds, and to-day 150 of these meetings are yearly held.

A Wolds Camp-meeting.

The annual camp-meetings are events without which the machinery of Wolds Primitive Methodism would seem to be defective and out of gear. The joyful, singing villagers, shut up in their cottages from week to week, the year round, looked forward

to the camp-meeting with pleasurable anticipation, and felt somewhat defrauded if it happened to rain on that day. Thousands flocked to these gatherings who were conspicuous by their absence from all other religious services. If there happened to come a sharp shower, then patience had not its perfect work; but if the clouds soon emptied themselves, then there was double sunshine: nature smiled, and so did the people.

The late Rev. T. Newsome used to tell how, at one of these meetings, men were convinced of sin, rolled on the ground crying for mercy, and then rose up shouting, 'Glory; God has pardoned me.' One man jumped up a yard high, and then shouted, 'I've got it, I've got it.' He got it and he kept it forty years. One Sunday J. Scruton, W. Barker, T. Pattinson, D. Leafe, W. Bowes, T. Wellburn, and R. Dosser, held a camp-meeting at Bainton, at which many souls were saved. Returning home, at midnight, it was proposed they should have a prayer-meeting. A ring was formed, and there, beneath the silent stars and silver moon, they sang a hymn and then prayed all round. Another hymn was sung, and they all prayed a second time. It was a blessed season, and they felt it hard to part, late as the hour was.

District Camp-meeting.

The greatest and most memorable of these meetings was '*The Hull District Camp-meeting*,' held at Driffield, May, 1844. For months the people had been looking forward to this great gathering, and when '*The District plan*' was issued, and they learned that Mr. Clowes, and other distinguished ministers and laymen whom they had never seen, but whose names were as 'familiar as household words,' would take part in the services, their longings were sharpened to unwonted keenness.

All rumours and forecastings were exceeded when the day came. At an early hour, while the morning air was dull and the sun had scarcely risen, the villagers, for thirty miles round Driffield, were up and astir. The day broke bright, and the blue vault was undarkened by a cloud. In all sorts of vehicles—waggons, carts, gigs, heavily laden with visitors, to say nothing of thousands on foot, the people began to throng the roads, singing, the larks occasionally taking up the strain. By noon the little town was

crowded. One inhabitant took one visitor, another two, another three, another four; one friend dined a round dozen, and others were crowded out. Some brought their own provisions, and for their behoof the schoolroom was thrown open. Some of these travel-stained pedestrians were first at the chapel, at eight a.m., to help to sing the songs of Zion.

Mr. Clowes spoke in the Market-place, and, in his own unsurpassed way, urged the saints to set themselves in battle array against the powers of hell. He shouted, 'God will scatter the hosts of hell from Dan even to Beersheba. The glory is coming; the power from on high is descending; the fire is burning. Don't you feel it?' 'Yes. Glory!' shouted the people. 'Don't put it out! don't put it out! Sinners! the light is flashing on your minds; the fire is beginning to burn on your hearts. Don't put it out; don't put it out; don't put it out!' 'Amen,' shouted some: of others it might have been said:

> 'Joy through their streaming eyes did break,
> And meant the joy they could not speak.'

The late Mr. R. Middlebrook, of Swinefleet, chiefly led the singing in the procession. He was a mighty man in his work. Once, when a new tune was struck, a friend said, 'It is rather too low,' when Mr. M. replied, 'Never mind, *it will wear up*;' and when a person said of another tune, 'It is rather too high,' Mr. M.'s rejoinder was, 'Never mind, *it will wear down*.'

At length the camp-ground was reached, and the following ministers and laymen spoke:—Revs. W. Clowes, J. Bywater, W. Sanderson, A. Smith, G. Bagley, G. Handley, T. Crompton, and Messrs. J. Sissons, T. Wakefield, and J. Holden. Mr. Sissons gave the most powerful address. He looked first at the sky; then at the grass and flowers; pointed to the birds singing overhead; and then, in his own powerful way, which had to be heard to be understood, exclaimed, 'It is a fine morning, but it will be a finer morning in heaven.' He soon after got invitations for special services. 'No,' he replied in his quaint way, 'I'm like the young M.P., who, having given a splendid address in the House of Commons, was pressed to give another. 'No,' he replied, 'I have won a reputation, and I want to keep it.'

At the love-feast believers spoke in the Spirit, and looked by faith for present blessings. Some seemed to join hands with the members of the church triumphant as they sang of the bliss of the ransomed. The sacredness and bliss of that service the writer can never forget. He was baptized for his life's work. He told no one, nor did he write it on his coat sleeves; but he felt it, and, thank God, he feels it to-day, after forty-five years. In the prayer-meeting the converting work broke out, and several souls were saved.

Many lingered in the town long after the shadows of night had begun to fall, bound by a mysterious spell, and as they journeyed home, 'their hearts burned within' them as they talked over the day's doings. Old sins had been slain, faith had been strengthened, hope brightened, love inflamed, holier aspirations kindled, new vows made, and fresh links forged in the chain that bound the visitors to the Connexion in unbreakable bonds.* This meeting flung into the background every previous muster of our forces.

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* In these good old days even Methodist Radicals were very Conservative, and when two young ministers, stationed in Driffield, asked to be permitted to have a seat in the district assembly, they were refused. The Rev. W. Sanderson, and others, tried to gain admission for them, but failed. Such Liberalism as this was too advanced for the delegates. One brother, stirred by the speeches of those who advocated without proposing, ventured to propose that they be admitted, and was fined for his boldness, though the fine was afterwards remitted. The young men told the story of their exclusion to Mrs. Campbell, the Super's wife, and her woman's wit soon devised a way for practically rescinding the resolution of the Ecclesiastical Court. The delegates were assembled in the upper schoolroom. Over the landing, outside the door, was a man-hole, through which access could be gained to the interior of the roof. Making a selection from her own wardrobe, Mrs. C. gave the young men some covering for their clerical attire. Putting on these 'over-alls,' the brethren, now sage and venerable divines, quietly climbed the ladder, and stepping on the rafters of the ceiling, reached a large ventilator that was immediately over the table where the business of the District Meeting was being transacted. By lying down they were able to look like dusty 'cherubs up aloft' through the aperture of the ventilator, and to hear what, in the annoyance caused by the exclusion, they may have regarded as 'the abominations the elders of Israel did in the dark.' It is some satisfaction to know that these brethren have lived to see brighter days, and to be present at District Meetings, when, *before* the 'barriers' were thrown down, and the 'Invitations' were coming events, vast assemblies gathered at our higher Connexional Courts, and by their presence added immensely to the excitement of the stationing, and other proceedings of popular interest

No people ever attempted to do good without having their methods misjudged and their motives misconstrued. During the first two decades of our existence on the Wolds our people often met with measureless insults and abuse, being assailed by rude sceptics, subjected to the insults of inebriates, interrupted by brutal magistrates and godless masses. Persecution.

In 1843, while conducting a meeting at Hemsley, in the Pickering circuit, the Rev. R. Ducker was disturbed by three men. Brought before the magistrates, and fined, they promised not to repeat their act. They all went and got drunk, and kneeling on the stone floor of a public-house, one of the men, an exciseman, was to pray, and the others were to say, 'Amen.' The prayer was: 'Lord damn the Ranter parson body and soul, and send him to hell flames just now.' The two men said, 'Amen.' The exciseman fled from the town and was seen no more. The other two, for days after, could neither eat nor work. The wife of one of them went to Mr. D., and said, 'her husband wanted to see him.' He went, and prayed God to forgive 'the bad men,' and within a month they were both converted, and joined the Wesleyans at Hemsley.

As late as 1848 Mr. Ducker was knocked down three times one night at Burton Pidsey. Thrown down with great violence, he rose up and asked for help. While seeking for his hat in the street, a farmer's son knocked him down a second time, and before help came the man struck him a third time with great force. Mr. D. fell on his back, and the man fell upon him. He was brought before the magistrates at Sprotley, fined £5 and costs, and promised, under a £50 bond, to keep the peace for six months. The magistrates also told him that if he did not *keep* himself quiet they would put him where he would be *kept* quiet enough for some time. Our people suffered severe persecution at this place. They took the pulpit out of the chapel, and weeks after it was found on the top of a straw stack. One Sunday morning an ass was found in the chapel, and on another occasion two calves. The wicked youngsters of the village delighted to do anything that would annoy our people. In spite of opposition, the cause grew, and some of the worst persecutors were converted and became members At the Beverley camp-meeting (1844) J. Lawson and R. Keyingham, two old men, who were supposed to

have come for sport, were sitting on a rail, which broke, and they both fell into a pool of water, to the merriment of the by-standers. The following lines, composed by one present, describe the scene:

'Two aged sires, whose limbs did fail,
Sat down to rest upon a rail:
I looked, and lo! the rail I found
Did help to fence a pond around.

These aged sires had lived so long,
And oft had joined the giddy throng;
They and their sins, be not surprised,
Had grown to a prodigious size.

They proved too heavy for the rail—
It broke, and headlong in they fell.
Some laughed aloud, while others cried:
'They're both converted and baptized.'

Even easy-going Christians shook their heads, and shrugged their shoulders at our people, saying of them, in derision, as the people said of the apostles, 'These men that have turned the world upside down are come hither also.' When processioning the streets of one town, a gentleman said, 'You are a facsimile of those hypocritical Pharisees of whom the Saviour said, "They love to pray standing in the synagogues and in the corners of the streets, that they may be seen of men."' The preacher wittingly replied, 'But with this difference, sir, the Pharisees were praised by the people, and we are scoffed at and despised for it.'

Canon Simmons.

Canon Simmons, vicar of Dalton (a village from which we were boycotted many years ago), possessed of a double dose of clerical arrogance and narrow-mindedness, speaking at the Convocation of York, against the recent *Burial Bill*, spoke thus of camp-meetings:—'He said the licence which would be given by the present Bill, in the event of its being passed into law, might be carried to a lamentable extent Very likely there would be camp-meetings at the funerals in their churchyards. They knew what they were. He had been told they were gatherings at which were drawn together the most idle and dissolute characters. They were gatherings which were productive of a great deal of vice, and there was more of virtue overcome at them than under other circumstances. That was the case. He knew it to be the case. They were quite as bad as any Martinmas hiring.'

The following reply appeared in *The Christian World* :—

'To the Editor of the "Christian World."

Sir,—I am not a Primitive Methodist—in connection with which denomination camp-meetings are usually held—but I think misrepresentations so glaring should not be allowed to pass unchallenged. I am inclined to think, sir, that the Rev. Canon has never himself been present at one of these "gatherings," or he would not have condemned them in such a sweeping and unwarrantable manner. I am in the habit of going to services connected with all denominations, as opportunity may offer, and, amongst other places, I have several times attended camp-meetings, where I have heard most forcible and clear expositions of Christian truth. The speakers had neither surplices decorated with crosses, nor black gowns with white bands, and some of them did not even wear the orthodox white tie. They had received neither episcopal ordination nor that "laying on of hands" which the sacerdotalism of Dissent still imposes in lieu of it. They had no black leather portfolio spread out before them, nor lengthened notes fastened into the Bibles they held in their hands; for, unlike too many ministers, both Church of England and Dissenting, they were prophets without their books. But though their grammar was often defective, their pronunciation frequently provincial, and their action at times ungraceful, they appeared men thoroughly in earnest, and there was a power and energy in their preaching which arrested and retained the attention of their audience, as they appealed to them to forsake the paths of wickedness and folly, and seek for the happiness which the possession of true religion alone can afford. How teaching such as this—which I believe to be a fair sample of the camp-meeting address—can be productive of vice, I am at a loss to imagine The audience were *not* composed of "idle and dissolute character," but, for the most part, of people of the more respectable portion of the working classes, who were quite as attentive and well behaved as the congregations in our fashionable churches and chapels.

The terms in which the Rev. Canon describes the overcoming of virtue in connection with these disreputable "gatherings" are so monstrous, that I am astonished a gentleman of cultivation and refinement should have so far forgotten himself as to utter them.

Camp meetings are held only in the summer months, and in the middle of the day: they are attended by crowds of people, and the circumstances and surroundings are such as to render the open immoralities, at which the rev. speaker *more than hints*, extremely difficult, if not impossible.

The sacred writings tell us there is an order or a place for every man. It is with churches as with men, and I think most thoughtful observers of English society will agree with me that the Primitive Methodist denomination have influenced for the highest moral good classes of the community which no other sect had succeeded in touching. This being the case, it would be well if dignitaries of the Church would learn a little more of that divine charity which we are assured is the first of Christian virtues. The exercise of this will prevent them from thus traducing the acts of their brethren, and from condemning "gatherings" with the nature of which they are evidently entirely unacquainted.

Yours truly,

AN EAST YORKSHIRE FREE CHURCHMAN.'

We need add nothing to this stinging and timely rebuke.

Hymn Singing on the Wolds.

When John Wesley was reproved for introducing bright and cheerful tunes into his services, he replied that he did not see why the devil should have all the good music to himself. The devil had too long had a monopoly, along these Wolds, of the tunes that appealed to the feelings and sensibilities of men, and Methodism turned the tables on the devil and his agents.

The songs of our early preachers did almost as much good as their sermons. If the songs of a people are the sure indices of their deepest feelings and their strongest aspirations, then we may judge what were the feelings of the people on the Wolds. The psalms and hymns and spiritual songs sung on these Wolds, since the introduction of Methodism (150 years ago), have exerted a moulding influence on the people's creed and character. A man once asked for something to read, and they gave him the Wesleyan Hymn Book. He read it through in a fortnight, then returned it, saying, 'What a rare thing that is for *hottening* the intellects.' The

literary character of many of the hymns sung by our people (Wesley's, for instance) was of the highest order ; but it was in their thoroughly Christian sentiments that their chief value consisted. A gentleman, a visitor, after attending a Filey camp-meeting (1868), said, 'They must have hearts of stone if this people's singing does not bring tears down their cheeks.' As men pleaded for pardon they sang :

'Depth of mercy, can there be
Mercy still reserved for me ; &c.

Thanking God for mercy bestowed, they sang that grand thangsgiving hymn which C. Wesley wrote soon after he had obtained forgiveness :

'O ! for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise ;'

and that grand hymn which Dr. Watts said he would have given his reputation to have written :

'Jesus, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,' &c.

These and other hymns were lustily sung at their open-air services. We have seen wrinkled men and grey-headed women, rough labourers and bemuffled fishermen, as well as tender youths, break down as the people sang :

'O ! the Lamb ; the bleeding Lamb !
The Lamb of Calvary ;
The Lamb that was slain, and liveth again
To intercede for me.'

A verse may find him whom a sermon flies, and a lively hymn has often prepared and solemnized, for higher and better thoughts, many who would have been with difficulty reached by any other means. A recent Mayor of Scarboro' stated at a public meeting that in passing along the streets of Hull, without a thought of God, he heard, borne on the breeze from a distance, these words :

'Stop, poor sinner, stop and think
Before you further go.'

It came from our people, singing on their way to a camp-meeting, and that gentleman never rested till he found peace through believing. We would rather sing these hymns of our boyhood than some of Sankey's Songs and Solos.

Familiarity breeds contempt, and, perhaps, one of the weaknesses of Wolds Primitive Methodism is the sameness of its singing. For sixty years they have sung the same spirit-stirring hymns to the same tunes, which by frequent use have become so doleful, that if David played in the same tones we do not wonder that Saul threw his javelin at him. Some places have improved their singing; others have not.

Instruments are becoming common on the Wolds. Some of the players are proud of their profession, though their instruments are sometimes sadly out of tune; reminding one of the leader, a Yorkshireman, who failed to get the proper pitch of a tune for the hymn announced by the minister, and the congregation came to a full stop. The leader, turning to the pulpit, said, 'You've given out the hymn on the wrong key,' to which he replied, 'Whether I've given it out on the wrong key or not, ye've getten into t' lock.' One instrument was wheezy, another lacked several notes, a third had lost the harmonic use of whole ranks of pipes. A good player, a stranger, once undertook to discourse sweet music from one of these instruments at an anniversary; but, alas, he was well-nigh frantic when he heard the discordant sounds. Yet many of these players display great self-sacrifice. Some play without fee, some get a ticket for the annual tea, others a few shillings quarterly. The Wolds societies owe much to their musicians. Let our people never forget what the Rev. D. Sheen said at one of their public meetings: 'Christ is building a great city in the skies, and I doubt not that music will form a favourite employment of its inhabitants.'

CHAPTER X.

COTTAGE SERVICES.

THERE was something beautiful, not to say romantic, in these open-air services, but in the changeable climate on the Wolds, where the heat was ninety degrees in the sun one day, and forty degrees the next, a drop from summer to winter almost, and with no sunshine, and rainy withal—then open-air worship was not an expedient arrangement. The preachers were glad to find shelter, and to preach where they could, when they could not preach where they would. Storm-battered cowsheds, barns, stables, haylofts and coachhouses, were not despised. Blacksmiths' smithies, dark and dusty, and wheelwrights' shops, damp, ruinous, and dirty, were welcomed ; cottages, with mud walls and thatched roofs, were their most common meeting places ; while lonely farm-houses, where, in kitchen or parlour, little knots of farmers and farm labourers listened, with kindly attention, to the word of life—these rooms, with plenty of fresh air and sunshine in summer, and the glow and warmth of a coal and wood fire in winter, *were their cathedrals*, and a pleasant thing it was to worship under such circumstances.

A Preaching Cottage.

Some of these cottage rooms were small, dimly lighted and badly ventilated. The Rev. C. G. Honor thus describes one of these cottages :—' It consisted of one room, and a small house only, and yet in that room two married couples lived by day and slept by night. A door from that cottage opened into the next, where there were also two beds occupied by a man and his wife, and several children. Our congregation usually filled both these rooms, and the latter was also a preacher's home, the good brother having, of course, to sleep in very close proximity to the bed of the man and his wife. When preaching I used to stand by the side of one of the beds, and often, on lifting up my voice like a trumpet, I knocked my knuckles against the rafters of the ceiling, and occasionally, when I tried to emphasize my call by stepping backward, I compromised my own

dignity, and upset the gravity of my hearers by falling on the bed, with my heels nearer to the mattress than the floor.'

When the sun shone brightly outside, and the air was stuffy and stifling within, with windows closed and ventilation inadequate—as was often the case—it was difficult to keep the people awake on a Sunday afternoon. Sometimes they used to nod during the first part of the sermon, and sleep when the preacher happened to grow eloquent. Sometimes, on a winter night, a room would be so crowded that the candles, anciently called 'penny-dips,' refused to burn, wrapping the people in funereal gloom; then a man would trim the wick with his finger and thumb, and the involuntary cry, 'O! dash it' (sometimes snuffing it out), did not deepen the seriousness of the congregation. When a wick expired in its own fat, the air became rank, which, together with the united respiration of fifty or sixty people, reminded us of the Black Hole at Calcutta. Modern science has not improved matters in this respect. The pernicious smell of mismanaged paraffin lamps often made us long to re-light the candles of olden times. Occasionally we were reminded of the recipe: 'A cup of coffee will remove the odour of onions from the breath.' Finally, we often departed with what Whitfield used to call, 'Pulpit sweat,' a commodity, by-the-by, which some could, without the least harm, afford to lose. Sometimes the preachers had to walk, lantern in hand, to prevent them falling into holes and furrows in newly-ploughed fields, or into deep ruts along the imperfectly made roads, common sixty or seventy years ago. To come out of an atmosphere eighty degrees, when the frost happened to be ten degrees below zero, was enough to try a strong constitution, and to make a man feel as if his toes were rapidly becoming icicles.

Occasionally the good woman of the house would betray a little bit of temper, and no marvel; *farm lads*, tall and strapping, without scraping their boots, would rush in and shake themselves free from rain and snow, like young elephants, and then throw their wet caps on a brightly polished chest of drawers. *Milk-maids*, when it was their turn out, would come in with their pattens on. If the skies were dark, and the roads rough and dirty, then the nervous, the aged and the dim-sighted would seek the aid of a lantern, and entering the room, blow out the candle and put it on the window-

sill, where it would send forth a disagreeable smell. Young wives would bring their first-born 'bairns,' warmly packed in red shawls, and sometimes nature and art combined failed to silence their little tongues, or hush them into a Quaker-like stillness. Sometimes a man, suffering from bronchitis, a common ailment on the Wolds, would give a snort like the blast of a cow-horn, or a warm-hearted brother would shout 'Glory!' with a voice that awoke a sick or ill-tempered child in its cradle: all of which was sufficiently trying to a woman who had to be up at five in the morning to get a 'bit o' summat warm for her husband's breakfast.'

Who can tell how much Christianity owes to its 'churches in houses?' 'It was in houses that Christianity, at nearly every stage of its earliest growth, was inspired with the impulse which sent it forth to conquer the world for Christ . . . There came a time when strong influences from other quarters overflooded the young communities, especially in populous cities, and then elaborate organisation and stateliness threatened to obliterate the original simplicity. But always when "power from on high" came, the tendency was to revert to the earliest type. St. Luke, the first Church historian, begins his Gospel with family records of motherhood and fatherhood and childhood in Galilean homes. Houses in Nazareth and Capernaum, in Bethany and Jerusalem, in Joppa and Cæsarea, are the centres in which we may see the new force gathering, and from which we may follow it as it radiates in every direction. The prayer-meeting in the house of John Mark's mother; the house of the jailer and the home of Lydia in Philippi, the abode of Aquila and Priscilla at Ephesus, to which Apollos was taken; the household of Stephanas at Corinth, "the first fruits of Achaia;" the home of Philemon at Colosse; and Paul's own hired house in Rome -who shall estimate the value to our Saviour's work of those homely centres? Long before basilicas and cathedrals drew awe-stricken crowds to their gorgeous services, "the Church in the house," all over the widening domain of Christendom, set the fashion of Christian life and supplied the sinews of its warfare.'

A Church in the House.

In Acts xxvii., 30, we read: 'And Paul dwelt two whole years in *his own hired house*, and received all that came in unto him.' But in the best apartments of some of these Wold cottages services—

preaching, class-meetings, prayer-meetings—have been held for years together, for which the occupants never received so much as a farthing. There are no perquisites, though a lighting collection is occasionally made, each one giving what he pleases.

Our annual Conference records its thanks to persons who give £100 and upwards to any Connexional object, and it does right; but Primitive Methodism owes more to its peasants than to its merchant princes; more to its village cottages than its town chapels. Not fewer, perhaps, than 1,000 of these cottages are used throughout the Connexion twice or thrice a week the year round. We wish some delegate at the next Conference would move that these village societies be requested to make each of these women, many of whom keep their cottages as clean as a new pin, a present of a splendidly bound copy of the New Hymnal, and get our book steward to second the resolution. It would be a new departure, quite as good as some recently made. A work of reformation and salvation has been carried on in cottages, during the last seventy years, far surpassing anything that has been done in that time by all the stately services held in all the beautiful churches on the Wolds.

CHAPTER XI.

DRIFFIELD CIRCUIT.—ON THE ROADS.

WE sometimes meet a preacher who has spent all his ministry in a manufacturing district, where a few miles' walk is thought a great hardship. Look at that brother! His pale face, glossy hair, distended beard, slender frame, and intensely clerical costume, present a striking contrast to the robust preachers, with their hobnailed boots and coarse great coats, located in a rural circuit. 'Oh,' says the Rev. Birch Walker (who deserves a diploma, *i.e.*, Doctor of Plodology), 'you may be very happy in your large towns and cities, with narrow streets and tortuous thoroughfares, now deluged with smoke and anon shrouded in fog—despite your study-worn and somewhat melancholy features, but give me the open country. I would not exchange the good living and pure air and bright sunshine of my circuit for yours. God made the country, but man made the town. True, we are far away from circulating libraries, and other facilities for obtaining knowledge; but look here, my pale-faced and lankey-limbed brother, we country fellows can wander amid green fields and waving corn, far away from the maddening crowds' ignoble strife, as Grey puts it. Amid warm breezes and bright sunshine we can watch the kine grazing and the grass growing. We can read and think, and gather knowledge in fields and woods, in meadows and by streams; we can listen to the lowing of cattle and the melody of birds, and we're as happy in our work as the day is long; and you cannot be happier than that.'

A Rural Circuit.

Some people scarcely know what a rural circuit is, therefore we will try, in this and a few following chapters, to sing the praises of such a circuit: we mean the *Driffield Circuit*, with its thirty-two societies, all on the Wolds.

. . . . . .

Locomotion has always been a very important question for Methodist preachers when labouring on mountain and moorland circuits. The early Methodists supplied their preachers with

horses on which to ride. 'What is the difference between us and you?' said a Wesleyan to one of our ministers. 'I know of no difference,' was the reply, 'except this: you ride to your appointments, we walk to ours.' To walk and not ride was, according to Mr. Wesley, a penny-wise and pound-foolish policy. Riding, and not walking, may be safely regarded as the easiest, as well as the most economical and merciful, way of ministers travelling to their appointments. Left to their own feet, these grand messengers of mercy would have been confined to a comparatively narrow sphere; mounted on horseback, with saddle-bags, they could travel fast and far, visiting hamlets, villages, and towns, multiplying their services many times over, doing, in fact, many days' work in one.

Walking *versus* Riding.

The Rev. W. Pearson (father of the late distinguished Revs. Josiah and Theophilus Pearson) told the writer, nearly fifty years ago that these rides, when their horses did not pitch them into the ditches, were a means of health and of manly courage. Afterwards vehicles were used, thus saving, weekly, many miles of needless walking, in all sorts of weather, to feet which had enough of tramping to do, both for the healthy exercise of their owners and for the vigorous and lively discharge of their pastoral duties. One of these preachers used to say that his pony was his best colleague, for it enabled him to do more work with greater ease than any colleague he ever had. Mr. Wesley early discovered that needless labour was wasted labour, and that to waste his preachers' physical strength was the worst labour of all. Thirty years ago the Wesleyan ministers continued in their regular work on an average ten years longer than ours; and if a few pounds were saved, the penalty was paid in enfeebled health and a shorter term of labour. The late Rev. W. Sanderson used to say: 'My general health is good, and my thinking and talking powers are undiminished; but my *going* power has failed me.' To railways, and other methods of transit, available during the last quarter of a century, we are indebted for the greater efficiency and the more lengthened labours of our present, compared with many of our earlier, preachers.

Some people seem to think that preachers now-a-days 'neither toil nor spin;' this charge could scarcely have been made against

those who laboured in the Driffield circuit forty or fifty years ago. This circuit covered a wide stretch of country, some of the places being between twenty and thirty miles from the circuit town.

How has the circuit been worked? At first preachers *tramped* to their appointments on 'nag's shanks,' sometimes not too well shod; next they *drove*, then *trained* to some of their appointments; and now, we are told, some of our brethren do the distances on bicycles. During the heat of summer our early preachers were often glad to accept a ride in a milk-cart or manure waggon. The offer of a ride on a donkey was not refused; indeed, the Rev. J. Lawley kept one for his own use—a swift-footed creature! A very popular preacher used to visit the Wolds mounted on his own mule—'Sally.' Grander still, the late Revs. E. Tyas and J. Borroughs each kept a pony. Mr. Tyas was not a good horseman, and was often 'amazed at the quantity of fodder the creature consumed.' Mr. Borroughs says: 'The journeys were long, and I had a good pony, and the work was a pleasure to me. I was never tired. I could run round the villages when I got there, and see the people, and enjoy it. On a Sunday morning I often gave another preacher or two five or six miles ride in the same direction. Indeed, he got so strong that the pony had to be taken ill before he knew he could do without it! He got an easy station—Barton—and when his old friends, with whom he had laboured seventeen years before, saw him, they said, "You look well; you're a new man; a young man; a *better fellow* than when you left us seventeen years ago."' How those preachers, with ample incomes and small families, can multiply their creature comforts.

On Horseback.

Any person who tramped ten or fifteen miles in such weather as prevailed on these Wolds, when Jupiter Pluvius wept and rude Boreas' blasts blew fiercely—*and enjoyed the walk*—showed high appreciation of nature in her most miserable moods.

The Rev. S. Loxton tells us that once, when walking to Fridaythorpe, the weather was remarkably fine, when suddenly he saw wild geese flying over his head, a sure sign to Woldsmen of approaching storm. The geese were true guides; on his return, the snow was so deep that the roads were not discoverable, and the storm so violent that

Dreary Walks.

he had to grope his way under the hedges, and arrived at Huggat quite exhausted. Here a doctor invited him to take a seat in his carriage, and so he arrived safely at Pocklington. Many a Wolds preacher has passed through similar scenes, and cherishes recollections of the kindness of friends in giving them a ride when walking was almost impossible.

Sometimes when returning home late at night we met a poacher or two, who gave us a wide berth, as if afraid to be recognised, and who neither gave nor returned a friendly hail. Men who were afraid to answer 'Good-night' or 'Good-morning' could scarcely be honest men.

It was a hard task, indeed, to rise at five a.m., and leaving Mr. Belt's home at West Lutton, turn into the hamlet, bleak, cold, and raw, then grope along snow-soaked valleys and choked hill-passes, amid pouring rain and a driving East wind, *in the dark*, to Fimber station, a distance of seven miles, to catch the eight o'clock train to Driffield. But use is second nature. What can't be cured must be endured. Meditation often took the place of exciting scenes. Sometimes our thoughts were sent after the swallows to those happy lands where frost and fog are alike unknown. Anon we remembered a little catch our mother taught us in order to deepen our gratitude for the warmth and comfort of a good fire—

> 'T'is cold on the Wolds, 'tis deep in the sea,
> At a good fireside our Henry had better be.'

We even grumbled a bit, and wished ourselves back in the sunny South, where we rarely saw the snow. Then we recalled a few days we spent on the Isle of Wight one hot summer, the thermometer ninety-five degrees in a cool room, where we lay panting for hours together; not a green blade to be seen on the Downs; no breezes to cool the parched land; we could not find solace even in sleep; sunstrokes were frequent, and we longed for the brisk breezes of our native Wolds. That helped to reconcile us to grey mists and pouring rains and wild winds and driving snows. The dawn of some propitious star to the sailor, the sight of a house to one bewildered and lost, could scarcely be more welcome than the blaze of the blacksmith's fire at Sledmere—about midway of our morning's walk—was to us. More than once we found the train guilty of starting without us. Then the grumbling spirit would

enter, as we brushed the snow from our leggings and coat-laps, which did not mend matters a bit. At such times we sympathised with the farmer, who avowed that there had been no decent weather 'since them confounded Yankees took the matter under their control.'

A Pleasant Walk.

But when the cold and frost and snow had gone, and there came warm breezes and fair skies, *then* we felt thankful we were far away from towns, with their reeking courts and almost sunless yards. In 1858-9 we used to walk to 'the Dales' on Saturday afternoons, fortified with a sandwich, a 'sort of stay-stomach' on the way to a more substantial meal at the end of our twelve miles' walk. A preacher once complained to the late Dr. Dixon about the loss of time which staying out all night in the country parts of his circuit entailed. 'Why,' replied the Doctor, 'you carry your brains with you, I suppose; if you carried a bag, you might take other people's brains with you also.' The late Dr. Cook had to travel on foot, but he never wearied in his studies in any kind of weather. 'Having books with me,' he says, 'I could read under the shelter of my umbrella amid drenching showers as well as amid bright sunshine.' That's how our preachers did thirty years ago; they had to pick up knowledge as the swallows pick up midges—while flying. If during these walks we did not realize the Yorkshire lad's idea of a happy life—'Liggin' in 't grass and thinkin' o' nowt'—yet it was very pleasant to wander, book in hand, across meadows and corn-fields, in unfrequented paths, and behind hedgerows, reaching Mr. Esh's, at Helperthorpe, when 'dewy eve' was far advanced, and long after our seven hours' ramble had given us a keen appetite for the day's closing meal—no despisable mercy.

Let those who spend all their days in large towns, and scarcely know the difference between a rose and a poppy, or between a pumpkin and a cucumber, picture one of these walks. It was along green lanes, past cottages and farm-houses, suggestive of good cheer and true comfort; and we felt no loss of dignity if we happened to call and beg a glass of milk, fresh from the cow. It was an old-fashioned summer (1859), and the fields had just donned their new dress. The trees were clad in vivid green; the hedgerows were ablaze with flowers; the fields were rich with golden

grain, scarlet poppies and blue corn-flowers adding gaiety to the scene; sparrows chirped in the trees; doves cooed in the woods; bees and butterflies revelled as they went from flower to flower extracting sweetness; genial weather had brought out the imprisoned odours, and we instinctively expanded our nostrils to drink in the fragrance; a milkmaid crossed the farm-yard at Cowlam with a pail on her head; the farm lads, 'ristin' efter their week's wark,' were singing a song, which the larks overhead caught up, and filled the spaces with their liquid notes (Mr. Jefferson says, 'Every crust of English birth has been sung over at its birth in the green blade by a lark')—*all these* made up a scene of rich loveliness and purest natural beauty, undreamed of by dwellers in smoky towns, and which Gainsborough and Constable loved to paint. 'O gift of God—a perfect day!' sings Longfellow, in his happiest mood, and often, when walking from Driffield to Helperthorpe, we were inclined to re-echo the poet's sentiment.

We may add, that in winter this journey was taken on Saturday afternoons, or *early* on Sunday mornings, *except* when the late Mr. Lundie (saddler), a kind soul, used to give us a lift of eight or nine miles, in his trap, to the 'top of the Dales,' leaving us three or four miles' walk, with the book parcel on our back, down hill, enabling us to reach Helperthorpe in time to preach at 10-30.

A Bethel.

Some of our holiest recollections are associated with retired spots along these Wolds, where we realised the power of a quickened life. We recently visited some of those spots with purer emotions than ever Papist visited the most sacred shrine. *There* gratitude was revived, faith strengthened, hopes brightened; and as the silent prayer was breathed to heaven, we said, 'God Almighty blessed me *there*.' 'How dreadful is this place! This is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven,' said Jacob, not beneath a temple roof, or in the sacred grove, but beneath the open sky, when, as a homeless wanderer, he had a stone for his pillow and the heavens for his curtains. We know of no grander spot for worshipping the great God, 'that made the heavens and the earth,' shaped their form, adorned them with beauty, and filled them with fulness, than the open fields:

'*Thou visitest the earth, and waterest it: thou greatly enrichest it with the river of God, which is full of water: thou preparest them corn, when thou hast so provided for it. Thou waterest the ridges thereof abundantly: thou settlest the furrows thereof: thou makest it soft with showers: thou blessest the springing thereof. Thou crownest the year with thy goodness; and thy paths drop fatness. They drop upon the pastures of the wilderness: and the little hills rejoice on every side. The pastures are clothed with flocks; the valleys also are covered over with corn; they shout for joy, they also sing.*'

When we last laboured in this circuit (1876-9), a horse and trap were hired to convey us (the preachers) to our distant appointments, at a charge of . . . each journey. We used to leave home about two p.m. The horses—sometimes the 'Chestnut,' and sometimes the 'Old Grey,' whose united ages approached fifty years—were most docile creatures: never in a hurry, incapable of haste. We paid a reduced rate for our horse and trap, with the penalty of travelling at a slow speed. On Sabbaths 'locals' used to join in the use of the traps. Indeed, on a Sunday morning you might have seen four or five 'Gospel chariots' leave Driffield, driven by Wesleyan and Primitive preachers—one to the Dales, another to the West route, a third to the South-east route, &c. For miles round Driffield there were good roads under the horse's hoofs, for which we often thanked Macadam; but during the Dale's round, in winter, when nights were dark, roads cut up, and the driver unskilful—contingencies which often occurred—then he who was not well shaken was credited with being well put together. These rides gave us a sense of independence. In winter a ride to the Dales was almost as good as a gymnasium to the body, and not without its influence on the mind. It sharpened the appetite, roused the spirits, promoted thought, and left both body and mind the better prepared for vigorous pulpit work.

Riding in Traps.

In March these rides were cold, but even then the snowdrops rung their white bells with the news, 'Spring is coming.' When the 'merry month of May' came, with its long-credited magnificence, followed by summer, with all its glory, *then* these rides along quiet lanes were delightful. Even in Winter, with its brisk frost, or drizzling rain, or covering of snow, they were enjoyable.

Indeed, disagreeables became tolerables, for we knew that at the end of the journey (Weaverthorpe) there would be the oft-repeated welcome, as the poker was applied to the fire, 'Now take the arm-chair, put it right a-front o' the fire, and rest, and keep yoursen warm.' Mr. Anderson, our host, having well-baited and well-rubbed 'Smiler,' after his twelve miles' jog, putting on his second-best suit, would come in to a knife-and-fork tea, suggestive of Wolds generosity—beef, ham, pie, tarts and cheesecakes, toast, and other items, which our appetizing drive through the strong air of the Wolds rendered very acceptable, and to which the preachers rarely failed to do justice. Then it was that the afternoon's enjoyment reached its consummation, and the gravest preacher would unbend, and bubble up, and bubble over with good feeling and racy anecdotes.

End of the Journey.

Tea over, the sick members were visited, not a heavy task, for the people in these dales are favoured with good health. Weather permitting, the preacher would go from house to house to gather a congregation, and we often got more people at these work-night services than we could get in great Hull. The people were pious, sensible, and better acquainted with their Bibles than are many people in large towns. If the preacher gave them a Gospel sermon, sparkling with a good fact, or an apt illustration or two, delivered with warmth of feeling, he would be sure to hear a few hearty 'Amens,' and, what is always pleasant to a man of sense, 'We thowt Mr. Whitehead did grandly a fortnight ago, but, loos, you hev beet him out and out.' The worst of it was (we mean the best of it), when numbers 3 and 1 went they repeated the same compliment, and with the same gusto, the year round.

Then came the supper—we need not describe *that*. Supper ended, prayer was offered: 'God bless the master of this house, and mistress likewise,' &c., followed, perhaps, by the singing of a verse of the hymn on the plan.

'Now you'll have a drop o' summat warm; *what you've got* will keep you warm inside, now just have a glass of hot elder-berry wine to keep the cold out. The kettle was generally boiling, and the precious 'summat' was ready in a jiffy. It was wonderful how these health-promoting, strength-giving, and warmth-bestowing cordials, together with the ozone from the resounding sea, helped

to preserve us from chronic colds. Still, colds were not unknown by us. One winter the 'Super' suffered almost a martyrdom from neuralgic pains, of which but few knew. Hence the inquiry, 'How's the "Super?" and Mrs. W.—— He'd an awful cold when he was here last fortnight. You'll call for Mr. Lee at Sledmere, I guess. Poor lahtle man, to have to go home a night like this without a wife to wait on him. He must feel cold and lonely; but then' (this in a low voice), 'they say he's courting Mrs. D——. She's a bonny body, one of the best we ever had in the Dales, and she'll mak a grand preacher's wife, she will. Now, remember us to Mrs. W. and the children. Good night, and God bless you.'

(This is personal.) Meanwhile the trap—ready at 8-30—is at the door. We stepped into it, Mr. A. at one side and his son at the other, to see that we did not lose our perpendicular. With a good whisp of straw in the trap, some swathed round our ankles, a cape or shawl round our shoulders, and a good great-coat wrapped round us, we *approached* a state of readiness for our twelve miles' drive across 'that howling wilderness.' (The writer's overcoat, a rough speckled grey, reaching from his head to his heels, cost 32s., which, after being worn three winters, was sold to a farmer, at Lund, for 24s.—a good bargain for both.) 'Have you got your gloves on?' enquired our host. 'Yes.' 'Is your whip all right?' 'Yes.' 'Have you hold of the reins?' 'Yes.' 'Are you ready?' 'Ready,' said Jehu, and after all this botherment we started homewards, blessing God for being a 'riding preacher' 'Smiler,' refreshed and strengthened, went at a speed which gave promise of taking us across the Wolds at the rate of seven miles per hour; and we didn't stop him, for we knew that in less than five minutes he would drop to his normal pace of five miles in sixty minutes. We soon passed through Helperthorpe, then East Lutton, picked up number one at West Lutton, number three at Sledmere, reaching home at 11-30, when each man went to his own house.

Starting Homeward.

'Better is the end of a thing than the beginning,' saith Solomon, in his book of proverbial philosophy, of the truth of which we were often reminded during those nocturnal journeys.

One night the writer was at West Lutton, his colleague (name not to be chronicled at Weaverthorpe, and we were to meet at the

'lane end' leading to Sledmere, at 8-30 *prompt.* It was a dark and bitterly cold night. We wandered about till nearly ten o'clock (the writer's son, Harry, was with him), and then walked to East Lutton, a small hamlet between the two villages, where we hoped to hear of our belated companion. Alas! the lights were out and the people in bed.

Where could our cautious and punctual friend be? Struggling in a ditch a mile away! He started right enough (as he always does), but the reins had become crossed, and the horse, instead of going straight ahead, backed into a ditch, and for awhile stuck there. The Rev. Hammond Roberson, M.A., of Dewsbury, was once riding out, when his horse backed with its rider into a little coal cellar at a wayside cottage, constructed of flag-stones. The more the horse backed and plunged, the faster he became wedged in the place. A man ran forward and said, 'Will I take his head, sir?' Mr. H. was an expert rider, and, nettled at the man's interference, thundered, 'You may take his tail if you like. I'll manage his head.' Now we are sure our friend, who believes in 'self-help,' would have welcomed a little help at either head or tail. He at length did the best thing he could under the circumstances: he gave the animal a sharp stroke with the whip, and at one bound horse and driver were on the road. By and by we caught the sound of the trap coming at *less* than the usual speed. 'Late enough, for once, Mr. . . . .' when we saw a sight! Jehu presented a melancholy aspect. His head was swathed in a red handkerchief, for the wind had blown his felt hat off and away; and the horse's trapping was in a sad plight. We called young Mr. Belt (the blacksmith) up, and he cleverly tied the shattered and dislocated gearing together in a way which enabled us once more to brave the elements, and, after a slow ride of eleven miles, reached home early next morning, where we found much-needed shelter.

Stuck in the Drain.

One day—*it was the 1st of April*—I left Mr. Walker's, Sledmere Fields, and walked to Sir Tatton Sykes' monument, to meet the Rev. T. Whitehead and G. Lee, at 2-50. In passing through Garton they made a call at Mrs. West's, and in starting, the old horse had his usual manœuvring to get the trap fairly in motion,

and, as it was uphill, an extra application of the whip was necessary, under which operation the traces broke, the shafts fell to the ground, and the riders fell upon the front board.

Three Shafts Broken.

Alas! both shafts were broken. In order to resume their journey they borrowed a butcher's cart, which was too big for their steed, and not particularly clean withal. However, they were in a mood for making the best of a bad job, and reached Sir Tatton Sykes' monument about four o'clock, and the last place on the route about 6-15.

Returning at night (Mr. W. the driver) at a very slow pace, the horse again stumbled, and broke one shaft—*three for the day*. Mr. Lee sprang from the trap on to the grass with a great thud, and for awhile rolled there, convulsed with laughter; the writer fell upon the horse; Mr. W. upon the front board, presenting no very dignified appearance you may be well assured. The writer soon recovered himself, and, being smitten with an uncontrollable fit of laughter, called out:—

'Let's leave this poor old stranded wreck, boys,
And pull for the shore.'

Mr. Lee and I were merry enough—a decided contrast to our more aged and sedate partner in tribulation. 'We might be on the brink of eternity. Be steady, brethren.' We were steady enough, *after* we had almost split our sides with laughing. We should like to have a picture of that night's escapade to intensify our gratitude when sitting snugly in our study. We are sure the sight of it would set our friend off in one of his merry laughs, though he is now old and grey-headed. We made up our minds to walk home, the horse dragging the cart to Garton, Mr. Lee guiding it on foot. We left the cart there, after which we allowed 'Smiler' to be his own guide, while we walked on the foot-path. For a while he would only keep pace with us by virtue of a few strokes of the whip; but by-and-by he left us in the rear, and, much to our relief, we found him near Driffield, with his head towards us, as if saying:—

'Come on, my partners in distress,
My comrades through the wilderness,
Who still your bodies feel.'

We reached home, I think, about one o'clock in the morning—late enough to see the expiring hour of *All Fool's Day*, and soon

enough to see the dawn of its successor, our families feeling greatly relieved that our necks were safe.

To add to our grief, a 'Local' (!), in turning the corner of the Lodge where Nancy Varey lived, instead of keeping to the highway, ran against some posts, and smashed the trap. Costs £3. 'Familiarity breeds contempt' of danger, as of other things, by a close approach. But the above disasters had quickened the preachers to a keener sense of danger, which led to the abandonment of the conveyance in the latter part of the winter, 1878.

Let me add, what will greatly surprise some of our readers, that no trap was smashed, no horse thrown down, and no limbs broken or bruised while the writer held the reins—a fact on which he congratulates himself immensely. He could not, of course, pretend to the caution of the American driver, who, passing along roads 'deep with ruts, precipitous in gradients, and sharp in turns,' had both hands on the reins, and, at least, one foot ready for the break; yet by continuous care he proved a safe driver, which, to his unsophisticated mind, meant a good driver. He always managed to keep the horse on his legs, and the trap on the high roads, and consequently out of the hedges and ditches. He once or twice, or oftener, had a narrow escape, but then a miss is as good as a mile.

A Safe Driver.

One Sunday morning four of us started for the West route. The steed was not faultless, nor the vehicle perfect, nor was its pace swift but all went well until we got nicely out of the town, when 'Smiler' made a dead stand; nor could even Mr. Isaac Miller (blacksmith), accustomed to deal with horses, drive him forward. He was quite willing to go, but it was homeward. Each of the three brethren tried his hand, but in vain. They became alarmed for their limbs, and, springing from the trap, declared 'they would not risk their lives with a creature like that.' Now these brethren had not to preach till 2-30, but the writer had to be at North Dalton at 10-30. Besides, it was the *quarterly* (!) collection, an important matter to a T.P. in those days! So he seized the reins and plied the whip. 'Smiler' reared, backed, stretched himself across the road, darted homeward, stood still. 'You'll conquer him, Mr. Woodcock, if you stick to him,' said a man in passing. The Wesleyan trap

A Restive Horse.

passed us, the driver giving us a look of pity; but we had spirit enough left to wave the whip, and waggishly shout, 'Go on, we'll meet you there.' At length we made 'Smiler' go until he was fain to stop. The brethren, after a swift run, risked their precious lives in the trap, and we reached Dalton after the service had begun, but in time for the preaching service, and, of course, soon enough to make the Q. C. On reaching home at night, we ascertained that the groom had overslept himself, and that 'Smiler' had started on his journey without a feed. Poor old 'Smiler!' we petted him after that, and did all we well could to atone for our ill-timed castigation.

Mr. Burrows and others (not Mr. Tyas) were said to be good horsemen, for which they were not the less respected by their rustic audiences. Good horsemanship, however, was an acquirement to which the writer could lay no claim. For fifteen years he had not been astride a horse, and when compelled to mount one it was as if, like John Gilpin, 'he rode a race, and for a thousand pounds.'

A Swift Ride.

It happened thus:—In 1858-9 the T.P.'s used to conduct a Sunday's service at 3-0 p.m., thrice a quarter, in a lone farm-house in the Leven Carrs, for the benefit of the labourers, Mr. Elvidge, farmer, contributing £5 a year to the circuit fund. As we had to be at Cranswick by 6-0 p.m., a horse was provided for us, a man going before to bring it back. One Sunday the 'hack' was from home, and a hunter was offered. We avowed our inability to manage so splendid a creature, but were answered, 'He is quite safe, sir. Don't hold the rein too tightly, and you'll be as safe as in that arm chair.' We mounted, and in going to the river, which had to be crossed on a tugg, we took the wrong side of a drain, about two yards wide. We were anxious to turn the animal round, but, in a moment, he leaped the drain. We cried out, 'Oh!' and on looking round to see where we were, felt some surprise to find ourself still on the animal's back. 'What sort of a horse is this?' we enquired of the manager of the tug. 'One of the best goers in the neighbourhood,' he replied. 'I'm sure I daren't re-mount,' was our answer. 'Nonsense; you'll ride as easily and as safely as a child in its cradle—only just let him go; don't chafe him.' It was getting dark, and holding

the bridle tight enough to feel it, we started. The ride—six or seven miles—was delightful, and soon the speed became rapid, and at every effort to tighten the bridle the noble animal became as frisky as if he had formed part of the cavalcade in hot pursuit of Dick Turpin. 'Go it, mister,' said a lad, as we passed through Watton. 'Where are you for?' shouted one; but, alas! we could only answer (silently) with the man who, being asked the same question under similar circumstances, replied, 'Where this brute will carry me.' Fortunately, the toll-gate was thrown open, or I believe we should have gone right over it, *or at least the horse would.* We arrived at the chapel twenty minutes before service time. We called, 'Groom.' He came, and when he saw the horse, trembling in every limb and sweating at every pore, he said, 'Ah wadn't hev our young maaster to see him for fave shillin'.' We found that our right foot had slipped the stirrup, which, beating the horse's flank, was the cause of its great speed.

We think the writer may fairly claim to have been a 'good rider,' as well as a 'safe driver.' Six miles at full gallop—with one stirrup—in the dark—and at the end as 'safe as a child in its cradle!' We defy any preacher we have ever met with to beat that.

Parsons on Bicycles.

We have been told—good gracious! can it be true?—that the bicycle is coming to the aid of the Wolds pedestrians. A preacher arriving at a chapel on one of these steeds is a striking, and, we are told, by no means an uncommon occurrence in our villages. Others, less venturesome, go mounted on low safety bicycles; others, with a very pardonable regard for their own limbs and necks, go on wheeled tricycles. Some quit themselves well on their steeds; others, so we are told, walk pantingly up the hills and leisurely walk down them, urging on the steeds at their side as best they can. Let us say, for the benefit of our senior brethren, that Dr. Roose, in his able article in the *Fortnightly Review*, on *The Art of Prolonging Life*, says, 'Tricycle riding may be carried too far by those who have reached the climacteric of life.'

CHAPTER XII.

PREACHERS' HOMES IN THE VILLAGES.

SOME of our early preachers, in the Midland and Southern counties, suffered from hunger, that sharp thorn, and their food was scanty and mean. A raw turnip, the pith of a cabbage stalk, a few apples plucked from the hedgerows, together with a dry crust, with the ground for a table and a stone-heap for a seat, was often all they could get to appease the cravings of hunger for forty-eight hours together. A blackberry pie, uncooked, and without crust, with a drink from a wayside stream, was a not infrequent luxury. From some places they were driven out, from others dragged out, from others drummed out, and from one place, after being drenched with water, bespattered with mud, and pelted with stones, they were sung out. Early Poverty.

Along these Wolds such scenes were rarely witnessed, for the people, rich and poor, with true Yorkshire generosity, bade them welcome to good and ungrudged fare. True, Mr. G. Bullock, sixty years ago, walked fourteen miles to preach at Beeford in the open air, and no one asked him to have anything to eat. He says, 'I sat down on the village green, very hungry; but though I was a "Bullock," with a keen appetite, I could not feed on grass.' But such instances were rare, even in those early times.

We know, from forty years' experience and observation, the generous hospitality with which the Wolds people have entertained our preachers. Some people's professed hospitality reminds us of the famous bull which Sir Boyle Roche once made in the House of Commons. When praising the spontaneous hospitality of the Irish, he said, 'I fervently wish that if any honourable gentleman present pay a visit to Ireland, and come *within a mile* of my residence, he will *stay there*.' The House pardoned the bull for the sake of the intention. The Wolds people threw open the wide arms of welcome, saying, 'Come into my house and abide there;' and having once entered, they relished the company of the ministers. We don't wonder that the Rev. W. Sanderson, in his sermon on 'Mary and Martha,' Good Homes.

slyly said, 'As a *preacher*, I like Martha. Some people praise the Marys, but give us the Marthas as well, especially on these Wolds, when the roads are rough and the winds high, for without them we should often have to go without dinner, tea, supper, or lodgings. 'What could Paul have done for Philippi but for the home of Lydia? What would Apollos have been but for the home to which Aquila and Priscilla took him? Let anyone ponder well the significance of the stories of Philemon and the Elect Lady and Gaius.' Hundreds of people on the Wolds have done over again the very work which many did in the first century. In whatever village you plant a Christian church, and secure a home for God's servants, you do a work which the twelve apostles would have rejoiced to have done.

A Hearty Welcome.

Nothing can exceed the cordiality with which our preachers, travelling and local, have been ungrudgingly fed and comfortably housed during the last seventy years. They are a kindly folk, among whom a stranger cannot long feel strange. There is the warm grip, and a 'God bless you! we're plain folks, and you'll hev to mak yourself at hoame.' And the new arrival, without further ceremony, feels that he is at home.

They are fond of a joke, and proud of their rude speech and rough generosity. Visiting the village of W———, we went to our host's house and said, 'Does Mr. Thomas J—— live here?

'No, but old Tom J—— does.'

'Well, I'm the new preacher, Mr. J——.'

'Ah'll hev nean o' your misters here, ma neeame is Tom.'

'But you are old, and I am young, and I can't call *you* Tom.'

'Then you can gang to where you come fra.'

'Nay, I've got to the right shop, and here I'll stay.'

'Can ye drink a glass of good yal (ale), eh?'

'No, I am a total abstainer.'

'You are! Ah never knew but yan teetotal parson who was worth his keep, and that was Willie Garner. Can ye eat a bit of good beef an' bacon, and drink a basin o' milk to supper?'

'Yes, my appetite, like your generosity, never faileth, and I can do what you name as well as Mr. Garner could.'

His face brightened. At length, with an appetite sharpened by a five miles' walk, a bit of visiting and a long sermon (it was our

first, at the village, and we felt bound to do our best), we partook of a savoury supper, unspoiled by luxurious cooking. I glanced at Mr. J.'s face, and he stared at mine, with eyes that bespoke a thousand welcomes. The plate and the basin emptied, I said, 'Shall I do?' He looked pleased and surprised, and, with special emphasis, said, '*I think you will.*'

Among those who have thus entertained our preachers on the Wolds, and most of whom were known to the writer, we find the following names :—(*a*) Adamson, Anderson, Appleton, Atkinson. (*b*) Barker, Banister, Bayes, Beckett, Belt, Bell, Binington, Bowman, Bowes, Bolton, Booth, Bussell, Brown, Burgess, Bullock. (*c*) Cass, Cobb, Collier, Cole, Collinson, Cooper, Coultas, Cunliffe, Cundill. (*d*) Dandy, Dalby, Dawson, Denton, Denney, Dewson, Dickenson, Dixon, Dosser, Drew, Dunn, Duke. (*e*) Esh, Errington. (*f*) Fairley, Fisher, Foster, Fowler, Found, Frankish. (*g*) Garton, Gee, Gibson, Goforth, Goodhind, Grubb. (*h*) Hall, Harper, Hardy, Harrison, Hatfield, Hesp, Hood, Holmes, Horsfield, Hornsey, Horsley, Hopper, Hudson, Huntsman. (*i*) Izard, Ireland. (*j*) Jackson, Jennison, Johnson, Jordan. (*k*) Knaggs, King, Kitchen. (*l*) Langton, Langhorne, Laybourne, Lee, Leadley, Loft, Lyon. (*m*) Mainprize, Maynard, Major, Marshall, Moon, Moore. (*n*) Newton, Newlove, Nicholson, Nipe, Normandale, North, Nunns. (*o*) Odlin, Osborne, Ouston. (*p*) Pashby, Pattison, Petch, Pearson, Pinder, Potter, Prescott. (*r*) Railton, Ramsden, Rennison, Riley, Richardson, Robson, Robinson, Ross, Rudd. (*s*) Sanderson, Scott, Seders, Shepherd, Shaw, Simpson, Simpkin, Smith, Smallwood, Stabler, Stephenson, Stather, Stoor. (*t*) Taylor, Thompson, Thackeray, Thornton, Thorpe, Towse, Toft. (*v*) Varey, Vasey, Vokes. (*w*) Walker, Walkington, Ward, West, Wetherall, Wardill, Witty, Whitfield, Wilson, Williamson, White, Wood, Woodcock, Wrigglesworth.

Names of Entertainers.

These are the names of some who, during the past seventy years, have entertained our preachers. They are well-known to most of the ministers who have travelled in this district, and they deserve the best thanks of the Connexion for the liberal way in which they have, with Lydia, the purple seller, said, 'Come into my house and abide there.' A preacher, going to a village in the West

Riding, asked a man, 'where Mr. Green lived?' 'There are six Greens; which do you mean?' 'The one that attends the Primitive chapel.' 'They all attend that chapel.' 'I mean the one that the preachers go to.' 'They go to them all; but if you ask for the one nearest the chapel, you won't be far wrong.' Some of the names mentioned above represent a dozen different families, and not fewer than three generations of benefactors. Many preachers retain pleasing reminiscences of the kindness of many who have gone to their rest, and others who still survive.

The sixty-three professions followed by the above-named persons we put in the super-exquisite, Byronic style!—

There were ploughmen and cowmen, and several thatchers;
Blacksmiths, a tanner, and some clever rat-catchers:
And carriers, and farriers, and hedgers and ditchers;
And butchers and bakers, and two candlestick makers;
And woodmen and footmen, and a good many huntsmen;
And hucksters and poachers, and men who drove coaches;
And tinkers and tailors, and cobblers and sailors;
A doctor, a lawyer, some joiners and sawyers;
A sweep, three barbers, and a great many farmers.
There were cowtenders six, and a few who made bricks;
There were tilers and filers, and one tallow-chandler,
Horse-dealers, game-keepers, hatters and boots,
And gardeners, who furnished the tables with roots:
A constable, a bailiff, and one supervisor,
And a Squire!—who, certainly, was not a miser:
An auctioneer and a cheap Jack, who must not be left out,
Nor the watchmaker, nor clockmender, and watcher of trout:
Horse-trainers, a train-driver, and the 'Boss' of a van;
A photographer, a wine-merchant, and—it's a fact—one publican!
A painter, a plumber, a brewer, a groom,
And a postmaster, too, found the preachers a room!
Several grocers and dressmakers, and laundresses kind,
Oft sheltered the wanderers from storm and from wind.*

Generally speaking, in these homes there was every comfort and convenience desirable—a clean hearth, a blazing fire, well-aired rooms and feather beds, generous food—homes good enough for a prince to enjoy. We never had a home on these Wolds that we should not like to re-visit. To take in a preacher was a patent of nobility on the Wolds.

* Pronounced *wynd*.

Occasionally, forty or fifty years ago, ah, and since then, landlords compelled their labourers to live in hovels not fit to put cattle in, and the most fitting monument they could have had would have been a row of their own cottages, stood on end. Some men, upon whom lavish eulogies have been bestowed, are not worthy of what they get. The preachers often had to sleep in a one-chambered house, and not infrequently share a bed with groom, stable-boy, or children. At one village the preachers used to spend two nights in a small room, nearly smothered, while sharing a bed with a groom. Some preachers, when planned at that village, preferred walking to Driffield, after service, returning to a neighbouring village next night; others used to stay and rough it. The cottagers were exceedingly kind, and did all they could to make the preachers comfortable, and were not responsible for the scanty accommodation they had to offer. One preacher, when asked to accept hospitality for the night, replied, 'If the landlord will let me sleep in one of his stables I'll gladly do so, but I cannot inflict discomfort on your family by passing another night in that room, after the experience I have had, well able, as I am, to walk to Driffield.'

Wretched Cottages.

The Wolds women are known to be the best housekeepers in the world; their husbands are the *worst*: 'Martha Janes' (*i.e.*, bad housekeepers when left in charge of a family), not a whit better than the man who said to the Rev. J. Scruton, 'My wife was from home a week, and during that time I burnt two kettle bottoms out, and scalded the poor cat to death.'

Let us look at one of these cottages, in which the writer spent many happy days years ago. The good woman of the house was one of the most notable in the neighbourhood. One might have supposed, as one has said, that her mother had rocked her to sleep in a cradle made of old brushes, and had employed her hands in hemming dusters instead of dressing dolls. The house floor, though rough and broken, was washed with rud-coloured water, and tastefully sanded through a cullender, so that beautiful circular patches, quarter of a yard apart, adorned the floor, and woe betide the youngster who set his foot on one of these before six p.m. The hearth-stone was as clean as a new pin, and on the whitewashed walls hung pictures

Good Housewives.

which reminded one of both worlds:—*Bunyan fighting with Appollyon; Dick Turpin, on his famous mare, 'Bess,' leaping a five-barred gate; The Rev. William Clowes; Sir Tatton Sykes; A pack of hounds; St. Peter holding the keys; James Hall, Esq., of Scorbro'.* There was a deal dresser, with a shelf above it, on which all sorts of crockery, ancient and modern, were tastefully arranged. A set of chairs, with high backs and awkward legs, were arranged round the room; a polished chest of drawers, covered with a bright cloth, with two or three plaster images and glass vases An eight-days' clock, not a Dutch gimcrack, but the old English article, seven feet high, with its large dial and high door in front. It had been handed down, as an heirloom, for three generations, and (unlike many clocks in preachers' houses) told exact time the week round, and at the stroke of each hour gave forth the notes of the cuckoo. The dear old creature sometimes summoned us to our work before the sun had dared to show his face! Right overhead there were suspended from the rafters bunches of herbs, mint, garlic, sweet marjoram, sage, sides of bacon, a ham (there was a porker fattening in the sty), and many other good creatures rarely missing in the houses of those who take in preachers! The table was covered with a cloth of alabaster whiteness; the knives and forks shone in their polished brightness, which bade you get ready for what the beef-eating Woldsmen like—a good dinner. Upstairs there was one bed, as we can testify, made, not of flocks, but of feathers, enough to make a wakeful man fall asleep, and to keep a sleepy man in unconscious slumbers for nine or ten hours, had not the cuckoo clock just overhead broken his sleep.

Some of these cottages were gay with well-trimmed flower-pots on the window ledge, hyacinths, tulips, geraniums, fuschias, breathing a fragrance of happy cottage life—a wonderful contrast to the crowded slums in our large towns. We don't remember ever seeing flowers in a dirty house; which goes far to prove that the presence of flowers in a house has a great influence on the side of cleanliness. If we could plant some of these Wold cottages, with all their domestic comforts, in our large towns and cities, we should strike a staggering blow at drunkenness.

We lavish no fulsome compliment upon the Woldswomen when we say they have always been celebrated for their good cooking.

It was a fond conceit of rare Ben Jonson, that the foundation of all knowledge is to be found in the kitchen ; and in one of his masques he introduces a cook, as representing the whole circle of the sciences :—

> A master cook ! why, he's the man of men
> For a professor : He designs, he draws,
> He paints, he carves, he builds, he fortifies ;
> Makes citadels of curious fowl and fish,
> Some dry-dishes, some motes round with broths ;
> Mounts marrow-bones, cuts fifty-angled custards,
> Rears bulwark pies, and for his outer works
> He raiseth ramparts of immortal crust ;
> And teacheth all the tactics at one dinner :
> What ranks, what files to put his dishes in ;
> The whole art military. Then he knows
> The influence of the stars upon his meats,
> And all their seasons, tempers, qualities.
> And so to fit his relishes and sauces,
> He has nature in a pot, 'bove all the chemists
> Or any brethren of the Rosie-cross.
> He is an architect, a physician, a philosopher,
> A general mathematician.

There is no reason in the world why a cook should not be a philosopher, and there is no reason why a philosopher should not be a cook. Not only the best room and the cosiest chair, but the richest products of field and farm, poultry-yard and pantry were for the preachers. An old man said one day, 'Folks, fifty years back, kept their rotten eggs to pitch at the parsons ; but now-a-days, when the young pullets lay their best eggs, they are sure to be kept for the next preacher what comes.' Never was clucking hen more watchful over her brood than many of these people have been over their preachers, catering for their comfort in every way.

Children, we know, are a great joy in a household, and their presence brings sunshine, and their merry voices create music, which often chase the cares of the world into happy oblivion. But how to carry on study amid these scenes, in other folks' houses, has puzzled many a parson. Sterne must have had a strange ear, for he wept over the quenched music of a famous defunct donkey. Carlyle, on the other hand, could bear no noise, and the crowing of a cock drove him almost mad. 'Gentlemen John' (as the people called him), childless himself, no sooner entered a house

than his first act was to silence all the children with his 'Sh-h-h.' Some men's presence is like the invasion of a chilling frost; others, like the sweep of the gulf stream. Early in our ministry we saw this domestic difficulty and meant to master it, and very soon we could sit down at the corner of a poor man's hearthstone, and read and write with almost as much quietude as in a retired chamber. The happy art has long since left us; but for a quarter of a century it did us good service.

These visits to our country homes were pleasant enough. The stream of pleasure flowed freely, especially in winter time, when there was an old-fashioned snowstorm, which compelled us to stick to the fireside. In the afternoon Mrs. P—— would trim herself up and sit by the fireside knitting; no frivolous fancy knitting, as George Elliot says, but a substantial woollen stocking. The clink of her knitting needles was the running accompaniment to all her conversation, and, notwithstanding the frequency with which she would marr a sentence or paragraph we might be reading aloud, by her sage questions for an ex-plan-a-tion, we never knew her spoil a stocking. With Mrs. Gladburn, at F——, a good and sensible woman, we had a standing rule—to have half-an-hour's chat after breakfast, at 7-30, and then to work. Then there was Mrs. Belt, of West Lutton, as good a friend to preachers as could be found on the Wolds. She used to put the preachers into the parlour, with a bright fire, pens, ink and paper, and a table on which to write. When she brought in the *Yorkshire Post*, at 11-30, she would stay for a chat, and how glad we were to join no tongue could tell! Alas! we often gave the most strange, contradictory, not to say provoking, answers to her questions. Now Mrs. B., like the writer, had a 'peppery temper,' and she would sometimes say, 'I'll never ask him another question,' when we would reply, quite unconsciously, 'No, don't.' When trying one morning to fasten a stolen sentence from Baxter on our mind ('Man is both a beast and a devil: in his animal nature he is a beast, and in his intellectual nature he is a devil') in came Mrs. B. saying, as she dandled a beautiful child in her arms, 'Is he not a beauty?' when slowly, but very emphatically, we said, 'He is a brute and a——,' when we instantly dropped the sentence, and kissing the child as

Pleasant Talks.

passionately as if it had been our own first-born, we pronounced it 'the biggest beauty this side of Driffield.' Mrs. B. laughed, and then retired with an unruffled temper. Some people blame us preachers for not visiting more, and some of us deserve blame; but let our accusers get to one of those comfortable firesides on the Wolds, in winter time, when the air is damp, the frost keen, and the roads rough and dirty, and they won't want to leave it. If ever our old friends kill their preachers it will be with kindness.

Primitive Methodism owes as much, perhaps, to the generosity of the poor in our villages, as it does to the gold given by the rich in our large towns. Some of our members living in those towns, with thirty shillings per week, complain if they have to entertain a missionary deputation during two or three days in a year; what would they say if they had to provide a preacher with a day's provisions almost weekly out of an income of fourteen shillings a week? This many a Woldsman has done for years together, and never grumbled at the doing of it.

Generosity Rewarded.

Mrs. West, of Garton, has made a home for preachers for many years. She once entertained the Rev. W. Harland and his wife from Saturday to Tuesday. 'They are a good pair,' she said; 'but I really think I cannot take the preacher at the next anniversary. They have cost me ten shillings'—a large sum for a labouring man. A few hours after her husband was driving a pig through the village, on which he had set a price. 'What will you take for your pig?' said a farmer. 'What will you give?' was the cautious reply. He offered ten shillings more than Mr. W. thought of asking. The bargain was struck. Hastening home he said to his wife, 'I've sold the pig for £—, and got the ten shillings back.' 'Oh,' replied Mrs. W., 'I think we will take the preacher as usual next year.' God, who opened the windows of heaven and poured down manna, smote the rocks and caused water to gush forth for His chosen tribes, will fulfil for His own people the promise, 'Thy bread shall be given.' All fulness dwells in Jesus, and He will not allow His chosen servants to lack loaves and fishes. Those who trust in Him for these things shall have all their real needs supplied. There's nothing lost by giving, or gained by grudging.

CHAPTER XIII.

DRIFFIELD CIRCUIT.—'AMANG THE PEOPLE.'

DRIFFIELD, with its 6,000 inhabitants, forms a little world, in which it is easier to study types of character and mind than in a large town. In this town Greek meets Greek frequently: the social contact of classes, high and low, rich and poor, is close and marked; the peculiarities of a striking personality, especially if he is a preacher, seem to become clearer and more vividly real to the inhabitants who daily observe him. To pass from a crowded town like Hull, where a preacher is almost as much lost in the throng as if he had sunk into the earth, to a quiet town like Driffield, where a preacher is 'the observed of all observers,' is a great and, to a man of quiet habits, a pleasant change. And yet, if a man has a few grains of ambition to gratify, his chances are greater in a small town than in a large one. In Hull a preacher is like a ship on the ocean—lost; in snug Driffield he is like a ship on a river; everybody seems to stare at him. If not monarch of all he surveys, yet his right there are but few to dispute. Preachers whose names are scarcely known even in Hull are common as household words in Driffield. Flesher, Holliday, Garner, Campbell, Lonsdale, Ratcliffe, Knowles, Tyas, Kendall, Whitehead, Harrison, Spivey, Heape—these, and others of less physical and official proportions, are well known in almost every house in the town. Preachers have their flock almost under their eyes, and ten minutes' walk will carry them to the most remote cottage in the town. In Hull one often used to tramp whole afternoons, and only visit four or five families. because they were so far apart that it took miles of walking to reach them. One of our colleagues had two miles' walk, monthly, to carry the penny magazine, and often wished it at the bottom of the Humber. Forty years ago the Driffield preachers, after being from home from Saturday till Thursday, had but little strength or disposition to visit in the town. But then there were six of them, five unmarried, and as the latter had 'their regular rounds for dinner and tea,' the people were not neglected. The villages are mostly small and compact, and the people easy to reach.

A Small Town.

It is said that moorland sheep are bad to catch, and when caught yield but little wool. Along these Wolds, and on the neighbouring moorlands, seventy years ago, the population was sparse and widely scattered; there was not much fleece to be found; and it was for love of the sheep, and not for the sake of the wool, that the shepherds went in search of them. The great difficulty was to get at the people, and in many cases it was only by individual communication with each at their own houses, and by speaking with them in private, that they could be reached. Forty or fifty years ago the preachers walked, on average, 50 miles, visited forty families, and preached eight sermons a week, besides doing other work. They almost invariably remained all night in the villages, and whilst in winter they found enough to do to preserve their health, without much house-to-house visitation, in spring, summer, and autumn, they used to devote a portion of each day among the people, often saying a kind word to the children on the village green, to the rustics on the headlands, in the stables, and at the pigsty.

Seeking the Flock.

Some preachers are incomprehensible on the Sunday, and invisible during the week; we mean they are not to be seen among the people during six days of the week, and are so little acquainted with the lives, habits, trials, and prejudices of the people, that on the Sunday they speak in a language not to be understood by them. Such pastors look at their people as stars seen through a telescope, instead of regarding them as convivial souls, with whom it is a pleasure to sit down and have a chat about good things. He who would influence the poor must have no stand-offishness about him; he must not act the part of the Levite, but, like the good Samaritan, put his arms underneath them and help to lift them up. T. Medd, when driving his rully between Driffield and Cranswick, met one of our members. 'Do you know any of the preachers who have travelled on this circuit?' 'Yes,' he knew several of them. 'Ah,' said he, 'C. Kendall, T. Waumsley, and . . . cud see a poor man in a field, an' hev a wod with him; but . . . cudn't.' Most of our early preachers rose early, breakfasted with the families at seven a.m., studied hard till noon, dined at twelve o'clock, *prompt*, and then walked on to another village, spending the afternoon among

Pastorating.

the people there. They have stood by the sick and the dying; they have prayed for the absent lad in the big city, for the sailor-boy on the ocean, and for the daughter married in a foreign land, with an earnestness that affected the hearts of parents. Albeit, to spend much time in the homes of the people in mere idle conversation, about anything or nothing, is a sure way to create church-feuds. 'Withdraw thy foot from thy neighbour's house, lest he be weary of thee' is a wise word which is not wholly inapplicable to pastoral visiting. A young preacher should learn to keep his own counsels as closely as a lawyer keeps his brief for the defence. If we are to keep hold of the Wolds people our preachers must not only preach well, but visit well. A house-going preacher makes a chapel-going people.

Selling Books.

In those olden times our preachers did a good work by the sale of books and magazines—a practice which Mr. Wesley recommends as being of the greatest importance to the growth of Methodism. They sometimes trudged the Wolds with a parcel of literature, weighing more than a stone, slung across their shoulders. Occasionally they were mistaken for hawkers, tea dealers, and medicine vendors, but, like the Waldenses of old, they spread their precious wares. Each parcel of books distributed amongst the people wrought silently and powerfully for edification and for the spreading of wholesome knowledge. Some preachers, who think it unbecoming their dignity to sell a poor man a good book, are reaping the advantages of books sold by their predecessors, in the quickened minds, broader views, and greater intelligence of their hearers. The monthly book parcel to the Driffield circuit generally reached £20, and the late Rev. C. Kendall stated at the Grimsby Conference that the profits per annum were equal to a young preacher's salary. Does not the attachment of the people to our Connexion arise from their acquaintance with its working? The works written by our Connexional authors, and published by our Book Room, were bought and prized and read by the people. When a man has read a good book he has something to talk about among his friends. The preachers who persuade their hearers to buy a good book leave a fructifying blessing behind them. The visit of the preacher was often awaited as eagerly for the sake of

the books he brought as for the sermon he would preach. Alas! we fear that the book-purchasing spirit amongst the Wolds people decreases as the ability to read increases. Tobacco, beer, skittles, football, cricket, dress, trips, anything in fact, is preferred by some young people to books, especially useful books.

With the Farmers.

Thirty years ago twenty-eight farmers provided homes for our preachers in the Driffield circuit. Many of the farms (*vide* Watton Grange and Wetwang Fields) were noted for their well-trimmed hedges, rich pastures filled with fine cattle and fat sheep and heavy crops: for one great point of resemblance exists between our old friends and their poultry—*both delight in full crops.*

Farmers' Talk.

Merchants talk about the Exchange, manufacturers about their cloth, pitmen about their pits, ladies about their toilets, doctors about their drugs, preachers about their MSS., and farmers like to talk about farms and farming. A Wolds clergyman, on his return from a visit to the Holy Land, invited his friends to spend an evening with him, that he might relate some of the wonderful sights he had seen. A large company was present, and one old farmer, stretching himself right across the fireplace, with his hands under the laps of his coat, enquired: 'And is there any good mangel worzels in that country?'

They used to tell a story of a Yorkshireman who, while visiting the Lincolnshire Fens, was thrown into the company of a number of farmers of that shire, when the conversation naturally turned on which county was the most prolific in the production of crops:

Fen farmer.—'If you turn a horse into a field at night here, in the morning you will only see the body and the top part of the legs of the horse; in fact, the grass will have grown above its knees.'

Yorkshireman.—'That is nowt to what's done in my neighbourhood. Put a horse in a field *there* at night, and in the morning you won't see him at all.'

Weather.

Usually the weather is a prolific topic of talk, and when farmers meet it always has the first innings. When the barometer is high, indicating a 'tack' of fine weather and sunshine, the farmers rejoice. But there are times when hay is bad; when turnips won't come up; when corn

won't ripen; when harvest is a doubtful quality; when lambs are ailing, and when cattle won't thrive—then the talk is somewhat gloomy. A farmer, during a long drought, pressed a preacher to dine with him one Sabbath. Dinner over, he said, 'Now you'll pray, sir, and don't forget to ask for better weather than we have now.' Rising from his knees and going to the window, as if in expectation of seeing the clouds overhead burst into showers, he said, 'Surely it will come now.' We forget whether it did or not. A Scotchman is reported to have said, 'We ought to be thankful for any kind of weather'—a sentiment so just and wholesome that all should endorse it. Thankfulness, however, admits of degrees, and farmers may be excused if they rejoice with special heartiness when weather is favourable for the ripening of their crops. They pride themselves that nowhere else in the world are there finer specimens of horseflesh than on the Wolds. They are passionately fond of horses. We were often reminded of the words of inspiration: 'A merciful man is merciful to his beast;' for those Wolds farmers are gentle and considerate of their live stock. We have known one of them walk four or five miles rather than subject a not half-worked horse to a journey after dusk. It is your amateur town drivers who abuse horses; a true farmer never does so.

Talks about Cattle.

One of our preachers was no favourite with the farmers, because, when asked to look at the cattle, he said, 'Oh no, thank you, it is so dirty.' We enjoyed the farmers' talk about their cattle. We were often surprised to hear them tell the exact age of horses, and their rearing from foaling to twenty years and upwards. Speaking of a *horse* they would say, 'Good gracious! what a beauty! excellent spirit and fine action! a mettlesome creature *that*; plenty of go in him. Nowt like him between here and Canny Yatton. Ah wodn't swap him for best Hunter in Sir Tatton's stables.' Of a *bullock*: 'Dash it, it's a good un! Well-shaped compact beast that, mister; evenly fleshed; wide ribs and broad bones.' Of *sheep*: 'Fine sheep these; as flat as a table on the back.' Of an *obese pig*: 'It can scarce stand on its legs. You'll enjoy a cut off that, mister.' A humorist has said, 'The man as can form a ackerate judgment of a hanimal can form a hackerate judgment of anything.' Though the writer could rarely guess the age of a horse within twenty years, or the

weight of a bullock within twenty stones, yet his stereotyped reply to every assertion, 'Is not that a splendid creature?' was, 'He is, sir.' (Sometimes a farmer would say, 'He's a she, sir,' and we never contradicted him.)

But it was when the cattle had been foddered, the horses well shaken down for the night, the fowls safely housed against the attack of any sly fox that might have left his footprints near—it was *then* that we used to gather round the fire, and listen to long talks about farms and farming. The old-fashioned fireplace, with its ruddy glow, was a luxury we felt no wish to forego. Then it was that we heard long talks about fads and feeding stuffs; high rents, small crops, and low prices; all about horses, sheep and cattle, Alderney and Kerry cows, Southdown and Leicester sheep; about horses, their pedigree, breeding, foaling, training, and general management; all about the big draught horse, the smart pony and the sly kicker and biter, and the treatment of the various diseases to which they were liable; all about veterinary surgeons, their skilful examinations and wonderful cures, and charges, great and small; all about pigs and poultry, cocks and hens, ducks and drakes, geese and ganders; all about cheese, butter, eggs, and harvest ale, all about the rotation of crops, aftermath, oaks, elm, beech, ash, chestnuts, daffodils, primroses, cowslips, wild spinage, bird weed, danelions, goosefoot, field mustard, poppies, ferns, wild roses, violets, adders-tongue, wild raddishes, dock, buttercups, dog daisies, nettles, wild flowers, thistles, onions, beans, potatoes, and what were an especial abhorrence to the farm lads—*cabbages and rhubarb*, the two things that beef and bacon-eating people need to keep them in health. One morning one of our friends, going into his vegetable garden, found that someone had cut the bed of rhubarb close to the ground. All these were topics of conversation, and if the preacher could speculate a bit, after the fashion of the Revs. W Clowes, W. Lonsdale, J. North, A. Smith, H. Knowles, and others, as they smoked their aldermanic pipes, about the number of quarters to the acre a field would be likely to yield, and then take a handful of the grain from the bag, which the good man of the house had put on the table, blow upon it, punch it, and chew a bit of it, and then pronounce it firm, full,

General Conversation.

Punching Corn.

sweet and pure, he did not lose an ounce of his ghostly influence, but would be sure to be a welcome guest of the farmers.

A bright sun makes the weeds to grow, and fat farms produce fat rats. Sometimes we had to spend a night in a house infested with rats and mice, between whom there seemed to be a good understanding, if we might judge from the regularity with which they alternately chased each other across the floor overhead. More than once they ventured into our room, when we tried, in vain, to tickle their tails, first with a pen and then with a poker! At Middleton they multiplied with such rapidity that the people took them under their own charge, and, assisted by ferrets and dogs, drove them from floor to roof, where, brought to bay, they were dispatched by stones, cudgels, or a shot from a gun. It was said that hundreds fell in that war of extermination. The writer acted as 'Surveyor General'—at a distance.

Rats and Mice.

Mr. W—— kept two dogs, piously called Moody and Sankey. One of them—we forget which—used to rush across the home pasture and back again, bringing with him the *Yorkshire Post*, which the guard of the early train flung from his van in passing. Forty years ago the *weekly* newspaper generally went the round of the circuit preachers, as they joined in the subscription. In 1877 the world's news, summarized, by telegraph, was brought to us by breakfast time (minus all religious news) by the sagacious dog. The *Leeds Mercury* was the preachers' favourite paper, and we have known the late Rev. W. Garner and others walk miles to read one, and so get to know how the great world, outside the Wolds, was moving on.

CHAPTER XIV.

PREACHERS AND HEARERS.

THE Rev. W. L. Watkinson (Wesleyan), correcting the too common assumption that villagers are less intelligent than townspeople, says, 'There is slight justification for this in fact. Nature has been before the politician. The influence of nature is often immensely exaggerated; but not altogether in vain does the peasant dwell between pure skies and bright landscapes. If in the parable the clod caught some little fragrance from the rose that grew upon it, the living 'clods' do not altogether escape the benign influence of their rich environment. Many ploughmen have a bit of Burns in them; lacking in conventional culture, they inherit something of the reality and grace of nature—you often detect the wild rose and sweet-briar in their spirit. The bloom of nature often counts for far more than the lacquer of civilisation. The schoolmaster has also been before the politician. *In our opinion, and we speak with knowledge of both town and country, there is more real intellectual life in the country places than in the great towns.* Farmers are more literary than shopkeepers and merchants; ploughmen and shepherds, so far as mental life is concerned, would compare favourably with labourers and artisans. There is far more intellectual demonstration at the great centres of population; but in green nooks and corners are found the best books and newspapers, and far from the maddening crowd these are read as they are not read amid the dissipations of cities. The smart townsman acquires considerable information of a certain order, glibly and confidently tells whatever he knows, seems, indeed, at times quite brilliant with his miscellaneous, superficial gossip; put in real knowledge and thinking power the rough-hewn tiller of the soil is often his master. The preacher, also, has been before the politician. In the village church the rustic has come into contact with most cultured, and often most godly men, and we may justly hope such communion has not been altogether in vain. In Dissenting sanctuaries woodsmen, herdsmen, ploughboys have long listened to the loftiest doctrine and drunk in the sublimest spirit. We too often

judge by the appearance, and hence infer the superiority of the fashionably-dressed citizen, the inferiority of the uncouth aborigines of field and forest. Such inferences need large qualification. The gaudy butterfly seems infinitely more than the bee with its quiet tints and sombre colours, its extreme simplicity of form and shape; and yet in the modest worker are combined all the resources of the highest instinct. The townsman has most of the decorative wealth of society, but the cotter is by no means behind him in the nobler qualities which command the admiration of mankind.'

Towards the close of the last century no school was found in some of the villages. One of the first established was at Fimber, in 1814. Generally, the village teacher was the village Dame, who knew but little of the three R's. Fifty years ago the village schoolmaster was often a hero of Waterloo, with wooden leg or missing arm. Now in each village is found a day-school for the education of poor children, those on Sir Tatton Sykes' estate being supported mainly by the Sykes' family. For thirty years past the children on the Wolds have received a better elementary education than the children of the corresponding classes of our large towns and cities. Again, the churches on these Wolds early felt the importance of teaching the young the truths of the Bible, and have made that one of the most conspicuous departments of their work. Here are to be found some of the best Sunday school teachers we have met with.

Somebody has said that the neglect of Bible reading will be the death of Methodism. The Wolds people have been great Bible readers. One day a minister visited an old woman of a very intelligent appearance. After asking about and praying for her soul's welfare, he asked her if she was fond of reading.

'Ay, ah like to read a bit when ah've tame,' replied she.

'Perhaps you've got a library of your own? If not, I should be very pleased to lend you a few nice books.'

'A libery o' ma awn! ah hev that. Jane (speaking to her granddaughter) get my book aht o' t' box i' t' cubbard.' Jane gets the book—a large family Bible—and carries it to her grandmother.

'Ah doan't knaw ha menny books yahr libery hes in,' continued the old woman, 'but mane hes sixty-three in, an' ah hev 'em all bun together. That,' handing the reverend gentleman the holy

book, 'is all t'libery ah hev; it's all t'libery ah ivver hed, an' it's all t'libery ah ivver want to hev.'

When you entered the cottage of one of our members, forty years ago, you would be sure to find on the shelves a small but precious library, *i.e.*, *Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress; Baxter's Saints' Everlasting Rest; Doddridge's Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul; The Whole Duty of man; Boston's Four-fold Estate; Wesley's Sermons; Fox's Book of Martyrs; Cowper's Poems;* our Connexional Hymn Book, Magazines, &c.

The people possess good common sense and an intensely religious nature, and being well acquainted with their Bibles and well-read in Methodist theology, they are what Methodists call 'good hearers.' They love their preachers, and stick to them; and in this respect, at least, they are unlike the good old Cornishman who, on being asked what he liked best, said, 'I should like a hot dinner and a fresh preacher every Sunday.' The preachers who go into the pulpit with minds full of thought and hearts full of feeling will not lack attentive hearers.

He who addresses village congregations should use the plainest language and the most easily understood illustrations. He should come down from his pedestal, if he can, on to the plain, and look at life as they look at it. Driffield circuit has been honoured with the labours of some of the best preachers in the Connexion, including the following superintendents:—the Revs. J. Flesher, T. Holliday, W. Howcroft, T. Simpson, J. Sharpe, H. Campbell, J. Wright, A. Smith, T. Ratcliffe, J. Lawley, W. Lonsdale, H. Knowles, W. Garner, E. Tyas, J. R. Parkinson, C. Kendall (six years), T. Newsome, T. Waumsley, T. Whitehead, R. Harrison, C. Spivey, and C. Leafe. Five of its preachers became presidents of the Conference. These, and others we might name, 'the common people heard gladly'—in fact, walked many miles to listen to them, and deep down in many of their hearts their words survive, are fondly cherished, and often repeated after the lapse of forty or fifty years.

Many years ago a Presbyterian minister, having been elevated to the position of the Moderator, dated everything back to that event; and we often heard our Wolds friends speak of past events

thus: 'It took place about two years after Mr. Clowes spoke at the District Camp Meeting at Driffield.' 'It was about three months after Tommy Holliday preached on the green at Weaverthorpe.' 'Our Tom was married week after Henry Knowles did Daniel so well. He gat the poor lad into the den, and ah thowt he wad nivver get him out; but out he came by the power of God. That was December, '55, if ah remember right.'

Forty years ago the old familiar *Three-decker*—'firstly, secondly, and thirdly, with the finally, brethren,' as a conclusion—were looked for by the people. And for popular effect can that method be improved? The people knew what to expect, and by awakening their curiosity and exciting their expectation it helped them to listen to what was coming, even when their minds were dull and jaded and their eyes heavy with sleep. Of course they sometimes took credit for more knowledge of Homiletics than they possessed. Like the philosopher who complimented Hannibal on his achievements, they spoke with a confidence of sermons equal to that of the most expert sermonizer. Indeed, it was sometimes rather humiliating to our youthful vanity to be told by a ploughman—to say nothing of wise old 'mothers in Israel,' knitting a stocking or hemming a handkerchief, as they glanced over their spectacles—that 'your sermon was not so full of the marrow of the Gospel as John Flesher, Thomas Holliday, and Atkinson Smith used to preach years sen.'

Favourite Style of Preaching.

As a rule, however, their judgments were not often mistaken If the preacher went into the pulpit with a poor, ill-prepared sermon—one lacking in Gospel truth, in stirring thoughts, and cheering, invigorating, and helpful words, thus giving them a stone when they asked for bread—they soon showed their disapprobation. 'How often have you preached that sermon, mister?' 'Never before.' 'Ah thowt as mich, and if you be a wise man you'll nivver preach it aggean.' 'Ah like a preacher to hev plenty of belly-timber' (good food), said one. 'How did you like the preachers at the camp-meeting?' we enquired on one occasion. 'They were a belly-wash (belly-ache) set. They gav us plenty of blash water (light and frivolous talk). Ah suppose they thowt it good anouf for barn-deear savages and country o-bucks. What's use o' sending a lot o' bowdiekite lads to preach to us owd grey-

beards.' To another preacher, 'Ah say, mister, you preached a *goodish* sermon to-night; but if it had been cut short at beath ends, and set a-fire in the middle, it wad a dean us mare good.' A preacher, who was almost as distinguished for his study of geology as for his devotion to the work of the ministry, used to preach to the Woldsmen. One of his hearers said, 'He's a clever lahtle chap, and seems to know omeast as mich about coals as he dis about Calvary; and he can talk as weal about the steans (stones) under our feet as about the steans on which God wrate the Ten Commandments. A clever lahtle chap he be, but ah wish he'd put a bit less sand and a bit mare salvation into his sarmons. Grace, and not gravel, is what we want in the pulpit. T'owd Gospel, mister, is what we want. God, who made the air we breathe, as well as the corn that maks our good bread, gav' us the Gospel, and He knew what we needed.'

Here and there, now and again, preachers found their way to these Wolds who could not preach either good Saxon or good sense, and who indulged in inflated grandiloquence and metaphysical subtleties, with a few 'sublimities' and no end of 'profundities'—a mixture of powder and jam, reminding one of the mimic war waged by our navy in 1889—a great deal of powder, smoke, and noise, but no shot; but these were rare exceptions. These teachers puzzled their pupils. Their utterances were like the revolving luminaries of the Flamborough lighthouse, in which dazzling brilliance alternates with dense darkness. The solid, sober, Bible-reading Wolds folks are not to be caught by *lablaque* (chaff). Still, like the charitable good folks they are, when they could not understand a sermon they took it as a sign of hidden wisdom, if not of special grace, on the part of the preacher, and 'computed' their lack of apprehension to their own ignorance. When told, on one occasion, that 'the acutest mathematician could not compute the number of infinitesimally small atoms that went to compose the primordial earth,' the rustics fairly broke down, and the writer felt something akin to side-splitting. 'They may tak them Hull preachers as like 'em; gie me yan ov our country preachers,' forgetful of the fact that three out of the four country preachers had but recently come from Hull.

One brother, Mr. Flashman, in explaining one mystery added a second. 'You might as well try to pour the Gulf Stream into a

household utensil as to fathom the profundities of the Infinite.' That sounded grand; but the people, in the act of listening, had not time fully to grasp it. But when another preacher said, 'It would be easier to put the water of the ocean into a pint mug than it would be to understand the character and ways of God,' they caught the idea in a moment, and long-drawn 'Aha's!' were heard all over the chapel, indicative of acceptance, satisfaction, and delight.

When Mr. Corncrake told them that 'the first axiomatical truth of revealed religion was the existence of a first great cause of all things,' they fancied they only half understood him; but when told that all that he meant was that the existence of a God was the first truth of religion, a man said, 'He were right, too; I learnt that at Betty Borrill's school foty years sen'.'

Preaching on the way of salvation, a preacher said, 'Any infringement of the legal enactments of the great Supreme is sure to entail corresponding inflictions of heaven's malediction. From such penalties there is no escape, except by some substitutionary compensation to the law, rendering it equitable on the part of the Great Legislator of the universe to delete our sins from the archives of the sky.' The gem of Gospel truth contained in these sentences was lost amid the meretricious paste in which it was set. The people first opened their mouths, then closed their eyes, as if asking God for an explanation. But when another preacher said, 'Man has sinned against God, and exposed himself to the curse of the law; the soul that sinneth it shall die; but Jesus Christ, by the grace of God, tasted death for every man; He was wounded that we might be healed, and punished that we might be pardoned—the people drank in the word as the thirsty ox drinketh in water. The preacher continued, 'To-day, as I was crossing the Wolds, a dark cloud gathered overhead—the sign of a nearing storm. It came; but after a few peals of thunder and a few flashes of lightning, and a copious downpour of rain, there came a clearer atmosphere and a bright and cloudless sky. Around the sinner there gathers a dark cloud of wrath, threatening destruction; but when God says, "I have blotted out thy transgressions as a cloud, and thy iniquities as a thick cloud," the clouds pass away, the wrath is

gone, the heavens are bright, and the once trembling man stands erect and sings :

"The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
For Jesus shows his mercy mine,
And whispers I am his."'

The people shouted 'Glory,' as they had a right to do.

Mr. Botherment was admired, though occasionally but imperfectly understood. His florid style, his long-drawn sentences, and his classical allusions to Socrates, Demosthenes, and the famous fight at the pass of Thermopylæ, together with his scraps of blank verse, sometimes puzzled the people ; albeit they gave him credit for greater powers, higher intelligence, and riper scholarship than his brethren. After a public meeting a man said, 'That Mr. Plodon is a rare good man, and a hard worker in his circuit, ah'll uphod you (I assure you) ; but Mr. Botherment is a wonderful man ; he lost me fost fave minutes, an' ah couldn't catch him agean. Could you understand all he said, mister, eh ?' 'No,' replied the preacher. 'I thowt not,' said the man, shrugging his shoulders ; you looked dazed and bewildered ;' and thus that preacher was made the means of deepening a very wrong impression, that Mr. Botherment was a 'larned' man. 'Evil is wrought by want of thought.' Obscurity is not depth. Grandiloquence is not eloquence. There is as much difference between the true orator and the mere imitator as there is between the graceful fetes of the accomplished athlete and the grotesque parody of them by the circus clown.

'Behold the man ! by nature's kindly law
Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw.'—*Pope.*

Because a man is simple and clear people think him superficial ; but it is not necessarily so, for, as Hawthorne says, 'The pebbles at the bottom of the clear fountain are further off than they seem.' The writer's mother used to ask this conundrum, 'Why are great words in a sermon like a lady's long garments ?' Answer, 'Because they hide very imperfect understandings.' Grandiloquence to a preacher is like sugar to the grocer—an article which yields but little profit ; and yet it is kept and prized by some speakers.

To speak in the style, imagery, and classical references of Carlyle, Arnold, and Emerson to people who draw their mental

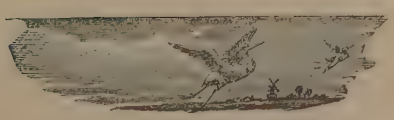
nourishment from village schools and the books ordinarily placed within the reach of agricultural classes, is ridiculous. The people could understand the best sermons preached by the best men named above, but they could not understand classical references. These shoot over their heads. A living preacher says, 'Oh! for more Saxon speech—pure, mighty, and homely, as our forefathers used in the German forests ages ago! How often we forget that one of the first canons of art is that the grander the thought the simpler the speech! We should laugh at anybody who (outside a laboratory) talked of sodic chloride instead of salt. It is accurate, but it is silly. And yet we are often equally silly in the pulpit and elsewhere with our stilted phrases.' There is something worse than being common-place—to be out of place.

The brain-racking problems over which some preachers fritter away their time and energies have no charm for the Wolds folk. The poet has said, 'The blinding dust of logic hides bright reason from our sight!' Now that is what true logic never did, never can do; though the blinding dust of talking about logic has done it, and will do it again.

If a preacher visiting the Wolds happened to know the Greek Alphabet, and presumed to revise the authorised version of the Bible; or if he gave a Latin quotation, picked up, perhaps, from reading the labels on the bottles in a druggist's shop window, as was the case with Mr. Amazeman, it was amusing to see how the people did prick up their ears. A little knowledge sometimes proved a dangerous thing—especially when a Greek or Latin scholar happened to be present. Wisdom is not always the concomitant of learning. That great lexicographer, Dr. Johnson, said, 'I knew a dozen men who could render the word "poker" into twenty different languages, not one of whom knew how to stir up a fire.' Inflated grandiloquence is generally found in connection with an imperfect education, and is most certainly cured by a sound and thorough education.

Occasionally men who, like Prince Bismark, have been honoured with a diploma (D.D.), and who doubtless deserved the honour as much as the Prince did, officiated on the Wolds, and though the people did not fully understand the import of the addenda, yet they were wise enough to infer that they meant a double dose of

common-sense and great learning, and they felt themselves flattered. At one Anniversary the stranger had the unfamiliar initials M.R.A.S. at the end of his name, indicating that he was a *Member of the Royal Archæological Society*, and the people were as proud of the addendum as they were of the D.D.'s which renowned colleges, British and Trans-Atlantic, have conferred upon some other preachers. The chairman, a woodman, in introducing the stranger, said, 'The next speaker I have to introduce to you is a member of *The Royal Angelical Society*,' an error which the speaker corrected by giving an account of the Society whose addendum he wore at the end of his name, and which enrols amongst its members scientists, philosophers, geologists, astronomers, antiquarians, parsons, squires, baronets, lords, dukes, earls, marquises, and—the King of Italy, which greatly gratified and delighted the audience, whose meeting-place was a barn. The speaker gave one of the best speeches we ever heard—brisk, bright, buoyant, and beautiful, full of lofty thoughts and noble sentiments, delivered with impassioned earnestness. One man said, 'He owt to be a member of the Society of Orators, mister.' 'Mister' could only reply, 'Alas, John, there is no such society, or there would be hope for some of us.'



CHAPTER XV.

OUR LOCAL PREACHERS.

WE have sometimes been asked by strangers to Methodism, 'How do you manage to maintain the spiritual life, growth, and power of your village churches?' We could give but one answer: 'By the efficient labours of 34,000 local preachers.' The Wesleyans have 15,000 local preachers. They require 13,525 sermons every Sabbath, 3,721 by the itinerants, and 9,804 by the locals, so that if the latter were to strike next Sunday, 5,500 of their chapels would be without preachers.

A still larger proportion of lay agency is employed in our Connexion. In 1885 we had 192,874 members, and 16,219 local preachers, every twentieth member being a local. Lay agency is the hope of our villages. The Driffield circuit has 31 places on its plan, requiring 52 sermons every Sunday, 11 by the itinerants and 41 by the locals, a total per quarter, by the locals, of 533 appointments, or 2,665 for the year. If each appointment requires a walk of six miles, then the locals walk 15,990 miles in twelve months.

We never think of the diversified occupation of our Wolds 'locals' without being reminded of a snatch of an old inspired song, which is very instructive:—

> "They help every one his neighbour,
> And each said to his brother, 'Be strong.'
> So the carver encouraged the goldsmith.
> He that smootheth with the hammer, him that
> smiteth the anvil.'—*Isaiah* xl., 6-7.

On a recent plan of the Driffield circuit the locals numbered 75, and the following were their professions:—

3 Blacksmiths,	1 Gentleman,	6 Shoemakers,
2 Carriers,	8 Grocers,	6 Tea Dealers,
1 Dressmaker,	3 Pig-jobbers,	2 Tailors,
5 Farmers,	1 Rag Merchant,	3 Wheelwrights,
24 Farm Labourers,	3 Railway Employees,	6 Woodmen,
	1 Wool Merchant.	

The amount of walking done by the Wolds locals, during the last seventy years, amid drenching rain and drifting snow, while those to whom they preached were snugly ensconsed in easy chairs before bright fires, or asleep in bed, is surprising. One of our locals had four appointments one quarter, which involved ninety miles' walk. Yet this man had to be at work next morning at six o'clock.

It is pleasant going to the village appointments in spring and summer, beneath clear skies and refreshing breezes. But what of winter? Look at these two men—Matthew Collinson and Thomas Wood. It is Sunday night, in the depth of winter, and Matthew has preached at Sledmere, and has to walk to Driffield, eight miles. His walk in the morning to Pry Cottages cost him a few involuntary glassides, with two or three involuntary tumbles, for the ice was thick on the ground; but he knows his homeward journey will be attended with more exciting experiences. Some of our West Riding locals complain when the clouds are heavy and the roads rough; but lamps glare upon the pavement at every step they take towards their homes. But thirty years ago the Wolds locals had to plod a distance of eight, ten, or even twelve miles, after eight p.m., along dreary roads, with drearier thoughts, and toes all a-tingle with cold; with no light, except the glimmer of a farmyard lantern, and an occasional flash from the Flamborough Lighthouse; and no sound but the bark of a farmyard dog. Yet some have done this for forty years together.

Night Journeys.

Well; Bro. Collinson, having had a 'refresher,' turns homeward. The night is dark, and the cold wind—a nor'-easter—swirls the snowflakes around him and dashes them right in his face. There is four miles of straight road before him, and it must be traversed. The darkness bewilders him; the cold shivers him; the sleet half blinds him; but on he goes, smitten by the storm and hustled by the blast. Garton is reached at ten, and he slackens his speed and takes breath, for a light from a cottage cheers him. 'Is that you, Matthew?' says Mr. Wood. 'Yes, is that you, Tommy?' 'Yes. I could have been at home by eight o'clock (Mr. W. rarely preached longer than twenty-five minutes), but I thought company would be pleasant for us both.' All goes

on well until they reach the 'top o' the hill,' half way between Garton and Helmsley, when the wind, in fiercest rage, doubles up Tommy's umbrella and sends Matthew's head-gear across the road on to a thorn bush. The loud deep-mouthed bark of a shepherd's dog falls welcome on their ears. How their hearts leap with joy as they pass through *Little* Driffield and see the glimmer of a candle from the Vicar's bedchamber. With garments soaked with water, and boots steeped in dirt, shivering with cold and faint with their walk, they reach home at 11-15, get a drop of something warm, and then tumble into bed and sleep almost as soundly as the seven sleepers, rising at five a.m. There was something romantic in being a local in those days.

Pulpit Garb.

Sixty years ago some locals appeared in the pulpit in plain fustian, others in black broad cloth. Some were careless as to their costume; indifferent as to the quality, shape, or cut of their garments; whether drab, green, blue, or mixture; to say nothing of white smocks and corduroy trousers. Let us hope they were occupied with more important matters. And surely we ought to say a word on behalf of some of the *wives* of these locals. Judging from their husbands' linen, we were tempted to think they were firm believers in the old saying, 'Cleanliness is next to godliness.' Many of these husbands, during the last thirty years, have worn 'dickeys' and 'cuffs,' to say nothing of 'white chokers,' all of snow-like whiteness; so that if one of these reapers in God's spiritual harvest-field happened, under the influence of strong excitement, to throw off his coat (and this *was* occasionally done), there was sure to be a white shirt underneath—a contrast to what we sometimes see in our large towns, where, befouled with smoke and smuts, the best laundressed linen wears, what the Wolds women call, 'a white-e-brown tinge.' To-day the L.P.'s, with rare exceptions, wear good black broad cloth, and are not to be distinguished from the T.P.'s. One Sunday a lady visiting Hull attended the service at one of our chapels. The minister who conducted the service did not dress in the most ministerial garb, and wore a black tie. After service, on being asked how she liked the preacher, she replied, '*Pretty well, but I would rather have heard a minister!*' Moral :—Don't wear black ties!

These men abide. Like the brook of Tennyson, the itinerants *come* and *go*, but the locals are ever with the people. Sunday after Sunday, for forty years, some of these men have gone to preach the word without fee or reward. In the town of Driffield we have twenty of these labourers. Like policemen, locals are not always exactly where they are most needed and wanted; but, as a rule, those on the Wolds take their own appointments. The late Mr. G. Bullock preached at Sledmere, on an average, six sermons a year for forty-three years (total 258), and he was rarely known to repeat a sermon. (There are some T.P.'s who could not show so many sermons.) In supplying that one village Mr. B. walked 2,000 miles.

Taking Appointments.

One Sunday morning, during the severe winter of 1886, a clergyman in Sheffield closed the service after prayers; 'not,' as he explained to his flock, 'because there is only a small congregation, or because I haven't a sermon, for I have a carefully-prepared sermon in my pocket; but because I am anxious that you should get back home quickly and take off your wet boots.' The Wolds people indulge in no such delicacies. However humble the place, or small the congregation, the preacher was sure to put in an appearance, and the bent forms and rapt attention of the hearers was ample compensation for many weary miles' walking along dark lanes during stormy nights and beclouded skies.

When an aged local was charged with being 'a dry stick,' he said, 'Yes, I am a dry stick, and I can't help it. But when you women want to light a fire what do you ask for? Do you tell your lad to bring a green sapling? No; you ask for the driest stick he can find: then you get a fire. Thank God, I'm like a bit o' touchwood; the older and drier ah get the sooner I'm fired. If you've a spark of grace in you, it may be that t'owd man, who's preached you hundreds of sermons in this chapel, will help to fan it into a flame:'

'To bring fire on earth he came;
Kindled in some hearts it is:
Oh! that all might catch the flame,
All partake the glorious bliss.'

The position which God calls men to fill is the position they have the heart and brain power to fill. When God has a work to do he calls men to do it. He who gave to the Wesleyans Samuel

Drew, the metaphysician; John Nelson, the stone-mason; Billy Dawson, the farmer; Sammy Hick, the blacksmith; 'Foolish Dick,' the Cornish pedlar, and S. Waddy, the eminent Q.C., gave to our Connexion suitable agents on the Wolds—evangelists, pastors, and teachers. Some of these men were physically feeble, others strong; some had received a good education, others no education at all, and were men of uncultivated speech, who had not learnt to dot their i's or cross their t's; but one of them said, 'The Holy Ghost is my teacher, the Bible is my grammar, Christ is the centre of my affections, and my aim is to do the will of God.' Some were men of solid acquirements, and ready and effective speech; others, like Moses, were 'slow of speech.' Some believed in driving, others in drawing men to Christ. Most of them were men of common sense; others possessed rare judgment and sagacity; a few possessed great originality of thought and expression; while here and there were found those who were, what Artemus Ward calls, '*eye* openers'—men who attracted large congregations by their eccentricities; a few were men of straw, purposeless, and soon crumpled up; some were men of steel, who bent to the exigencies of their circuits, 'too strong to falter, too true to swerve,' and did what they could when they could not do what they would; some were men of lead, with heavy eyebrows and sad countenances, whose sermons, like Pharaoh's chariots, dragged heavily. Occasionally we met with those who, while neglecting to cultivate the best gifts, were vain enough to covet earnestly the best pulpits. Once or twice we met with those whom our old friends used to call 'sticks.' We never could define the exact meaning of this inelegant appelation, but they seemed to mean an instrument formed for the chastisement of the churches; and, certainly, while these men stood in the pulpit no chastisement for the present was joyous. But most of the Wolds locals were men of the right mettle—pious, earnest, intelligent, well-read in Methodist theology, dauntless, laborious, untiring—the right hand of the circuits' strength, and a blessing to those to whom they spoke.

Diversified Talents.

These men knew how to vindicate their call to their work. One of them, speaking at Wetwang camp-meeting, many years ago, said, 'A man said to me t'other day that "neabody hes a right to

preach except he lives in a big parsonage and wears a black coat ;" but ah said, thou's wrang. James Langham lived in a lahtle cottage overnenst (opposite) green dyke, at Bollington (Bridlington), ower which a greyhound could have louped (leaped), and mony ov our fost preachers wore drab clothes, and ah nivver heard a choch parson, except owd Banks, o' Bempton, who could preach like 'em. Wearing a sword dissent mak a soldier, nor dis a lot o' good tools mak a good workman. It's not what a man hes on his back, but what he hes in his heead and heart that maks a preacher. If God puts a lot o' sense in tiv a man's heead, and a lot ov grace in tiv his heart, he'll be able to say, as Mr. Clowes did at Flambro', "My heart was hot within me ; while I mused the fire burned ; *then* spake I with my tongue." A hot heart maks a ready tongue.'

Their Call.

No local preacher can distinguish himself by usefulness without labour. The quarterly board may give him official recognition on the plan, but he will have to prepare himself if he means to succeed.

How do farm-servants get their sermons ready ? One writer says, ' We have heard fearsome tales of young local preachers who have been found, book in hand, lying under a hedge, when they ought to have been swinging the scythe or reaping with rhythmic strokes the golden grain. Willingly do we draw a veil of compassionate forgetfulness over such delinquents.' Winter is their chief opportunity for indulging in such reading as is worthy of the name of study. The lamp is lighted, and the little cosy room all a-glow with the flicker of a fire, half coals, half wood. Then, in silence, broken only by the crackling of the logs or the scurrying of mice behind the wainscot, with the Bible at his right hand, he gathers the ' finest of the wheat and honey out of the rock ' with which to feed the people.

Preparing for the Pulpit.

Many of these locals had to do for themselves what they couldn't get others to do for them—be their own tutors. Year in and year out some of them spent their days in the peaceful pursuits of agriculture, and at night, when tired and sleepy, they prepared for their Sabbath's work. They cheerfully made sacrifices to procure books to help them to meet the requirements of the pulpit. During the Crusades, kings pawned their crowns and princes sold

their jewels to carry out their object; and amongst these locals there was often economising and, in a few cases, pinching in order to obtain suitable '*Helps*.' We knew one man hoard up a few hard-earned shillings, at the rate of a few pence a week, in order to procure a copy of that often talked of and eagerly desired, but seldom read, old book—*Josephus*. *Wesley's Notes; Burder's Village Sermons; The* 400 *Continental Sketches; Weston's Helps*, and Dr. Burns' *Sketches of Sermons*—these were a few of the seed baskets out of which many of their sermons were enriched. One T.P. denounced the practice as dishonourable, and a mark of mental poverty; but when it was discovered that he was not slow to sharpen his own axe on the same grindstones, his denunciations, if not his axe, fell to the ground. A Wolds clergyman said: 'Methodist local preachers are mere parrots, repeating other men's sermons.' Plagiarism is not confined to Methodist pulpits. One of these Wolds clergymen, a J.P., a man of portly presence and stentorian voice, presiding at a village club feast, gave a speech so unlike his dry essays in the pulpit that it elicited applause from all the guests, *except one*. A few days after, the silent listener and the club orator met. 'Well,' said the latter, 'what did you think of my speech?' 'It was admirable.' 'I knew you would like it,' said the orator. 'Yes, I heard Dr. Sandwith give it at Beverley a fortnight before,' was the rejoinder. 'My good fellow,' said the undaunted orator, 'how great men think alike.' The impudence of the answer almost atoned for the impudence of the theft. The late Rev. Charles Bradley often heard his own sermons preached, not in chapels, but in churches. Matthew Henry's *Commentary* is full of wise sayings, which have furnished seed for countless sermons. The sermons of the late Rev. Henry Sherman, of Rowland Hill's Tabernacle, London, were often but reproductions and elaborations of Henry's Comments.

Persons who growled, like Sisera's mother, at some of these early sermons, little knew what hours, sometimes in the dead of the night, pen in hand, they cost the preachers. Many sermons made at a farmhouse fireside did their authors as much credit as the sermons made by men of classical education and ripe scholarship, in the quiet study, did their authors.

The language of some of these preachers was sometimes strangely provincial, and their grammar very imperfect: they often misplaced their aspirates, as all uneducated people do, whether on the Wolds or elsewhere, but they knew how to preach the three R.'s—Ruin, Redemption, Regeneration. Indeed, nowhere are the peculiar doctrines of Methodism more clearly understood or more urgently taught than by the local preachers on the Wolds. For seventy years they have proclaimed, with unabated breath and unfaltering voice, the three great Universalities: *God loves all; Christ died for all; The Holy Spirit is shed forth upon all.* Their sermons, filled with Gospel truth, enlivened by homely wit and racy anecdotes, freshened by details of their own personal experience, winged by common-sense and Christian sympathy, and accompanied by the Holy Ghost, sent down from heaven—their preaching was neither 'waterish, bleak, or thin,' but went home to the hearts of the people.

Their Preaching.

Some of these locals possessed warm hearts and gifted brains, and reminded us of the three S.'s—Shortness, Sense, and Salt. Their sentences, rough hewn and roughly expressed, were, like the pebbles from the brook, thrown by a master slinger, and went whistling into the hearts of men who could not be well reached by any more polished weapons.

Crooked sticks are not straightened at once. You cannot turn a tap-room sinner into a drawing-room saint in a moment. Grace, like lightning, when it strikes a man, generally follows the grain. The mannerisms of these locals often betrayed their personal dispositions and their daily avocations.

During the making of the Hull and Scarbro' Railway (1844) many navvies came to work along these Wolds. They got drunk on Saturdays, and then had a big fight. The Sabbath was known as the hair-cutting and dog-washing day. One of these men got converted, and became a local preacher, and whenever he wanted to give emphasis to a sentence he clasped his hands and then gave the Bible a whack as if driving his spade into the ground. Another was an expert mower, and, when very excited, would swing his right arm like the sweep of a scythe, as if he were cutting corn in the field. A third was a blacksmith, and, when he wanted to break the rocky hearts

Pulpit Mannerisms.

in pieces, he startled the people by striking the hand-rail, as if he were striking the anvil. A fourth was a woodman, and when he assayed 'to cut down the stout-hearted sinners' with 'the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God,' he stood erect for a moment; then retreated a step (till he nearly pitched the writer out of the waggon); then, swinging his brawny arm round and round, as if, with sure aim and resounding blows, he was cutting down trees in the wood, he repeated his text; 'The axe is laid at the root of the tree;' then glanced at the crowd below, as if expecting to see sinners fall under the Word, as the trees of the wood fell before his successful blows. He was disappointed, tho' he took a sure aim, and was a workman that had no need to be ashamed of his work A fifth was a tailor (a mere lad, now a P.M.P.), and he gave edge to his points by a sudden jerk of his right hand, as if twanking his thread in sewing a piece of fustian. His hearers' thoughts, like the eye of a fool, oftener went to the board than to the pulpit, and at length he tied his right arm to his leg with his handkerchief, and so the offensive habit was mastered. A sixth, low, round and rubicund, was acquatic in his movements, and used to spread himself out—frog-like—until his head, always full of sound sense, could only just be seen above the pulpit. He was a ship-carpenter, accustomed to *stoop* to his work.

Patrick Proudfist had been in the habit of taking more drink than he could gracefully carry away. His nights were spent in poaching, and his days in selling game. He was also expert in the use of gloves and fists. Nor was he totally unacquainted with the nation's hospitality to her prisoners. He used to call himself 'A Yorkshire Tike.'* But his rough, full, dog-like face underwent a great change, became, in fact, a doxology of praise to God, every feature of

Patrick Proudfist.

* The primary meaning of the word *Tike* is said to be preserved in our word *take*. The noun from it is 'tike,' that which takes, applicable to the thrifty Yorkshireman. It may be worth noticing that a Yorkshireman's coat-of-arms is said to be, 'a flea, a fly, a flitch of bacon, and a magpie.' Explained thus:—A flea will bite anyone, and so will a Yorkshireman (hence his dog-like manner); a fly will drink with anyone, so will a Yorkshireman; a flitch of bacon is worth nothing till it is hung, nor is a Yorkshireman; and a magpie is always chattering, so is a Yorkshireman. Besides, what Yorkshireman, being out of his county, has not heard himself called a Yorkshire-bite, that is, a Yorkshire-tike?—*Leeds Mercury*.

which seemed to say, 'Praise God for what he has done for me.' Albeit, a bit of the old resentment would sometimes glow in his eye when denouncing *sin*; nor, when fairly excited with his theme, did he scruple 'to give the *sinners* a bit of his mind,' as if thinking, 'If I were unconverted for about five minutes I would "hew you in pieces before the Lord."' 'Some o' you great fat sinners look fair wretched; you gan wi' your noses on the ground, like the badgers that used to run ower these Wolds. Yes, you may smile, but if a bit o' pain overtakes you, and you think yer going to die, you'll send for me to pray for you.'

Proudfist used to talk about snickles, cleeks, raik-hooks, and nets. 'When we went a-fishing, by moonlight, we used different sorts of bait for different sorts o' fish, and if we did the same in fishing for souls we should not allus have empty nets. If we were holf as clever in catching souls as ah used to be in snickling hares and bods, God's poultry-yard would be full of fowls. You farmers owt to give at collections, for the Gospel is the best game-keeper ah know.' It is out of such stuff as Proudfist was made of that our masterful men are moulded—and very useful men they are in their way. Old Dr. Mason used to say, that as much grace as would make John a saint would barely keep Peter from knocking a man down.

One local, called a 'Devil Thrasher,' used to give a sort of mimetic personification of David and Goliath. 'Saul's soldiers had fine regimentals on, but they couldn't knock down Goliath; but lahtle David, who wadn't don Saul's armour (for it wad a hampered him), picked *fave* smooth stones from the brook, and sending yan of 'em through Goliath's skull cap, slew the burly brute. If you can't do great things, you can do summat. Don't try to do like other folks, but be like yer sen. What some o' our preachers can't do, with all their study and edecation, farm lads, wi' their slings and stones, can. Like David, wi' God's help, they slay Goliaths of sin that regiments of parsons, with their white surplices and read sarmons, nivver touch. Tell the plain truth, talk like your sen, and, wiv God's help, mony a Goliath will fall doon before you. And here's a lesson for you old Christians: lahtle striplings, young apprentices, like Roberts and 'Arry, are getting sinners convarted, making

David and Goliath.

saints rejoice and devils tremble, while you great, broad-shouldered farm-servants, who hev been on the way to heaven, as ah know, for seven or eight years, are doing little or nowt. David licked Goliath by using what he had ; if he'd put on Soul's armour he'd ha been a laughing-stock to all the soldiers in the barracks. Ah can't preach like Mr. Beckerlegge, and you—some o' you—can't preach like me ; but you are poor wrecklings if you can't fling a stone at the devil and sin. If you weant fight a bit you desarve to have the devil a-top o' you.' At this point he became very animated, and, throwing off his coat, doubling his fists, and assuming a pugilistic attitude, he challenged Goliath (the devil) '*to come on*.' The people smiled, and questioned if any good could spring from such mimetic manners. He was a good man, and did much good by his preaching.

The Weeping Prophet.

One local was called 'Jeremiah, the weeping prophet,' for he spoke in a tone of voice that brought tears into eyes most unused to the 'melting mood.' With tearful eyes and agitated manner he gave a true and graphic description of the prodigal's departure and return : how the father's eye was the first to see 'the dear lad as he crossed the broo o' the hill ;' how his heart was the first to feel for him, and how his legs, 'tho' stiff wiv age,' were the first and swiftest to run to meet him. 'What a kiss he gav him ; and then he did not give him a few cast-off clothes, and a few bare bones to satisfy the gnawings of hunger, but the best coat and the fattest calf he had.' 'The whole thing was so touching, I frankly declare, tho' I heard it *thrice*, and perhaps I was weak, I found every time there were tears on my cheek.' But one day he overdrew the picture. 'Imagine you see the poor lad coming ower the brow o' the hill, *stripped naked, with his hands in his pockets*.' A suppressed titter followed, which our well-used handkerchief helped to suppress.

A Fisherman's Sermon.

We enjoyed hearing the fishermen, with their nautical phrases, 'spin their yarns.' 'I prefer a sharp storm to a dead calm. Being aboard a good ship, sailing in the right direction, and with a compass that never points false, will not take a man to his desired haven, whether he makes sail or not, whether he minds his helm or not. You can't drift into the port. I've no patience with water-logged and weather-

becalmed Christians; nor with those who heave to the crafts, expecting to drift to their celestial haven. Strike out your reefs and spread your yards, and catch every breeze from the millennial trade winds. * * * Sinners! you ought to be ashamed of yourselves to sin against God as some of you do. You must have hearts cold as a cod-fish if the love of God doesn't melt them. Get on board of the ship that's water-tight, of which Christ is captain. A captain boasted the other day that he had crossed the channel twenty times, and never lost either man or spar. Jesus can save to the uttermost, and no soul that ever comes to Him and abides in the ship, and does his share of work, can ever, either in life or in death, in time or in eternity, suffer loss or shipwreck. Some time ago a vessel was in distress off Spurn Point during a terrific gale. The Spurn life-boat went off to its rescue, but the captain would not leave his ship. They did all they could to persuade him; but no, he stuck to his ship because he thought he could save her. The wind blew stronger and the sea rose higher, and the life-boat was obliged to leave him. Bye-and-bye he signalled them to return; but, alas! it was too late. Before they could reach the sinking vessel not a vestige of her was to be seen. He cried for help, he sought deliverance, but he did so when it was too late. Christ is the life-boat, but men push him away, and then signal for help when it is too late to obtain it. "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation."'

Forty years ago some of the locals were fond of figurative texts, and did a good bit of spiritualizing on the following subjects:— *The smitten rock; The stone cut out of the mountain without hands; The Rose of Sharon; God a sun and a shield; Christ's shout at the great feast; The manna; Jacob's ladder; Noah's ark; Jonah, the runaway prophet, in the whale's belly, without his nightcap on; The wheel within a wheel; The widow of Nain; The short bed and the scanty covering; The unknown name on a stone; The coat that Hannah made for little Samuel; The River that Ezekiel bathed in; The ship in a storm; The empty net filled to breaking; Fishing for souls; The five barley loaves and two small fishes; Old shoes and clouted; The voice of the turtle; The pale horse and his rider; The river Jordan; The axe at the root of the tree; The sorrowful sower and the joyful reaper; Breaking up the clods; The harvest home; The drowned*

Figurative Preaching.

swine; The rich fool; Many lamps but no oil; The bright lamp in a dark night. Mr. W. Goforth, preaching at Driffield, quoted 'Thy word is a lamp to my feet,' and, suiting the action to the words, struck the pulpit lamp, when down it went into the singers' pews, where it was smashed to atoms at the feet of the singers. These subjects gave scope for analogies—quaint, striking, original, and sometimes far-fetched. There is not so much of that sort of preaching now-a-days, but more than enough of what is objectionable to devout minds, who like to have their religious feelings stirred,—*Rationalising.** Sound doctrine and sound speech, which cannot be condemned, is what the Wolds people can appreciate and enjoy, and they get a larger share of both than some townspeople imagine.

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* Mr Geo. Meredith, speaking of certain clergy in the Church of England, says: 'Ours is the only church where the sceptic stands at the altar and where St. Thomas is the ideal apostle. . . . It is sufficient for some shallow, uneducated passman out of either University to get up in his pulpit and express his doubts about Noah's ark, or Balaam's ass, or Jonah and the whale, for half London to flock to his church and sit open-mouthed in rapt admiration at his superb intellect.'

CHAPTER XVI.

MISSIONARY AND OTHER PUBLIC MEETINGS.

OUR Connexion annually raises £19,000 for missionary purposes. And how is this stream of benevolence maintained? Mainly by the contributary rivulets which flow from thousands of boxes in our hamlets and villages, into which the poor, as John North used to say, 'pop their pennies for their Master's sake.'

Formerly the people were careful to have the missionary meetings during full moon. By townspeople the value of the moon is little understood, artificial lights banishing, the year round, perplexing darkness; but on the Wolds the silver orb is duly prized, and the circuit reports sometimes contained this clause: 'Be sure and let us have our missionary meeting full moon if possible.' The Chaldean mythology placed the moon before the sun, and always gave a very decided preference to the lesser luminary, as did the Irishman, who, being asked which he liked best, the sun or the moon, replied, 'The moon, to be sure, for the sun is always shining in broad daylight, when we don't want him at all, but the moon shines in the night, when the daylight is gone.' And the friends of missions on the Wolds would almost approve of this astronomical order, for how could they hold their missionary meetings without the illumination of the friendly satellite? Summer days are long and pleasant, but then the farmer's hands are full, and his 'merry men' busy in other harvest fields. Forty years ago the principal missionary meetings were held in the depth of winter, during full moon.

Meetings by Moonlight.

'The past wins glory,' says Tennyson, from the very fact of its being far off; and it is possible our estimate of these early meetings may be unconsciously influenced by the charm of the days that are gone.

At early noon a cart load of preachers would make a raid on some lonely farm-house, and a very lively encounter took place at the dinner table. Once we passed a slow-going cart, the driver of which cracked his whip and waved his hat, and said, 'Go on; the

snail gat in tid ark, and I'll reach you by and by;' and sure enough he was the first to reach top o' the hill. The Wolds air is sharp and brisk, but very bracing, especially to the appetite, and the preachers plied knife and fork freely, which proved no despicable preparation for the banquet of eloquence to be given at the meetings. The most overflowing hospitality was dispensed by the farmer and his wife with a thoroughly Yorkshire grace, and with unsurpassed kindness. Had the preachers carried with them the wealth of a Rothschild, they could not have received a heartier welcome. At those times the dairy was made to produce delicacies fit for a prince. Amongst other things, there was generally a goose of enormous proportions, that the preachers might, once a year, fare sumptuously. Grace said, the meal began; and if Dr. Johnson was right in saying that 'a man who did not appreciate a good dinner would not appreciate anything else,' then these old preachers and their friends were sensible men. The ample provisions generally warmed the guests and their host, though strangers before, into geniality. How often did we hear Bobbie Burns' grace before meat quoted under circumstances which required no great amount of grace to feel thankful :

Hospitality.

> Some hae meat who canna eat,
> And some havn't meat who want it
> But we hae meat, and we can eat,
> And so the Laird be thank-et.

Dinner over, the sparkling conversation flowed forth; the farmers smoked their pipes of peace and drank their mugs of ale (we never saw but one of our preachers taste the intoxicants); the ladies, and sometimes the preachers, to keep them awake, had their cups of tea, thick with yellow cream. At length the pleasant hour of social intercourse closed, and the common joy proved that these 'wanderers to and fro' had made enjoyment a fine art indeed.

On one of these occasions the preachers were enjoying the hospitality of Mr. Belt, at West Lutton, when a farmer, a rigid churchman, looked in, and seeing the brethren, said to Mr. Belt, 'You often have some of these gentlemen here!' 'Yes, once a fortnight, at least.' 'I should think they drink a lot of grog.' Thinking this a reflection on his visitors, Mr. B. said, 'My house

has been opened to the preachers for a quarter of a century, and I don't remember one who was an habitual drinker of intoxicants, and only on two or three occasions, when sheltered under my roof, have the preachers taken strong drink medicinally.' Mr. Belt presided at the night meeting, and the farmer's remarks about the preachers taking grog was repeated with much gusto; and all through the week, in the social circle and at the meetings it served for a text from which the deputation descanted on the prominent part our ministers had always taken in the work of temperance reform.

'Who can ever forget those never-to-be-forgotten meetings,' as the Irishman said. They were for many years the red-letter days to the pious villagers; they were looked forward to for months, the curiosity of the people being whetted by all sorts of talk about the deputation, &c, and pleasantly remembered when they had passed away. You would often hear them say, 'We hope we shall have a fine day and a good muster, mister.' The Rev. J. Scruton says, 'I remember well what rare times we had: singing, praying, laughing, festive, joyous times they were. I always had a day's holiday, for six years, on the missionary-meeting day. Almost the whole village was at the meeting;' and, as a rule, there was a 'goodlie companie.' Friends journeyed for miles to these meetings:

All sorts of vehicles and vans,
Bad, middling, and the smart:
Here rolled along a gay barouche,
And there a dirty cart.

Old friends greeted each other, some not having met since the last missionary meeting, and the occasion gave forth a voice like a clock, calling the people to remember that time was flying. Some smiled, some wept, and some shouted, 'Well, thank God we meet once more.'

The Archbishop of York said at the Manchester Church Congress (1888): 'Our procession filled a whole street, and the working-men were good enough to come down and see the procession pass. Nothing could exceed the kindly expression on the faces of the spectators. But one thing I did a little desiderate. I would have been glad if we had been hustled a bit. I would have been glad if someone had come up

Hand Shaking.

and said, "How are you, old fellow? I am glad to see you here." I feel there is something of a barrier between us and them.' If his lordship had been present at one of these Wolds gatherings he would have found that these barriers did not exist. The hand shaking was first-rate, reminding one of what a minister said to Dr. Brown: 'Did you ever remark Dr. Cairn's extraordinary grasp when he shakes hands; his hand is just like a vice?' 'Well,' said the doctor, 'it is the only vice he has.' At these meetings you got a real, firm, prolonged, vice-like grip. The heartiness became infectious, and it became impossible to practise cold and measured ceremony.—

> How's your wife, and how are you?
> Ah! it fits my fist as no other can,
> The horny hand of the working-man.

As the afternoon service drew near everybody was on tip-toe to see the deputation—magnates in their own sphere—and then hastened to hear the talents from the towns do their best. The bluff, glowing features of farmers, corn-chandlers, cattle-dealers, saddlers, blacksmiths, wheelwrights, farriers, hucksters, and rosy-faced dairy maids, dressed in their best attire, lent interest to the scene. Not infrequently a stranger from York, Scarborough, Hull, and other large towns, silk-gloved and tall-hatted, would accompany the sun-browned, ungloved and belegginged farmer to the meeting; while the townsman's wife, pale of face and fragile of form, would sit beside the farmer's wife and daughters; the latter smartly dressed, ruddy-faced, healthy and strong, with eyes flashing with pleasurable anticipation. The small shopkeepers used to say, 'We might as weel shut up shop, for we shall tak nowt while meetin's gaing on,' so they followed the multitude to the place of gathering.

Excitement grows by what it feeds on, and the passion for these meetings led to the holding of two in one day. The deputation generally preached three sermons and gave ten speeches in six days. He was expected to be up to the mark in the afternoon, and a little above the mark at night! A good old Scotch minister used to say, that when he officiated on special occasions, he gave the cream of several discourses—'all cream, sir.' We got a lot of cream at these meetings—not always *new* cream. 'Better is the end of a thing than the beginning thereof' was often true on these

occasions. The programme was generally attempted on the principle of children, who save the best part of their pudding to the last. A Yankee once said, 'If a speaker cannot strike oil in ten minutes he ought to stop borring.' It was difficult to do that twice a day for five days in succession.

By and by a sermon took the place of the afternoon meeting, and it was understood that the preacher gave one of his brightest and best sermons. 'Blessed is he that expecteth nothing, for he shall not be disappointed of his hope.' And yet, in spite of this snatch of old folk-lore, much was expected from the strangers; and woe betide the deputation who disappointed the people. A sermon, full of Gospel truth and holy fervour, enlivened with wit, humour, and apt illustration, never failed to win appreciation. They listened with mouths agape and ears attent to catch every word. If the deputation, by some mischance, failed to interest the people, he would be sure to be posed with this question: 'Aint you well to-day, mister?'

Afternoon Sermon.

Before we enter the meeting we see groups of friends gathered together, and catch such sentences as these: 'Why, that's Willie Sanderson, how well he looks. Ah nivver heeard such a sarmon in all mah born days as he gav us this efternoon. He fairly made that lahtle lass (Naaman's little maid) talk. He'll lick the lot ov 'em at neet meetin'.' Says another, with tears in his eyes, 'Gie me yer hand, Mr. Sanderson. It's sixteen years tenth ov last October ser I found peace while you were preaching about that red heifer, ('And if the blood of bulls and of goats and the ashes of an heifer sprinkling the unclean sanctifieth to the purifying of the flesh,' &c. Heb. ix., 13.) Christ washed me then, an' He's saved me ever since.' 'Mr. Lonsdale,' says another, 'you're getting grey and owd.' Mr. Lonsdale had aged much since his last visit to the circuit, and his form was shrunken and bent. His strongly-marked features bore the impress of saddened experience. The tall, gaunt Northumbrian did not like to be told he was getting old. 'Never mind that, Robert; not a hair of my head has grown grey in the service of the devil. I'm converted and happy.' And as his fine face flushed with joy, and his bright eyes filled with tears, he said,

'My soul's full of glory,
Which inspires my tongue,' &c.

We must not omit *the opening of the missionary boxes.* After tea the boxes were brought out and rifled by the sub-missionary treasurer. The contents were of various colours—brown, white, and yellow. Some counted the gold, some the silver, while others piled up the coppers in shilling batches. Sometimes the contents of a single box amounted to between £5 and £10, when there was rejoicing as one that findeth great spoil.

Many of the collectors were frail, delicate mantua makers, accustomed to sit in warm rooms, and they would walk scores of miles amid driving winds and drenching rain and drifting snow to visit lone farm-houses and gather up the offerings of the people. A regard to their own health would have led them to give up the work, but love to Jesus and the souls he had redeemed 'by his pain and passion on the tree' glowed like a fire in their hearts. Thus constrained, they toiled on for twenty or thirty years, counting it all joy to do anything, however hard and difficult, to advance the kingdom and glory of Him whom having not seen they loved. The old lady who sang, 'Fly abroad, thou mighty Gospel,' but devoutly closed her eyes when the 'collecting' box went round picking up the wings to help it to fly with, had not many disciples on the Wolds.

Missionary Collectors.

The platform table was filled with toys: *The golden fleece; the hen with her golden eggs; the silver team; the copper tea pot; the good intent; the litter of pigs; the winner of the prize; the corn bin; the apple tree; the onion bed; a sack of potatoes; the chaff bin; a pair of spurs*—miniature representations of all these graced the platforms at many of these rural meetings. Sometimes a 'little Martha,' a missionary collector, appeared, specially starched and ironed for the occasion. It was wonderful how the deputation managed to dove-tail these things into their speeches. The mention of these little things will touch many tender chords, and stir many strong emotions in the hearts of some of our aged readers as they think of 'the days that are past.' The sum each box contained was generally kept a secret till announced from the platform, when each received the well-earned clap as their names were announced. She who got the largest sum was dubbed '*Queen.*'

At the close of the meeting all sorts of people made all sorts of remarks. 'By go! but he has some gumshon in that lahtle noddle

ov his.' 'He's had some wark to mak that up, ah guess.' 'They couldn't find a better speaker in all England.' 'Mah wod, there is some talent in his lahtle tongue.' 'He did give us some grand old Methodist doctrine, wi'out any of that milk-and-water stuff we have to drink sometames.' You might as well have tried to have stilled the waves of the sea, or asked the thunder not to make so loud a noise, as to have stopped their praising tongues. As a matter of fact no one, that we are aware, either wished or tried to stop them. A dull missionary meeting was a great rarity in those days.

The Woldsmen loved a good stirring speech as they loved a good spirit-stirring hymn. It was a mode of instruction at once modern, instructive, lively, and easy to follow; it appealed to their feelings and fancies as well as to their judgments, and differed somewhat from the serious and formal sermon. Homely as the meeting might appear to carnal minds, it was profoundly interesting and significant to the peasantry who met to hear of the salvation of the world. Hearts throbbed with a wider charity, eyes filled with tears of sympathy, and the minds of the people became big enough to take in all men.

Let us look at one of those missionary meetings, held at Bridlington, in 1842. These were the days of a vicious, narrow sectarianism, when all year round Churchmen were biting Dissenters, and Dissenters scratching Churchmen; but lo! at the meeting, they overflowed with brotherly love, hoped to meet in heaven, and believed they would do so! The congregation sang, with full-throated Yorkshire heartiness, the soul-stirring hymn, 'Jesus shall reign where'er the sun,' &c The first prayer took us to the throne of grace, the fountain of love and power. No. 2 having 'bounced his budget,' and read the report, which told a chequered story of trial and triumph, the chairman's speech followed. In those days a chairman who gave ten shillings was a wonder, and if we got a guinea-*er* (one who gave £1 1s.) it was the talk of the town. The late Rev. G. F. Ryan, D.D., who had not, out of his scanty stipend, many guineas to spare, generally took the chair at our annual meeting, and never failed to throw sunshine on the people. He was a man

Bridlington Meeting.

of striking eloquence, and when he said, 'The report just read is like reading a Second Book of the Acts of the Apostles,' we were delighted. He told us of a preacher whose text was, 'Friend, how camest thou in hither not having a wedding garment?' divided thus: I.—The question proposed: 'Friend, how,' &c.; II.—The answer given: 'He was speechless,' &c. We heard him, oftener than once, tell of a clergyman who had an old lady in his congregation who prided herself on being able to understand every word spoken from the pulpit. Taking a stranger to the old woman's cot, he said, 'Did you understand my friend on Sunday?' 'Yes, he were as plain as a pike-staff.' 'And you understood him when he was speaking about metaphysics?' 'Yes! to be sure I did.' 'Well, Nanny, and what are metaphysics?' 'Why, that Jesus Christ is bread, meat, and medicine to be sure. What else can it mean?' Which was almost as good an answer as that which a rustic gave to a gentleman when asked what metaphysics were: 'Why, when one fellow talks about what he does not understand to another fellow who does not understand him. That is metaphysics, sir.'

Then followed two speeches on our missions. We were told of Jersey, Guernsey, Alderney and Sark, small islands near the French coast, difficult to reach, but, when reached, splendid spots. The local laws were lax, and people were allowed to do almost as they liked. Rates were nil, and living cheap; the people were intelligent and very polite; The orchards were gay with blossom and laden with fruit—grapes, strawberries, apples, peaches, all full and well-flavoured; indeed, we youngsters were tempted to think they were fragments of Eden, unblighted by man's fall. Then there was the Isle of Wight—the garden of England—which baffled description. Little did the writer imagine, in those far-off days, that he would ever be allowed to preach in such a paradisaical spot, but so it came to pass. He found the island, physically, all that the speakers said it was, but, morally and spiritually, no better than the wild Wolds. The congregation at Ryde could have been pegged on an ordinary-sized clothes-line. 'Christ had been wounded in the house of his friends,' and our people were few and feeble. At Newport, on the opposite side of the island, we found a flourishing society, and witnessed the ingathering of

the children's farthings for the missionary cause, about £10, a total of 8,500 farthings.

But it was when the speaker spoke of '*our*' (the Driffield circuit) mission in Scotland that the interest of the meeting culminated. It was on July 13th, 1826, that our first missionary to Scotland, Mr. James Johnson, began to preach in the open-air in Glasgow. In four months the society numbered 100 M., and its preaching-place held 700 people. After a while disaster befel the mission, but better days came. Driffield circuit took it up. One quarter it doubled its members, and had a balance in hand; instead of two members there were four, and after paying the preacher's salary, £6, there was a balance of 2d.

Scotch Missions.

We were often told of a good Thomas Hall, a man of rare qualities—one of our earliest members, who stood by the cause for upwards of half a century, and died in peace some years back. For many years he rose at five o'clock on Sabbath mornings for special prayer for himself and for his church. In the summer months he crossed a stream at the foot of a hill crowned with a wood, and in its privacy and shade spent hours in communion with his Maker. In the winter he was closeted in a schoolroom near his dwelling. God visited him in the wood if the Muses did not; but his experience is something like poetry when he wrote:—

Jesus, my precious Saviour, to whom I trust my all,
Hear my prayer, Thou God of love, when I on Thee do call.
On this morning of Thy day I cross the little bourn,
And with a struggle climb the brae, and for Thee inly mourn.
And when I reach the top, where no one does me see,
I sit me down upon a stump to wrestle, Lord, with thee.
At times I struggle hard Thy promise to obtain;
At length the Spirit comes, like dew or fruitful rain.
Oftimes I have been blest while I've been sitting here,
Sabbath after Sabbath, and year after year.
But now I'm getting old, the morning's short and cold,
But if spared to the spring, when birds begin to sing,
I'll come back here again, till Thou my spirit cheer,
For the secret of the Lord is with them that do Him fear.

In 1843 the Quarterly Board proposed to open a new mission in Airedale, and the Rev. J. Bootland, a good singer, was to have been the missionary, but the Conference of that year organized the General Missionary Society, and the project was abandoned.

After more than half a century's labour, we have in Glasgow, with its 700,000 inhabitants, 150 M., and two chapels capable of accommodating 700 people. None know the difficulty of planting Methodism in Scotland but those who have attempted to do so. We have a few members in Glasgow who, amid all our changing fortunes and uphill work, have stuck to the cause, and whose labours will, sooner or later, meet their reward.

When the writer was asked, at one of these anniversaries, first to snuff the candles, and then to make the collection (the chapel being too crowded to allow an ordinary-sized person to go round), he felt 'I am somebody now'—a good thought to get into a lad's mind! In 1842 the late Mr. John Reynard, of Leeds, gave his twenty-yards' speech—an accumulation of facts about our missions, which he knew how to tell. He had a parchment roll, on which were pasted all the plans of the then Hull District, and as each plan became unrolled an account was given of the origin and progress of the work of God on that station. The writer, but just converted, was asked to take it round the chapel, which he gladly did, and no tongue can tell or pen record how proud he felt. But when he heard read from the report: 'Master Henry Woodcock's box, eleven shillings,' and was told that it would be read in the Channel Islands, Scotland, Ireland, Canada, and other 'far-off lands,' he was as proud as a Woodcock and a Peacock combined, for he thought he had reached the summit of human greatness. In collecting the above sum he contracted a mortal dislike to Mr. Moneygrub and Miss Closefist, for though they both prayed earnestly 'for the dear souls, for whom Christ died,' no child's missionary box was ever the richer for their generosity. Some boys were asked 'what they knew about the Pharisees.' 'They're a mean lot, sir,' said one boy. 'Why do you think so?' 'Because some of them brought a penny to Christ once, and he took it in his hand, looked at it, and said, "Whose *subscription* is this?"' We believe our subscriptions were all in that coin, but, then, the people gave what they could afford.

Driffield circuit has always been famous for its missionary fire. It was one of the first circuits in the Connexion that ceased to retain a portion of its missionary income for its own use, and so far from suffering from this cause, its finances became more

abundant. In fact it generally has a sub-missionary committee, composed of the T.P.'s and four laymen. Lund, always a stronghold of Primitive Methodism, was for years a sort of Mecca to our people for miles round, and *there* some of our best meetings were held. We were often amused at the Exeter Hall Meetings, London, at the sight of the ladies plying their knitting needles and crochet hooks, as if begrudging the time they were spending. So while their ears drank in the flowing periods of the orators on the platform, their fingers deftly plied the needles. They would have found it difficult to have done that at some of those merry meetings on the Wolds. Listen to a few of these speakers.

Driffield Circuit Speeches.

The Rev. W. Sanderson stood head and shoulders above any other speaker in the estimation of the Woldsmen. He was himself a Woldsman, and he knew how to use the Wolds Vernacular with force. He excelled in off-hand platform eloquence, spontaneously expressing himself in the most captivating forms. Speaking of the power of example he said, 'If I were to follow a lame and limping man for a mile I should be sure to find myself limping also.' 'They say we Primitive Methodists attempt great things, but it's a mistake; we do little things in a grand style.' 'We have put our hands to the plough, and we mean to drive the furrow right to the end. We have got in, and neither the devil, nor the squire, nor the parson, nor all three combined, can drive us out.' Speaking of the persecution our people met with in one village, he told of a little woman who used to spring upon a chair that she might the more easily chastise her husband, a tall navvy. Asked why he allowed her to treat him so, he replied, 'It don't hurt me a bit and it pleases she. I've got used to it, and expect it; and as it acts as a safety valve to her bad temper, I am quite content.' The persecution of the squire and the parson won't do us much hurt. Indeed, we'd much rather that they vent their anger upon us than upon the parish clerk and upon the farm lads.'

Some one had complained to Mr. S. of the noise our people were making in a certain place. 'Was God deaf? Sense, and not sound, was that by which God measured the worth of our prayers. Deep waters run still, and empty wagons make the greatest noise.' All these sayings, by which people for seventy years have been

trying to quench the exuberance of our people, were repeated. Mr. S. said, 'Men of warm temperament are apt to bubble up and bubble over when they have had to exercise an unwonted self-repression. The rigid wine skin bursts when the fermentation reaches a certain stage You might as well try to get a patent for restraining the wind as to try to check the hearty responses of our people. If a barrel is full and ready to burst, you tap it. Young converts, rough and hardy labourers, must have a safety valve for their new-born zeal. At one of our chapels a prayer-meeting was being held, when a clergyman passing by and hearing a tremendous noise, he went in, and there found one brother praying and about eighteen others helping him.

He shouted out, 'Silence!' at the top of his voice several times; but it was really no use, he could not be heard. However, after a while there was a lull, and, standing on a form, he again shouted, 'Silence!' When they were quiet he said:

'My dear friends, the Lord is not deaf. Now don't you think you could pray a little more quietly? You remember, when the temple was being built at Jerusalem, there was no sound of any tool heard in it while building.'

'Yes, sir,' said one of the brothers, 'that's all very true; but you see we're not building the temple, we're *blasting the rocks*.'

The Rev. W. Harland, a man of warm heart and generous impulses, was a great favourite with the Wolds people. He was converted under Mr. Clowes, and soon began to labour among the hills and dales of Yorkshire. He was a schoolmaster at Stainton Dale, but he entered our ministry when the work of a preacher was great and his pay small. He had the reputation of a 'larned man;' and his broad and massive form, noble forehead, sunny genial smiles, silvery tongue, and, above and beyond all, his great spiritual power, arrested attention instantly. When filled with the Spirit and moved to a state of glowing enthusiasm he would walk to and fro on the platform, with his arms extended, and cry out, 'Onward, brethren, onward! No retrenchment! Face the foe! The Gospel standard raise, all stained with hallowed blood! Oh, how I long to go to China, to carry the Gospel to the celestial empire, and proclaim Jesus as the Saviour of the world; or to infidel France, with the Spirit's two-edged sword,' &c.

He was a good beggar. Preaching a missionary sermon, he said, 'Let all give who can do so honestly; but be just before you're generous. Persons owing bills to the grocer, draper, or doctor, which they can't pay, are not expected to give. Make the collection!' Everybody gave something *that* afternoon, and a good sum was got. Once there was a deficiency, and he said, as he stood in the pulpit, 'I'm in pawn for £ s. d. Who'll release me?' Silver and copper were rained down on the platform. There was a running fire of playful remarks while these missiles were being thrown. 'We've got enough,' shouted Mr. Harland, when there was little more to be got.

The Rev. Hugh Campbell was a man of untiring energy and almost boundless resourcefulness, but possessed neither a lively fancy nor a fluent tongue; and what a Cornishman said to Rev F. Cook might have been said to Mr. C.—'Sir, you be a good sort of a man, but you beant be a triumphant preacher.' He could, however, tell a good story, and we heard him tell the following:—An old woman got converted, and the parson said to her, 'There is no such thing as conversion now-a-days.' 'But warn't people converted in the apostles' days?' 'Yes, Betty, my dear, but it was from Paganism to Christianity.' 'Yes, and there never was a worse Pagan on the face of the earth than I was before God converted me. But Paul warn't a Pagan, and he was converted.' 'Ah—yes—well—but his was a miracle of mercy.' 'Naay bigger marricle than mine.' 'But then, you know, Paul fell prostrate on the ground, struck by the power of God.' 'Law, sir! and when the Lord struck me by His Spirit I fell on the ground as flat as a pancake.' 'But Paul roared by reason of the disquietude of his mind,' replied the parson. 'And I,' said Betty, 'roared so loud that Jack Borrill said he heard me at Penfold.' 'Well, well, Betty, I really don't understand these things.' 'And before the Lord opened my eyes I was as blind as you are,' said this newly-instructed scribe.

Rev. John Lawley used to give telling speeches, spiced by bits of Irish humour, and enriched with not a little enthusiasm, for our Irish missions, for he had laboured in Paddy's land.

The Rev. William Gledhill travelled in the Driffield circuit in 1840, and after spending twenty years in Canada he returned to

the circuit in 1863. He had a retentive memory, a rich flow of language, was full of 'Pawky' humour, and used to create great enthusiasm as he related remarkable instances of his home and and trans-atlantic labours. He was a holy man, and as simple as a child. He generally spoke after the collection had been made and the chairman thanked. Then, attired in an Indian garb, with a plume of feathers on his head, he came on the platform, and often prolonged the meeting an hour beyond the usual time of closing. Although a man of deep piety, and remarkably successful in the conversion of sinners, his humour was sometimes more than exuberant. There was extraordinary power in his public devotions, and we have seen whole congregations bowed under the power of God while William Gledhill was on his knees.

Nothing pleased the poor people more than a pleasant rap at the rich. One story—too good to be omitted—used to please the farm-labourers. A gent went into a saddler's shop and asked for a spur. Some were shown him, and he selected one. He was told they only sold them in pairs. 'But,' said he, 'if one side be spurred on the other side will go with it.' We have our home and foreign missions, and they are really one. Prick one and make it go, and the other won't be far behind. Now I want you to send them both off in a canter to-night, and end in a gallop like the winner of the Derby. Now I shouldn't like to prick a horse, but I should rejoice and think I had done a humane thing if I could prick some of you rich farmers, especially about the heart and purse. The cheers that were elicited and the laughter evoked were proof positive of the success of the home thrust.

Mr. Spread Eagle, a harum-scarum sort of a speaker, was deputation at one round of meetings. The rugged obscurity of his style, and a certain outlandishness of expression, mingled with sparkling wit and peculiar gestures, won for him a wide-spread popularity. Many old maxims, worn thin by coarse handling, received a fresh lease of life by virtue of the strange touch and resetting he gave them. Some of his speeches were full of redundant sentences, florid expressions, outlandish remarks, and grandiloquent perorations We give a few: 'There are no un-get-at-able blessings, no un-get-over-able difficulties.' 'Religion is a grand thing—the soothing syrup of suffering humanity. It comforted

the Israelites when kneading clay in the brick-yards of Egypt, mesmerised Balaam, the Gentile prophet, and made Jacob fall fast asleep with his eyes wide open.' 'I am sometimes tempted to think that Infidels were all born on Pancake Tuesdays, and that batter instead of brains filled their thought pans.' 'Science has done wonders, and perhaps a day will come when we shall bridge the Atlantic and drive a shaft through the moon.' These sentences proved a terrible strain to aged gravity, while the mirth of others was exuberantly manifest. We thought of the proverbs :—'There is no accounting for taste.' 'As the mind thinks the bell clinks.'

These meetings were a boon in every respect. *The Saturday Review*, which John Bright called *The Saturday Reviler*, recently poured contempt upon these village gatherings; but they have proved themselves rich in all kinds of blessing. Mr. Oxtoby says: 'I attended a missionary meeting at Driffield, where we had a gracious influence. At the close a young man came to me, and said he was groaning for a much fuller baptism of sanctifying influence. "Kneel down," said I, "and you shall have it; God will give it you." Immediately the mighty power of God descended. The young man and two more experienced the sanctifying energy of the Holy Ghost, and two penitents professed to receive a sense of pardon. One young woman cried aloud for mercy, and her mother, hearing of the circumstance, came into the chapel, raging like a fury, and threatening to drag her daughter out. But I stepped in between them, which made the mother rage more furiously; but I said that God was not to be beaten by the devil and an old woman, and I held her at bay till the daughter pressed into liberty.'

On August 3rd, 1840, a missionary meeting was held in a barn at Warter. At the close a prayer-meeting was called, and continued till eleven p.m. Nine persons stood up and confessed to have found God's grace, and on the following night six more found peace.

Where, sixty years ago, the Wolds villages were all agog at the approach of Derby Day, the missionary meetings became the great events, the red-letter days of the year. Many prized them as much as the Irish relish a wake. The groom liked them, and whistled or sung a merrier tune; for though he might have to groom an extra horse or two of

Blessed Results.

strange and unknown propensities, from the hard kicker to the sly biter, he knew he would enjoy the night's meeting, and yet more the touch of the 'tips' the visitors would be sure to drop into his palm. The better-most folks in the neighbourhood, Episcopalians, Wesleyans, and people of no church, came to the meetings. 'Sure—ly we mun mak a bit of a du—ment at missionary-meeting tame,' said a poor woman.

With rare exceptions the deputation talked sound sense, and were not pestered with that which has been called the devil of dulness. They enriched the minds of the people beyond all imagination, broadened their views, increased their knowledge, drew out their sympathies, purified and enlarged their hearts.

The sub-missionary treasurer might take away but a few pounds, but those few pounds often represented great self-denial on the part of the givers. What splendid meetings we used to have at Butterwick, when the chairman, Mr. Speck (Wesleyan) used to make us blush at the too generous things he said of us. At the last meeting we attended there we got £10 for the missionary cause. Our first missionary meeting was held at Sledmere, in 1863, when £3 10s. were raised. Since then the annual meeting has been held, sometimes in the Sunday school, kindly lent by the clergyman, but oftener in Mr. Hardy's barn, crowded with 200 people. At one meeting £11 were obtained, and that little village has sent about £150 to the mission fund. Previous to going to the last meeting we attended there, a good Wesleyan said to us, 'You must have a good meeting to-night; ours was a failure; it was begun and closed within the hour; everyone was disappointed, and if you haven't a good meeting the cause of missions will suffer.' We told the deputation, Revs. T. Lowe and C. Spivey, how matters stood, and, adroit at catching the wind, they gave two of the best speeches we ever heard. The Divine Spirit was believingly sought and richly poured out, and at the close of the meeting our Wesleyan friend, who had given a donation, said, 'It's been grand; the missionary fire will burn after this.' The income, I believe, exceeded that of any former year. He who would touch a Woldsman's pocket must first touch his heart. The genuine ring of Gospel truth from a speaker's lips is sure to be followed by the sound of coin in the collector's box.

It is almost an unpardonable sin to give a poor speech at a village missionary meeting. Give such a speech in a large town, and it does not matter much; another meeting will soon follow, and some orator will wipe out the recollection of his brother's failure. But if a village missionary meeting is a failure it is a long year's disappointment. O! ye popular missionary deputations, who pride yourselves on your eloquence, husband your best resources for the village meetings. Give them your richest thoughts, your brightest wit, your most striking facts, your aptest illustrations, and your most impassioned appeals, or else stay at home and charm your own charges. When a lot of poor people have done their best to re-imburse the missionary exchequer they have a strong claim upon the best powers our very best speakers possess.

The memory of these meetings remained with the people. As the treasurer bore away the money-bags he left behind him a happier, because a giving, people. It is more blessed to give than to receive. As we returned home we could hear groups in many a bye-lane and across many a hill, singing:

> 'I'd be a missionary. Yes, I would labour
> The cause of my Saviour to sinners proclaim;
> In far distant lands I'd tell of my Saviour,
> Where error and darkness and ignorance reign.'

For weeks after the meeting was the talk of the village. Farm-lads would gather on the village green, at the blacksmith's forge, at the joiner's shop, and around the broken horse trough, and talk about the speeches, whilst milkmaids re-told many a story as they sat round the kitchen fire.

We do not know who originated public tea-meetings, but he must have been a shrewd man and known human nature well. They have rendered immense service to overburdened chapels and embarrassed circuit funds. Thirty years ago they were of frequent occurrence on the Wolds, and 'the cheering cup' had many substantial accompaniments. The trays were generally given by ladies, who, in friendly rivalry, furnished them with a sumptuousness (a Woldsman called it '*presumptiousness*') that would have astonished our friends in the South, accustomed to sit down to a tea of plain and spice bread—charge, 4d.—and who are unaccustomed to the usages of the Wolds people.

Mr. Wesley had a warning against tea drinking as a 'baneful habit,' akin, in its effects, to 'dram drinking' and other luxurious practices. Experience, however, seems to warrant most people in a moderate use of this simple, every-day indulgence—'The cup that cheers but not inebriates.' Our Wolds friends go in for it thoroughly, and if we may be allowed to judge of their tea-making talents we should say they are first-rate. We were sometimes reminded of a famous cup of tea made for David Garrick. 'Why,' he said, 'it is as red as blood!' When such a cup of tea had its colour changed by yellow cream it was a delicious beverage, despite what Mr. Wesley says. Approaching the table we saw plates of ham and beef, piles of cheesecakes, pyramids of standing pies, and no end of oddments made

> 'Of flour and suet, and sugar and spice,
> Currants and raisins, and everything nice,'

and he who did not fare sumptuously had himself to blame. The tea-meeting experiment has been vindicated by its results.

Harvest Festivals have been very popular on the Wolds. Thirty of these are held in the Driffield circuit. Agricultural depression has pressed heavily upon these village societies during the last fourteen years. The people are not able to contribute what they once did. Population is rapidly migrating to the towns, or emigrating to distant lands, and the harvest festivals have proved a perfect god-send. On these occasions the decorations were generally designed with good taste and executed by deft fingers. And why should not the harvest, when 'God crowns the year with his goodness,' be celebrated with the brightest and best that nature can give or men and women bestow? 'Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness; then shall the earth yield her increase.'

Harvest Festivals.

Thirty or forty years ago swarms of Irish harvestmen migrated from their own country to the Wolds, to cut down our English corn crops in the summer, and then carried home with them the means with which to pay the rack-rent of their own native holdings. Whatever 'Paddy' may be in his own land, when he comes to reap our harvests he knows how to wield the scythe, save his wages, and return at the end of the season. We often met some of these men, and their

Irish Harvestmen.

quick intelligence, ready wit, lively sympathy, and fervent piety made them pleasant companions. They would sometimes provoke our laughter by: 'Orrish cows are the best; Orrish milkmaids are the cleverest; Orrish butter the richest; Orrish potatoes the best and mealiest in the worrield.' We once said to one of these labourers (a Papist): 'The great error of your church is the doctrine of salvation by works.' His reply nearly split our sides: 'Oh! your riverance, if ony man needs justification by faith it's meself; for if I'm not saved by faith, by the name of Saint Patrick, I shall never be saved by me works.' We handed him a damp towel, for he was getting ready for the tea meeting. 'Och!' said he, 'I hate to dry meself with a wet towel.' Reminded by a vulgar youth that he confessed to a priest, he said, 'And which is the worser—the man who confesses to the priest, or the man who neither confesses to God nor priest?' Another said, 'You are the broth of a boy, and if I see you struggling in purgatory I'll ask the Virgin to give you a lift out.'

These teas, &c., were usually held on a Friday, that all the circuit ministers might attend them. The people loved their preachers, and liked to see as well as hear them. At a quarterly meeting, when arrangements were being made for a special service at Lund, objection was made to *all* the preachers attending, as strangers were engaged to be present, and therefore there would not be time for them to speak. Mr. Horsefield urged that they were not wanted to speak They were proud of their ministers, and if they had no time to address them they still wished to *see them* on their platform. The chapels, on such occasions, were usually crowded, and the meetings most enthusiastic. The hire of the preachers' conveyances was cheerfully paid out of the collection, and the meeting of minister and people at such gatherings was invariably attended with many demonstrations of social joy and spiritual fervour.

Public Meetings.

There was one place, however,—let us call it *Trudgingford*,—where, for a time, such services were far less attractive than elsewhere. A rigid economy was the policy of the day at this village, and the leading men shrewdly requested that their tea-meeting be on the ordinary week-night service, and that one only of the other preachers should come from Driffield, or 'regions beyond,' to help

him. As it was not usual to hire a conveyance for *one* preacher, this brother would have to walk, or take his chance of a 'lift on the road.' One day a brother, charged with this extra duty, finding the roads very muddy, put on his heaviest boots and leather leggings. As he trudged along he was careful *not* to keep his garments unspotted. The result was, that when he put in an appearance at the scene of festivity, his bespattered condition attracted general attention. Repeated offers were made by kind friends to aid him in making himself a little more presentable. These, however, were thankfully declined, and the brother mounted the carpeted platform, externally in the same state as that in which he had finished his long and wearisome journey. A few judicious allusions to his appearance, by himself and other speakers, produced the desired effect. Even the people at T. wished their ministers to be looked at, as well as listened to. The economists were voted down, and T. became as liberal, in regard to preachers' horse hire, as the other places in the circuit.

This parsimony, however, was not confined to *our people* at T. The Independents in that village were about to hold a special service, and the senior deacon invited the brother just referred to to attend and give an address. On an enquiry being made about a conveyance, the deacon, with evident surprise, exclaimed, 'Conveyance! conveyance! Why, I thought you Primitives always walked.' The brother replied, 'We very often do; but when we join the Independents we conform to their usages, and ride in as good conveyances as we can get.' He then added that his riding, 'out and home,' was an indispensable condition to his acceptance of the deacon's invitation. The deacon learnt a lesson, and on the day of the meeting a man-servant, with a horse and gig, was to be seen waiting at the gate of the preacher's garden.

CHAPTER XVII.

RECAPITULATION: GENERAL RESULTS OF PRIMITIVE METHODISM ON THE WOLDS.

SOUTHEY, the poet, once said, 'The agricultural population of England is the least susceptible of religious feelings, inasmuch as they lack the excitability of people thickly crowded together in our manufacturing towns.' But the rapid growth of Primitive Methodism in the obscure hamlets and villages on the Wolds has proved that Southey was in error, and wrote without a real knowledge of the facts.

One of our local preachers, taking for his text, 'These men who have turned the world upside down have come hither also,' said: 'First, the world is downside up; secondly it must be reted (righted); thirdly, we are the fellers as can do it.' Seventy years ago many of the Wolds' villages were downside up, and though the task of setting them right was a long and difficult one, our friends set themselves to the work, and to an encouraging extent they succeeded. In quiet nooks and corners, unknown to the great world outside, they showed that they did not lack the spirit of aggression, but plodded on, year after year, amid difficulties and discomforts which would have conquered all but the most heroic qualities. The following is our numerical state in the Wolds circuits :—

Circuit.	Ch.	Ct.	Debt.	Pop.	M.	S.S.S.	S.S.T.	L.P.	C.L.	H.
		£	£							
Bridlington	8..	9196..	5270..	11180..	626..	536..	100..	35..	32..	1920
Driffield	26..	11388..	3920..	19170..	1343..	1127..	215..	71..	70..	3335
Hull (First)	5..	5225..	1423..	11430..	435..	578..	94..	21..	21..	860
Hull (Third)	1..	116..	— ..	— ..	38..	— ..	—..	—..	2..	100
Hull (Fifth)	5..	3067..	1170..	4450..	198..	355..	61..	10..	11..	490
North Cave	10..	3978..	1544..	7050..	362..	496..	91..	30..	32..	615
Pocklington	3..	678..	168..	2750..	118..	155..	32..	13..	8..	320
Malton	3..	325..	125..	838..	89..	67..	23..	5..	5..	250
Scarborough	2..	880..	110..	1500..	79..	140..	25..	3..	5..	180
Filey	7..	5090..	1275..	7200..	441..	424..	82..	33..	42..	1170
Totals	70	39943	15005	65568	3719	3818	733	221	228	9240

Primitive Methodism was never sounder, nor its prospects brighter, than at the present time, and when we think of the above statistics we feel that a spirit of reasonable cheerfulness is that in

which all future labours should be confronted. In estimating our past successes we ask our readers to bear in mind the following facts :—

(*a*) Our labours have been largely confined to the poor ; but then, the labourer in fustian, the penniless wanderer, the half-clad beggar, the most destitute son or daughter of toil, has a heart to be renewed, a mind to be elevated, an intellect to be improved, and a soul to be saved—a soul as precious in the sight of God as that of the baronet's in his rich broadcloth. 'All souls are mine,' says God.

(*b*) We have worked amongst a decreasing population. The rapid growth of the population of our large towns and cities has been the result not only of the natural development within their own borders, but of the tremendous immigration of the people from the villages. There has been no large increase of population on the Wolds such as has taken place in many large town circuits, *i.e.*, Scarborough, Hull, &c. True, Driffield has increased its inhabitants since Mr. Clowes' first visit ; but, as a rule, the population of the Wolds has diminished. One day, in 1887, 300 emigrants, 150 of whom were from the Wolds, mostly young men of fine physique, left Hull by train for Queensland, amid the cheers of a crowd of onlookers gathered in the station. If there was gladness in Hull, there was grief in the villages. Some say that the crowded state of our large towns and cities, and the recent *Land Allotments Act*, will swing these exiles back again.

Decreasing Population.

(*c*) The seed sown in many of these hamlets and villages, years ago, took root, but the harvest has been reaped elsewhere—sometimes in distant lands ; while many of the churches in our large towns at home have had their best recruiting grounds in quiet village chapels. We have met people in the most distant part of the kingdom, and in all parts of the Connexion, who told of the good they received on the Wolds. We once complained of the fewness of our members at one of these villages. Mark the reply : 'We have sent four times more members to other circuits during the last ten years than we have on our books to-day.' Anxious as our people have been to retain the scholars, hearers, and members forming their little flocks, the people continue to emigrate. It is

difficult, and in some villages impossible, to hold their own; and we know that the preachers are happy when, after a year's hard toil, they find, at the March renewal of tickets, they have been saved from the grief of reporting a decrease in the numerical returns. If the net breaks with the weight of fish in one village, there are corresponding losses in others. Some have wondered why the preachers cannot gather in souls as the Revs. A. Smith, W. Lonsdale, and others did fifty years ago. Well, let those grumblers get an appointment to one of the Wolds circuits, and try their hand at this rapid ingathering of souls.

(*d*) The doings and motives of our earliest members were neither appreciated nor understood by many of their betters. Some of them were derided, persecuted, and doomed to social ostracism; some were turned out of their employment; others were sent to prison; many emigrated to our colonies or America. As many as ten left one village. Some of these exiles became globe trotters, went to the gold diggings, picked up some valuable nuggets, and the children of those parents are rich to-day, as our churches in our New Zealand and Australian colonies know to their advantage. Our first society in Adelaide, South Australia (1840), comprised Mr. Bullock (brother of the late Mr. G. Bullock, whose declining years were enriched by his brother's generosity), and his wife. Mrs. B. has been one of our most munificent supporters in the colony, and in 1888 the society was praying that she might be spared two more years, when the jubilee of our cause is to be celebrated. Had the Wolds' societies retained all their converts they would have needed larger chapels to-day.

Scattered by Persecution.

(*e*) In almost every village we have had to work side by side with other denominations—Episcopalians, Wesleyans, Baptists and Independents. The old easy-going parsons have nearly all passed away, and now there are the praying, preaching, pastorating clergy, working hard to satisfy the religious wants of the people, and anxious to discredit our ministry. The Wesleyans and our people have been comrades in arms for seventy years, and have worked together in seeking to save and benefit the people. In most of the villages Methodism maintains its ground; in a few it is declining. The descendants

Other Agencies.

of some wealthy Methodists leave the chapel for the church. They are said to prefer a liturgy to simple worship; robed priests and surpliced choirs to men in ordinary garb; short sermons to long ones; clergymen to local preachers; a Gothic church to a plain chapel; association with the rich to the companionship of shopkeepers and the labouring classes. Hence it is that some children of chapel-going parents have passed over to the church.

(*f*) The work done on the Wolds has been done during the past seventy years, and it is a startling fact that there are men and women, upon whose shoulders the three score years and ten which span the active life of man still sit lightly, who can recall the time when our pioneers paid their first visit to the Wolds, and who speak with pleasure of the way in which the work has progressed to its present state. The Rev. J. T. Shepherd says: 'Mrs. Shepherd distinctly remembers the Revs. W. Clowes, J. Oxtoby, J. Bywater, W. Leadley, and 'Bessie Allen' as preachers in the Driffield circuit.' And yet some grumblers say nothing has been done! AND LOOK AT WHAT HAS BEEN DONE:—

(*g*) In the southern counties the labouring classes are, to a large extent, lost to Methodism. Not so on the Wolds. According to the late Mr. Horace Mann, 58 per cent. of the population can attend a place of worship on the Sabbath day. Of the 65,568 people on the Wolds about 38,000 could attend a place of worship, and 10,000 of these sit under our ministry. In some of the villages we provide the largest number of sittings and secure the largest number of worshippers.

(*h*) It is sometimes said that bricks and mortar will not save men, or sustain evangelical operations of any kind. True, but if we are to work and influence the people permanently for good, we shall be largely dependent upon suitable places of worship. In villages where we have no such places our cause is liable to great fluctuation, if not to sudden extinction. Some of our seventy chapels, which cost £39,943, were built by faith and paid for by repentance, but they are now either debtless or in easy circumstances. If the writer possessed a camera obscura by which he could show, on one page of this book, all our chapels on the Wolds, the reader would see a sight that would make him proud.

Chapels.

'How little one half of the world knows how the other half lives.' This trite reflection occurred to our mind when travelling by rail from Scarborough to Hull. In the same compartment were a number of gentlemen, and amongst them a clergyman, who began to tell, with evident delight, that Primitive Methodism was rapidly declining. The writer, who was not at all clerical in garb, questioned the statement, and even ventured to maintain that Primitive Methodism was rising, not sinking; advancing, not receding; increasing, and not declining. We were passing through a very hot-bed of our cause, for we are numerically stronger on the Wolds than in any other part of England, with the exception, perhaps, of the county of Durham; and, therefore, we said (minus a few rather angry embellishments), 'My vocation has caused me to spend much time in this locality during the past thirty years, and I often attend the Primitives' services. When I began my present business they had one chapel in Scarborough; now they have four. Filey had a chapel holding 500 people; their present one holds 900, and when I attended the service there the other Sunday night, and heard a decent sermon (the writer was the preacher), I was told that one-third of the adult population was present. At Bridlington (which we were just approaching) they had a small chapel, and another at the Quay, each holding about 200; but now they have a new chapel at each of these places, each holding between 600 and 700 persons, built at a cost of £7,000, towards which the poor beggars raised more than £3,000. 'Yon,' pointing to a building in the distance, 'is their Nafferton chapel, which succeeded a few years ago a wretched little den of a place. Their Kilham chapel is just over the hill there, and I'm sorry we cannot see it. Young as I am, I remember the Driffield chapel being twice enlarged; but twelve months ago they built a chapel holding 1,100 persons, with good schools attached, at a cost of £5,000; and there, gentlemen, are its towers,' pointing them to the splendid chapel, which stands a short distance from the station. 'Why, gentlemen, Sir Tatton Sykes, who is a generous and liberal-minded Churchman, recently said that it was one of the best buildings in Yorkshire, an ornament to the town, and a credit to those who built it. And there, gentlemen, is their Hutton Cranswick chapel, the foundation stone of which was laid by W. Hodge, Esq., Mayor of Hull. And

yonder is their Cranswick chapel, built a few years ago; it has a splendid clock on its front, and whenever I happen to be in the village—and my vocation often calls me there—I always know I am right if I time my watch by the Primitives' clock. I remember the first time I attended the Primitive chapel at Beverley I was almost sweltered with heat, for the chapel was small and crowded; now they have the best chapel in the town, and in the best situation, too, and it holds 800 persons. Now, if it will not weary you, gentlemen, I will just ask you to look at *that* building *there*; it's the Primitive Methodist chapel, Cottingham, recently built in place of a moth-eaten, rat-eaten, and barn-like structure, not half the size of the present chapel. You know, gentlemen, that the Primitives, who are rather fond of boasting (for one of them recently prayed, 'Lord bless us, for Thou knowest we are the best folks in this town'), call Hull "the metropolis of the Connexion," and I don't much wonder. When I passed through that town on my way to my first situation, after serving my apprenticeship (it was during the time of the cholera), they had but three small chapels; now they boast of having twelve, holding 10,000 people.' We were nearing the Hull terminus, and I felt it necessary to give them *multum-in-parvo*, and continued, 'It is scarcely two hours since we left Scarborough, but along the route Primitive Methodists have erected, in addition to those I have named, a chapel at each of the following places: Hunmanby, Bempton, Flamborough, Rudston, West Lutton, Fimber, Frodingham, North Dalton, Lund, Middleton, Garton, Little Driffield, Lockington, Weel, Walkington, Wansford, and Wetwang. Sir Tatton Sykes leased them the land at the two latter places, and I believe they would have built half-a-dozen more but for the parsons and the devil.' The train was just about to stop, and, therefore, I said, 'I have had the honour of being, for thirty years, a Primitive Methodist preacher, and I pity the bitterness of your bigotry, sir. It blinds your eyes, perverts your judgment, and leads you to assert as facts what are only fancies. If a twentieth part of your unfounded assertions had been made in the lowest public-house in Hull a dozen men would have told you that you were uttering a tissue of falsehoods. I have given you, gentlemen, the true state of our progress between Scarborough and Hull during the last thirty

years. The ground along our track was hardly won, but once gained it has been firmly held and tenaciously defended. We had hard work to get into some places, but once in, neither the devil nor the parsons will be able to get us out.' The scene at parting was delicious. We have often wished for nothing better than that a George Cruikshank had been present to draw a facsimile of the face of that leader of 'light and sweetness' as he slouched away from the train.

Of course, it is not necessary to have either churches or chapels in order to worship God; for He accepted, in the early ages of the church, the worship of saints who met secretly on hill-sides and in caves; and God still accepts the homage of loving hearts in barns and sheds, in shops and sick chambers and lonely prisons, as freely as when offered from persons met in the most splendid chapels or the most stately cathedrals. But if men, who live in houses comfortable and convenient, are content to worship in cottages with white-washed walls and unbacked benches, when they might have a neat house of prayer, then it is but fair to infer that they care more for their own house than they do for the house of God.

(*i*) Souls converted are a better proof of real prosperity than magnificent chapels. One of Carlyle's favourite theories was that no man was 'mendable;' that if a man was a scoundrel the only plan was to put him into prison and keep him there.
But our pioneers proved themselves moral scavengers, Conversions.
attacking and removing many a moral nuisance. A young man, riding a horse which had belonged to his deceased father, a saintly man, apostrophised thus:—'Ah, once you carried a saint, but now you carry a devil.' In these villages the case has often been reversed. Horses that had carried devils bore (with gathered flesh and brightened skins) saints. 'Are you converted?' asked one. 'Ask my donkey; *he knows I am.*' Rarely have we seen more beautiful illustrations of the prophecy—'Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the briar shall come up the myrtle tree'—than are to be seen in the changed lives of many of our members.

(*j*) The type of piety developed by our people may lack breadth of view, and be in the rear of what is called 'the religious thoug

of the age,' but it is not deficient in grip or sacrifices for its convictions. The memoirs of many of our early preachers, who were 'persecuted for righteousness sake,' and whose portraits are hung on many a cottage wall, have inspired our people to seek a religion which has been neither idle, nor selfish, nor unfruitful. They have learnt that the four P.'s—prayer, pluck, patience and perseverance—conquer difficulties, and that God helps those who help themselves. 'Can you tell me,' said a Woldsman to the Rev. John Scruton, 'how it is that fat pigs and misers are alike?' 'No; I'll give it up.' 'Ah,' said the man, 'they're neather on 'em ony use till efter they're dead. So we mun tri te dea a bit o' gud whaale we liv'.

(*k*) Thousands who had sunk to a level of dull monotony, unbroken from year to year, except by fairs, races, foxhunting, &c., found, in our oft-recurring means of grace—soul-stirring preaching services, fervent prayer-meetings, lively class-meetings and hearty singing—a life, a freedom, and a joy to which they had been strangers. Existing wrongs, injustices and estrangements between families and neighbours were corrected, and there was created and fostered a neighbourly solidarity which changed the spirit of whole villages. Indeed, Methodist chapels have long been the centres around which the religious life of these villagers has revolved. They feel at home *there* as they do not at the Parish Church.

Social Influence.

(*l*) We have 3,818 scholars and 733 teachers. We know of no greater blessing to a family than to have sons and daughters connected with a Sunday school. It calls forth their latent talents; it develops the best part of their nature; it leads to the formation of valued friendships, and keeps them in constant touch with the best influences that can mould the character and develop the mind; in a word, the Sunday school introduces the young into the highest and best society that can be found in this imperfect world. What joy we have witnessed among the little ones at their school anniversaries. Nor can we doubt that these days, along with the spiritual good they receive, will remain stamped upon their memories through all time and through all eternity.

Schools.

(*m*) Piety and industry generally go together; indeed, the ancient Hebrews believed that clearness of head, dexterity of hand, skill in workmanship—the power of doing useful and beautiful things—was a gift and inspiration from heaven. God giveth thee power to get wealth. That is a poor form of religion which, as Charles Kingsley says in his *Saints' Tragedy*, 'Kindles the fires of theory without putting on the porridge pot o' practice.' Wherever Methodism prevails you will find an industrious, economical, hard-working peasantry, amongst whom magistrates and policemen find the least work. Mr. Schroeder, in his *Annals of Yorkshire* (p. 408), speaking of the superiority of the Wolds labourers over others, and their high moral character, says: 'These things arise from the religious working farmers, from whom the labourers receive many good moral lessons and religious admonitions.' A Wolds landlord, Sir H. Johnstone, M.P., when speaking at a public meeting in our St. Sepulchre Street chapel, Scarbro', said, 'I am glad to be present, mainly because I am amongst my own tenants. I have many God-fearing men who are Primitive Methodists, and of whom any landlord might be proud. You are a branch of the true church, and are fighting a better battle than that which our soldiers are waging in Afghanistan. I am delighted with the beauty of your chapels, compared with what they were in days gone by.'

Piety and Industry.

(*n*) It is never wise to dwell too much on the utilitarian aspect of Christianity. It would be a mean thing to value the sun because of the quantity of gas it saves us. Christianity, however, confers temporal benefits which cannot be tabulated; helps greatly to increase the labourer's value as a money-making or wealth-producing member of society. Indeed, wealth falls into the hands of Christian people, in accordance with the law of God. 'The diligent hand maketh rich.' Some of our early members amassed fortunes, which descended to their sons. Alas! some took to drinking, lived in luxury, and in a few years squandered what their parents had left them. Others followed in the footsteps of their departed sires, and became a blessing to our cause. 'The Lord blessed them in all the works of their hands.'

Piety and Wealth.

(*o*) Primitive Methodism has helped to lift many of the social wrongs which long oppressed the labouring classes. A prelate of the Established Church once said : 'The poor have nothing whatever to do with the laws but to *obey* them.' The cry then was, 'The land for the squirearchy ; the army for the officers ; the church for the parsons.' In those days two shillings a day and bread without treacle was thought good enough for a working man. But surely the best food is not too good for the men who till our fields. According to Jeremy Bentham's maxim, the real end of politics is to produce the greatest happiness to the greatest number. The *Ballot Act* has given all classes of the community a part in assisting to govern our nation. During the electoral struggle of 1886 rural England emerged from its obscurity, not quite so stupid as some doctrinaires affirmed, and expressed its opinion in a way which sent to Parliament, in some instances, labourers instead of lordlings, and Methodist local preachers instead of country squires. The Wolds labourers, Conservatives and Liberals, exerted themselves in a way which commanded respect from all parties of politicians. The Wolds comprise what is called the *Buckrose* Division, for forty years a Tory stronghold, but the labourers boast that they have turned it into a *Yellow Rose*. Primitive Methodists, now sufficiently numerous to influence powerfully any rural Parliamentary election in the land, aim to bring about that state of things mentioned by Mr. John Morley, M.P., in a stately and memorable speech : 'We want to give to those who plough the ground, and who in the sweat of their brow sow the seed, a rather handsomer share in the sheaves when they are reaped. We want that those who weave the garments shall not themselves go cold. We want some means by which, when a man has toiled hard all his life, has been thrifty, prudent, and self-denying—we want, when old age comes, that his last days shall not be a race between his life and his savings, and he shall not be oppressed by the dreadful and cruel anxiety that his life may last longer than his little savings.'

Politics.

(*p*) All our members were not perfect. A few ceased to run well, and died silent deaths ; but most of them were true Christians, who lived well and died well. It is one of the joys of our life to have known many of these men and women, who possessed

clean hands and pure hearts, and who did not lift up their souls unto vanity, but testified of the grace of God that was in them. Many of these toilers in our spiritual vineyard have long since fallen beneath the grim reaper's scythe. 'I am failing, the testing time is at hand, but I love the Lord and the Lord loves me,' said one when dying. They have passed from the hills and valleys which they often trod, carrying the message of mercy to others, and have ascended the mount, from which they will never descend. They left the church a rich inheritance—the memory of Christian lives—and it should be the ambition of those who survive to emulate their zeal and piety, and hand down to their descendants as rich a gift, and as glorious an inheritance, as their fathers did. We can wish no better blessing for the young race of Primitive Methodists on the Wolds than that the mantle of their departed sires should fall upon them. They died well, and were buried with the simple and beautiful rites of the Established Church, and its comfortable avowal of the hope of a resurrection to eternal life. In many village graveyards they silently sleep, amid rural beauty and the songs of birds—the linnet, the lark, the blackbird and the thrush. Peace to their memory and to their ashes.

Death and Burial.

(*q*) The Wolds circuits have given the following men to the brotherhood of the Primitive Methodist ministry—a fact of which the people are not a little proud. Thirteen are deceased, two superannuated, twenty in active work, and seven retired from our ministry * :—

DECEASED.—*T. Watson* (Beeford), D. Dec. 16th, 1837, A. 19. *G. Welbourne* (Hessle). *J. Dodsworth* (Willerby), B. Dec. 21st, 1812, D. Feb. 11th, 1867, A. 55. *J. Dawson* (Newbold), B. Oct. 14th, 1802, E.M. April 19th, 1832, D. Sep. 25th, 1866, A. 64. *F. Douglas* (Market Weighton), B. Jan. 31st, 1821, C. 1836, E.M. 1844, D. April 23rd, 1858, A 37. *G. Normandale* (Thorneholm), E.M. 1841, D. April 9th, 1875. *Mary Bielby* (Beverley). *W. Coulson* (South Cave), B. 1818, C. 1837, E.M. 1851, D. Jan. 25th, 1869, A. 51. *W. Baitson* (Broomfleet), B.

Preachers from the Wolds.

* ABBREVIATIONS :—B., Born ; C., Converted ; E.M., Entered the Ministry ; D., Died ; A., Aged ; Ct., Circuit.

Feb. 5th, 1833, C. May 19th, 1849, E.M. 1852, D Dec. 27th, 1867, A. 34. *W. Hall* (Flambro'). *W. White* (South Cave), B. Aug. 6th, 1833, C. May 4th, 1847, E.M. June, 1856, D. June 15th, 1864, A. 31. *G. Tindall* (Etton), D. Aug. 1st. 1889, A. 90. *W. Harland* (Newton), B. Oct. 1st, 1801, C. 1820, E.M. 1839, D. Oct. 10th, 1880, A. 79.

Superannuated.—*J. T. Shepherd* (Newton). *W. R. Monkman* (Bridlington).

In Active Work.—The figures denote the years they have travelled. *Bridlington Ct.* :—*H. Woodcock* (Bridlington), 40; *T. R. Holtby*, 11; *W. Mainprize*, 11; *W. Sawyer*, 10. *Driffield Ct.* :—*J. Milner* (West Lutton), 31; *F. Rudd* (Lund), 32; *J. G. Smith* (West Lutton), 31; *J. Wilson* (Middleton), 29; *J. Scruton* (Cranswick), 27; *J. Hall* (Driffield), 22; *F. Leadley* (Driffield), 18; *T. Storr* (Bainton), 23. *Filey Ct.* :—*C. Ross*, 22. *North Cave Ct.* :—*G. Hunter* (South Cave), 27; *F. Waudby*, 4; *T. F. Rudd* (Broomfleet). *Hull Fifth Ct.* :—*S. Wallace* (Hessle). *Scarbro' Ct.* :—*W. R. Stephenson* (Seamer), 8. *Malton Ct.* :—*Wm. Hayton* (Melbourne), 16. *Pocklington Ct.* :—*Wm. Everingham* (Market Weighton), 2.

Retired from the Ministry.—*J. Woodcock* (Bridlington); *J. Pearson* (Fridaythorpe); *E. Storr* (Bainton); *R. Trushell*, *T. Greenbury*, *F.S.A.*, and Messrs. *Squires* and *Hardbattle* (all of Beverley).

Preachers' Wives from the Wolds.

The Wolds have been almost as fruitful of preachers' wives as of preachers. Preaching at Gembling, from Heb. ii. ch., 10 v., we placed emphasis on the '*many sons*'—an uncounted host—whom God would 'bring to glory.' At the close a good woman said, 'You fair grieved me to-night. You told us of the millions upon millions of "sons" in heaven, but you didn't say a word about the daughters. I believe there will be more women than men in heaven. Why, some of our best preachers (and she repeated about a dozen names) no sooner came to this circuit than they began to court some of our best young ladies, and, as soon as they could, married them and took them away, and won't they be in heaven?' We replied, 'Yes,' and assured her that in our opinion the daughters form the majority in the church triumphant, as they do in the church militant, which more than satisfied her perturbed mind.

We have described the anniversaries, tea-meetings, &c., which used to take place on the Wolds, and it did not lessen either the size or the interest of the gatherings if a young preacher, known to be disengaged, was one of the speakers; and at one time there were six bachelor preachers in the Driffield circuit, whose united salaries, for twelve months, did not exceed £144. When someone complained to Dr. Dowden, Bishop of Edinburgh, that bazaars should be conducted without cheating and flirting, the Bishop replied, 'Whenever young men and maidens meet together there will always be a little innocent flirtation;' and in so saying the Bishop undoubtedly spoke the truth. It has been said that these Wolds gatherings were, oftener than once, turned into pairing-off times; that bashful youths and coy maidens, with glad hearts and shaded brows, pledged their troth, 'for better, for worse,' for life, and that even young ministers tried their hands at wife-catching. Indeed, it was difficult for a young man not to fall in love with some of the buxom, pretty-faced young ladies at the social board, and faithful lovers could sympathise with the poet when he said:

'One woman's face was in my mind—
How could I then divine
That I, while faithful to one love,
Was true to forty-nine?'

Little birds sometimes whispered that late comers to the night meeting had been engaged in other talk than the world's conversion—reminding one of the naturalist mentioned by Mr. E. Poe, the poet, who, walking in the fields with a young lady, seemed oblivious of nature's beauties around him. 'I thought you were in love with nature,' said the frank, humble girl. 'And so I am,' he answered, 'and you are nature in its highest and sweetest embodiment.' On one of these occasions two of these strollers were actually seen walking hand in hand, like innocent schoolgirls going a-maying. A grave official, who was on the *qui vive*, told his wife of this wrongful act, but when she said, 'Why, John, dear, that's only *what we used to do*,' he was stricken with a guilty silence.

Sometimes we were reminded of two proverbs which clash dreadfully. One says, 'Happy the wooing that's not long a-doing,' which is flatly contradicted by the other: 'Marry in haste, and

repent at leisure.' Now which is right? In some cases 'the wooing that was long a-doing' was a stern necessity, imposed on the bridegroom by Connexional law. In other cases 'the marrying in haste' part of the proverb was certainly fulfilled, and the latter was certainly falsifying. When the time came for nuptials they did not say, as the bride elect of one of our preachers did the other day, 'I wouldn't be married at the Church.' They gladly took their stand at Hymen's altar, despite a cruel law which forbade their going to their own chapels, and said, with the poet, 'Hallo, here's a church! hallo, here's a ring!' If some of the brides did not make a great catch, some of the bridegrooms did. Take the following :—

Marriage.

J. Sharp (America), to Miss ——, of Driffield; T. Newsome, to Miss Wood (Driffield); J. T. Shepherd, to Miss Hardy (Kilham); J. Woodcock, to Miss Normandale (Thornholme); J. R. Parkinson, to Miss Barker (Nafferton); J. Sharp, to Miss —— (Rudston); R. W. Monkman, to Miss Atkinson (Bridlington); W. Watts, to Miss —— (Hessle); W. Baitson, to Miss Pearson (North Cave); G. Lee, to Miss Simpson (North Cave); M. Moseley, to Miss Simpson (North Cave); J. Scruton, to Miss Leafe (Cranswick); C. Ross, to Miss Spillman (Ellerker); G. Lee, to Mrs. Dennis (Sledmere); W. A. Walmsley, to Miss Mainprize (Bridlington); W. Mainprize, to Miss Osborne (Bridlington Quay); J. Hodgson, to Miss Nipe (Driffield); W. Robinson, to Miss Simpson (Lund); F. Rudd, to Miss Simpson (Lund); W. Pigott, D.D., to Miss Nicholson (Watton); A. J. Bull, to Miss Mainprize (Bridlington); M. B. Stamp, to Miss Morsfield (Lund)—twenty. We fear some have been omitted, and —there are more to follow.

Names.

One luckless brother wooed and won the heart of a young lady, which soon placed her in revolt against her father, who insisted that she should wed John Gold. 'My daughter wed a poor Primitive Methodist preacher! Never.' The girl protested, but it was wasted breath; she married Gold. I believe her father would have consented to his daughter marrying a man as old as Methuselah, as lame as Mephibosheth, as leprous as Naaman, as sour-tempered as Nabal, and as black and sinful as the devil, if he had but possessed one thing—plenty of yellow clay.

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"Thine eyes shall see Jerusalem
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glorious Lord will be unto
us a place of broad
rivers and streams; where
shall go no galley with oars
neither shall gallant
ship pass thereby. For
the Lord is our Judge,
the Lord is our Lawgiver,
the Lord is our King;
he will save us."

Wesley: "I preached
on Rev. XX., 12, and
I believe not in vain